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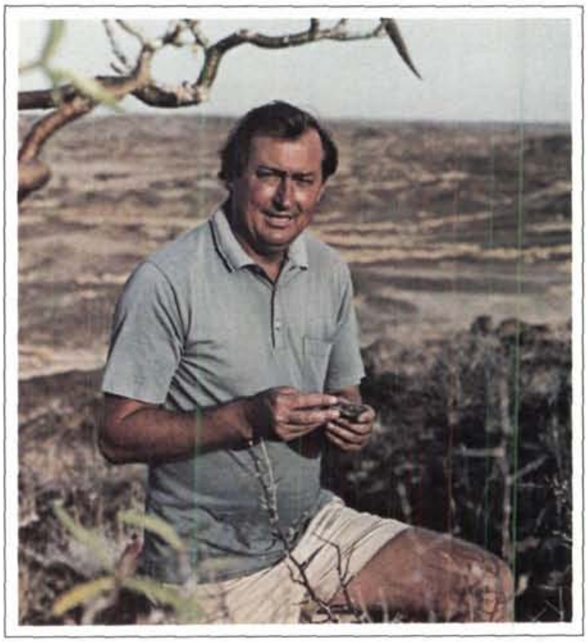

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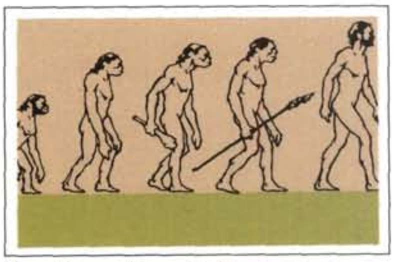

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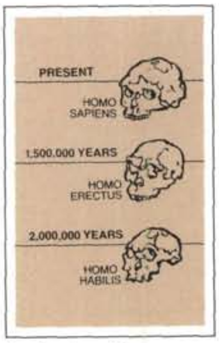
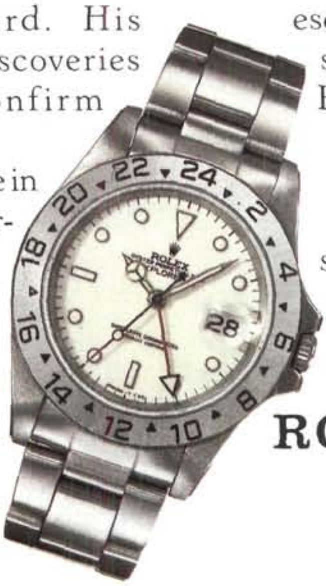


Leakey's outline of human evolution.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn, acted to perfection by Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Linda Bassett, Lynsey Baxter, and the author himself. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays. **TALLEY & SON,** a lightly revised version of Lanford Wilson's fine play "A Tale Told." . . . **TOMORROW'S MONDAY,** a rather weak domestic comedy that Paul Osborn wrote in 1936. Farley Granger, Helen Stenborg, Richard Backus, and Robert Macnaughton are among the good actors on hand. (Both shows reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory. **SAVAGE IN LIMBO:** The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **FILTHY RICH,** a play by George F. Walker: Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, and Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 5-8. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1963 musical **SHE LOVES ME**—Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Joe Masteroff (book)—will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 31, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 24. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Iceman Cometh—Over four and a half hours of muddled conversation on that tired schoolboy subject of debate: "Resolved, that man *cannot* live with illusions." With Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—A revised version of the play by P. J. Gibson that was presented last winter at this theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Love As We Know It—A comedy by Gil Schwartz, presented by Manhattan Punch

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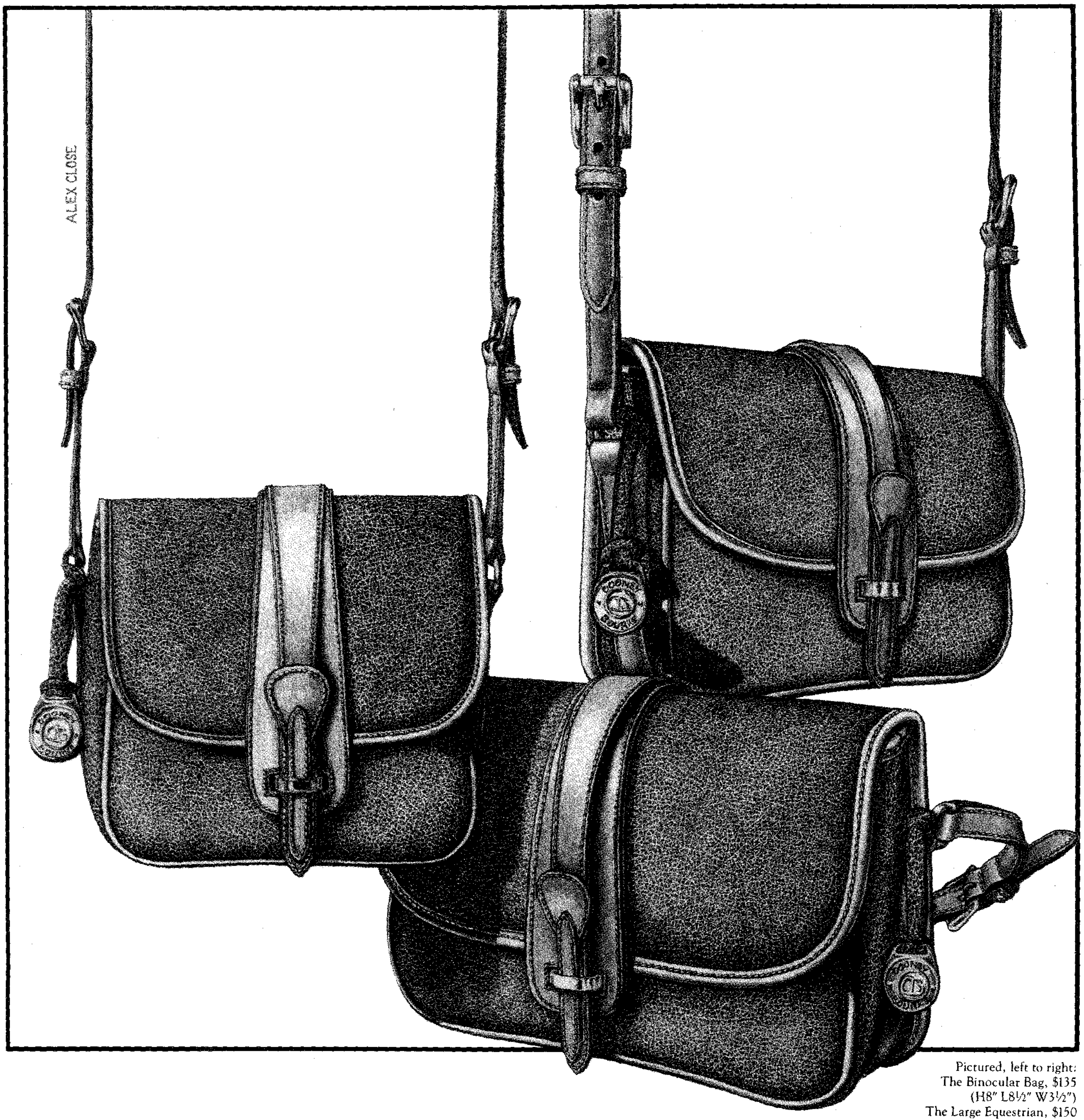

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Line. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

A Map of the World—An expatriate Indian novelist of more or less conservative views confronts a young English journalist from a socialist publication at a conference on world poverty in Bombay. David Hare's play becomes muddled at times, but it is never dull, and the acting of the large cast is very good. Roshan Seth and Željko Ivanek are splendid in the leading roles. Mr. Hare directed. (10/14/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Marriage of Figaro—The director Andrei Serban has a way of freshening up the classics that leaves them hanging on the ropes, and Beaumarchais's comedy is no exception. (10/28/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Weeknights, except Thursday, Oct. 31, and Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first in this season's series of productions is a return engagement of Maurice Valency's adaptation of **the madwoman of chaillot**, by Jean Giraudoux. With Geraldine Page, F. Murray Abraham, and Carrie Nye. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 31. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 5, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The first in this season's series of productions is **eyes of the american**, a play by Samm-Art Williams. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The News—A musical with a score and lyrics by Paul Schierhorn and a book by Mr. Schierhorn, David Rotenberg, and R. Vincent Park. Staged by Mr. Rotenberg. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 7. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Not About Heroes—Stephen MacDonald's script about the association of the poets Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen, at a mental hospital in 1917, hardly makes a play, but the performances of Edward Herrmann and Dylan Baker more than make up for its weakness. Dianne Wiest directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Once Is Never Enough—A sequel to R. A. Shiomi's beguiling parody-mystery, "Yellow Fever," this new thriller is bleak and ominous. The production by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Raul Aranas, is good in every way. Marc Hayashi and Lane Kiyomi Nishikawa collaborated with Mr. Shiomi on the script. (10/21/85) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 2.)

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Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 3, and Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Seascape with Sharks and Dancer—A comedy by Don Nigro. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Special—A musical with a book and lyrics by Mike Gutwillig and a score by Galt MacDermot. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 31. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Tatterdemalion—A musical by Judd Woldin, based on Israel Zangwill's novella "King of Schnorrers." (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—This tame revival of Jean Anouilh's comedy is rescued, to some extent, by the acting of Carole Shelley, Tammy Grimes, and Alvin Epstein. (10/28/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Carl Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yours, Anne—A vapid musical based on Anne Frank's diary. (10/28/85) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical with Van Johnson and Walter Charles as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,616 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the foreigner:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—The American Ballet Theatre, Burt Bacharach, Carol Bayer Sager, Carol Burnett, Victor Borge, Marilyn Horne, and Bette Midler are among the participants in a benefit for AIDS research and care. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Secret Places," "Confetti," and "Jamboree." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Moor's Pavane,"

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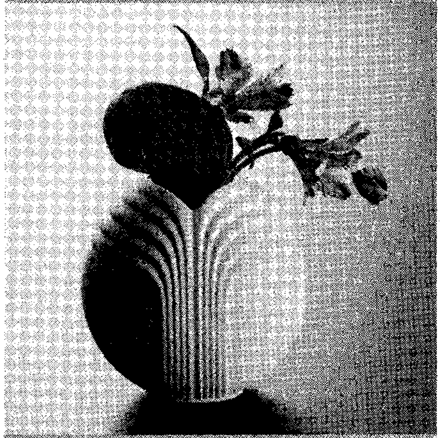

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Round of Angels," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Untitled," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Forgotten Land," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Italian Suite," "Secret Places," "Untitled," and "Jamboree." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: "Dream Dances," "Round of Angels," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Reflections," "Love Songs," "Arden Court," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 6-8, at 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Reflections," "Love Songs," "Confetti," and "Jeu de Cartes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

FELD BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 8: "Against the Sky," "Aurora I," and "Aurora II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: "Intermezzo No. 2," "Medium:Rare," "Les Noces," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Medium: Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Intermezzo No. 1." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

RUDY PEREZ PERFORMANCE ENSEMBLE—"Where Angels Coast," "Debut," and "Fall-Out." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 5-8, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

JAMES CUNNINGHAM'S ACME DANCE COMPANY—Programs of contemporary dance. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer, concentrates on Gershwin tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. The partial lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 30-31, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** collaborate; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, pianist Mark Morganelli will head up the Jazz Forum Allstars; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will guide a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, another fine singer, **KAREN AKERS**, can be heard. Her shows run from nine on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** is on this stage through Sunday, Nov. 3; Monday, Nov. 4, Amy Duncan's band, which will feature trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, will drop by; and on Tuesday, Nov. 5, tenor saxophonist and composer **WAYNE SHORTER** will arrive. Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams nightly, except Mondays, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Thursday, Oct. 31, Robinson's Mysteries; Friday, Nov. 1, Peter Noone; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, keyboardist **BERNIE WORRELL** and guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**, who plays free-funk, rock-and-roll space music, R. & B.-energy music, African-American party-time music—whatever you call it, you can't help but want to dance to it; Tuesday, Nov. 5, the Cruzados and Girl's Night Out; Wednesday, Nov. 6, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen in a tux) & **THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, Nov. 7, guitarists **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN**; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, trumpeter **TOM BROWNE** and violinist **NOEL POINTER** and their quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A convivial, dark-panelled, real New York bar with live jazz, in the form of pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, Nov. 2. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in action with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. The **NAT ADDERLEY** quartet holds forth through Saturday, Nov. 2; Sunday, Nov. 3, will be given over to composer, singer, and pianist **MICHEL LEGRAND**; and on Tuesday, Nov. 5, **STAN GETZ** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Oct. 30, the Trifles and the A-Bones; Friday, Nov. 1, **CAROLYNE MAS**; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, comedy nights; Wednesday, Nov. 6, the Turbines; Thursday, Nov. 7, the **DEAD MILKMEN** (a funny folk-rock outfit), the Young Fresh Fellows, Paul Metsa, and the Stringers; Friday, Nov. 8, **SUZANNE VEGA**; and Saturday, Nov. 9, the **CUCUMBERS**, the Clintons, Miracle Legion, the Outlets, and Maximum America. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**KAY STARR** sings here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The Kitt Moran trio perform through Saturday, Nov. 2; Sunday, Nov. 3 will be claimed by pianist Leslie Pintchil and guitarist Scott Hardy; and startin Wednesday, Nov. 6, singer **DAVID ALLYN** wil move in. Mondays belong to pianist Bab Motta and bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289 3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. Carol Britto is th pianist through Saturday, Nov. 2; startin Tuesday, Nov. 5, pianist and composer **ROGE KELLAWAY** will take over. Sundays, Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and on Monday you can hear **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sunday through Thursdays from eight-thirty, an Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9t St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good lis teners listening to pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** an bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, No 2, and to pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **MICHAI**

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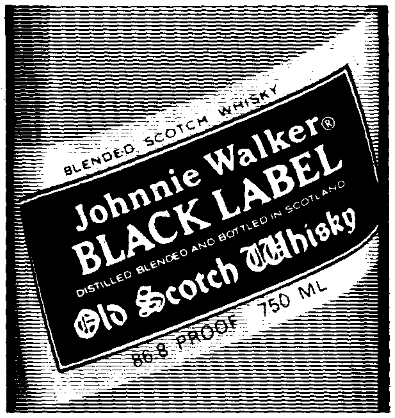
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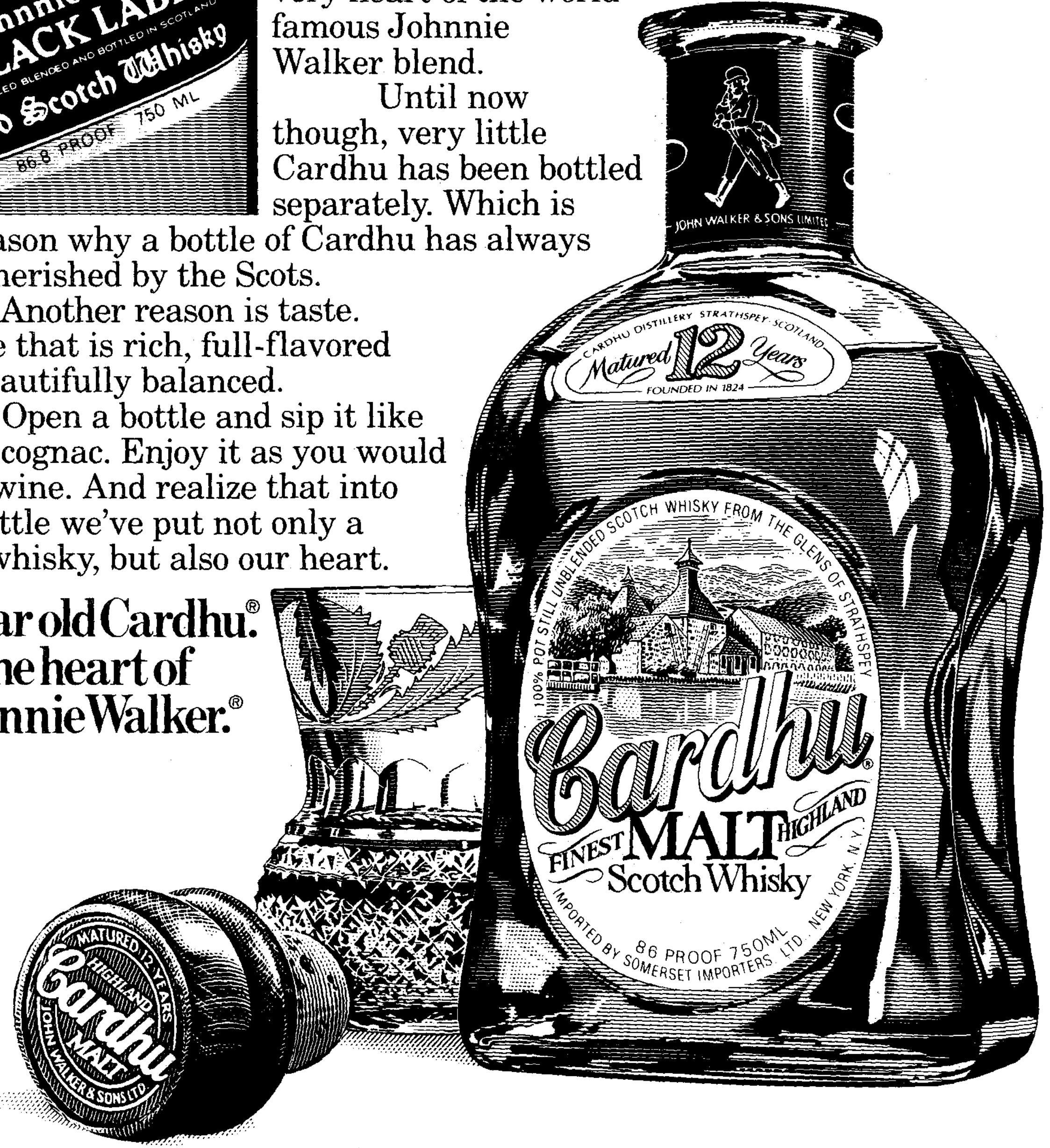
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOORE starting Tuesday, Nov. 5. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, Oct. 30, Billy Bragg and the Tailgators; Friday, Nov. 1, La Bamba & the Hubcaps and Soozie Tyrell; Saturday, Nov. 2, Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows and Soozie Tyrell; Monday, Nov. 4, Roomful of Blues and the Blues Busters; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 5-6, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON**; and Friday, Nov. 8, the Spencer Davis Group. Music after nine. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: saxophonist **ARTHUR RHAMES** on Wednesday, Oct. 30; Nelson Rangell on Thursday, Oct. 31; **JUMP STREET**, Monday, Nov. 4; Frank Canino, Tuesday, Nov. 5; and Rock Wilk, Wednesday, Nov. 6. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Thursday, Oct. 31, funk night with the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Fishbone; Friday, Nov. 1, the Hooters; Saturday, Nov. 2, Jon Butcher Axis; Thursday, Nov. 7, the Damned; Friday, Nov. 8, Stryper; and Saturday, Nov. 9, Everything but the Girl. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, blues, and sambas upstairs in a simple, basic, music-first club. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 30, pianist **JIM MC NEELY**, drummer **ADAM NUSSBAUM**, and bassist **MARC JOHNSON**; Thursday, Oct. 31, Batucada; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK**, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**, and their band; Tuesday, Nov. 5, Full Circle; Thursday, Nov. 7, Jim Campagnola; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, the Band of Doom, with **HIRAM BULLOCK**, bassist **WILL LEE**, and others. Mondays belong to the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, Oct. 30, Lone Ranger & the Silver Bullets; Thursday, Oct. 31, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Friday, Nov. 1, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION** and Crimes of Passion; Saturday, Nov. 2, **LOREMIL MACHADO**; Tuesday, Nov. 5, trumpeter **OLU DARA & THE NATCHEZSIPPIE DANCE BAND**; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 6-7, the wonderfully expressive reggae singer **JUDY MOWATT**; Friday, Nov. 8, Brazilian Energy; and Saturday, Nov. 9, **MIKATA**. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JOHNNY GRIFFIN**, a fiery tenor-sax soloist, is here with a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 3, and on Tuesday, Nov. 5, the **PHIL WOODS** quintet will come in. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights; when his experienced but unjaded **BIG BAND** (trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF**, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS**, **HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax and tuba, and others), with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th. St. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues and rock club. The schedule: rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY'S** band is here on Wednesdays; Thursday, Oct. 31, will belong to the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, will see Bull Moose Jackson on the stand; Monday, Nov. 4, Ned Sublette will experiment; Tuesday, Nov. 5, the Bullies will perform; Thursday, Nov. 7, Kristie Rose will share the stage with Chris Chriso; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, will be turned over to Lefty Dizz. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Nov. 4, **HECTOR LAVOE**, **FAJARDO**, and **JOHNNY PACHECO** will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano through Sunday, Nov. 3, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 5, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will be presenting bluesy piano-bass sets. Music every night but Monday from nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. Pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** new thirteen-piece big band performs through Sunday, Nov. 3, and on Tuesday, Nov. 5, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** nights. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. The **JOE NEWMAN** quintet is in it through Saturday, Nov. 2, and on Wednesday, Nov. 6, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will take over with his quintet. Music nightly from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **MIKE LONGO** and bassist Ben Brown through Saturday, Nov. 2; starting Tuesday, Nov. 5, pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**; and every Monday, pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Dave Dunaway. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHN WAITE and **CHEAP TRICK**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7:30.

RICHIE HAVENS, **PETE SEEGER**, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, and **ODETTA**—With others, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

THE CURE—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.

MARTY EHRLICH TRIO—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.

SIMPLE MINDS—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.

JIMMY CLIFF—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.

PAUL HORN—With David Friesen. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 7:30. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

BATTLEFIELD BAND and **KORNOG**—With Serge Desauney and Gilles le Bigot. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The second in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Dave McKenna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

"THE CASTLES OF GHANA"—John Carter's new ninety-minute composition, performed by Mr. Carter, Benny Powell, David Murray, and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

INSTITUTIONAL RADIO CHOIR—Great Hall, Cooper Union. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.

MORRIS DAY—With Starpoint. (Beacon Theatre. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

AL DIMEOLA—With Allan Holdsworth. (Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

MARTIN CARTHY & JOHN KIRKPATRICK, **ROBIN WILLIAMSON**, and **GABRIEL YACOUB**—Triplex Theatre. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, Nov. 2, at 9 and 11: Deuce. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8: Wesleyan University Big Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8 and 10: Jorge Anders Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 9 and 10:30: A salute to Melba Liston. . . . ¶ Saturday,

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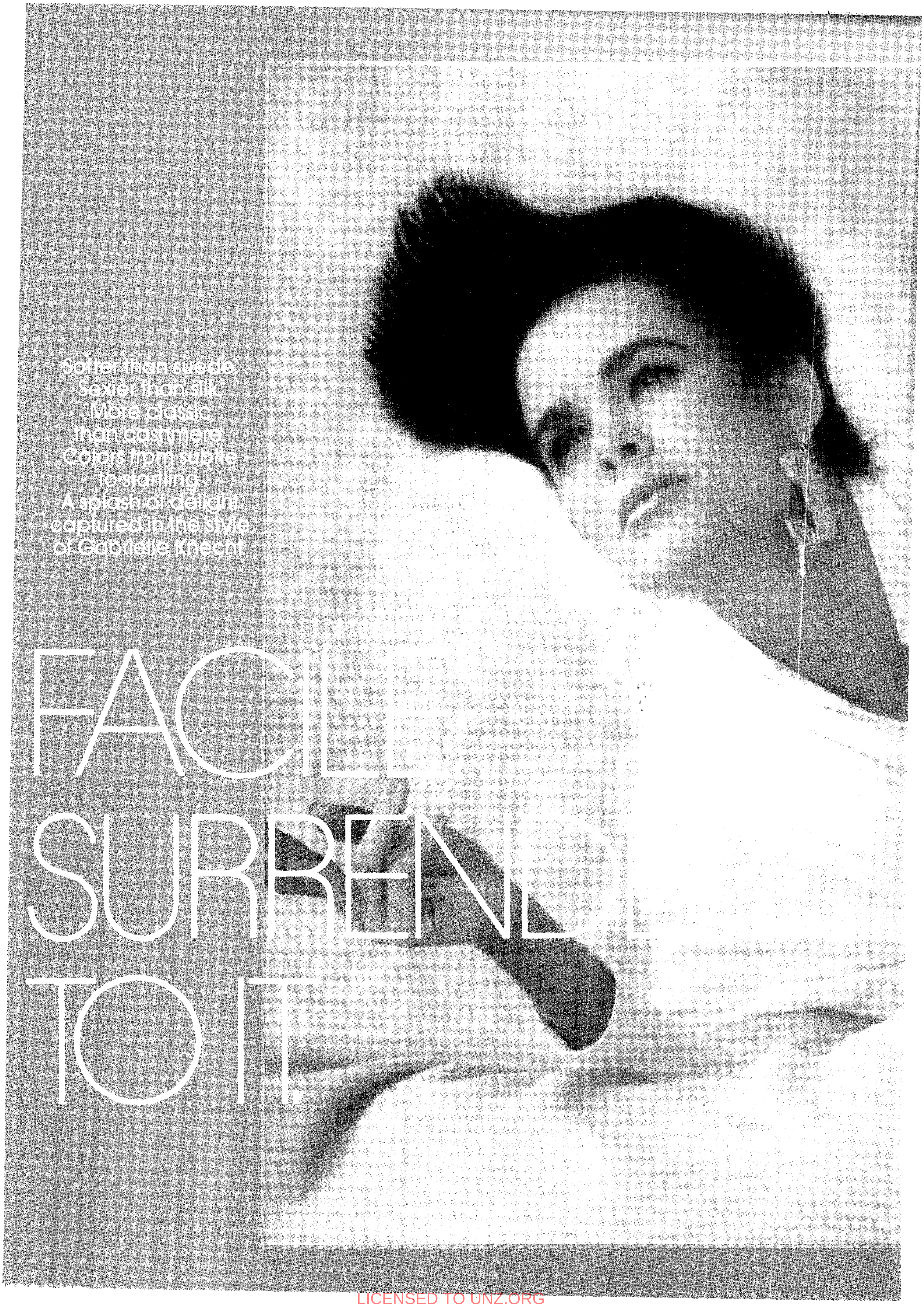
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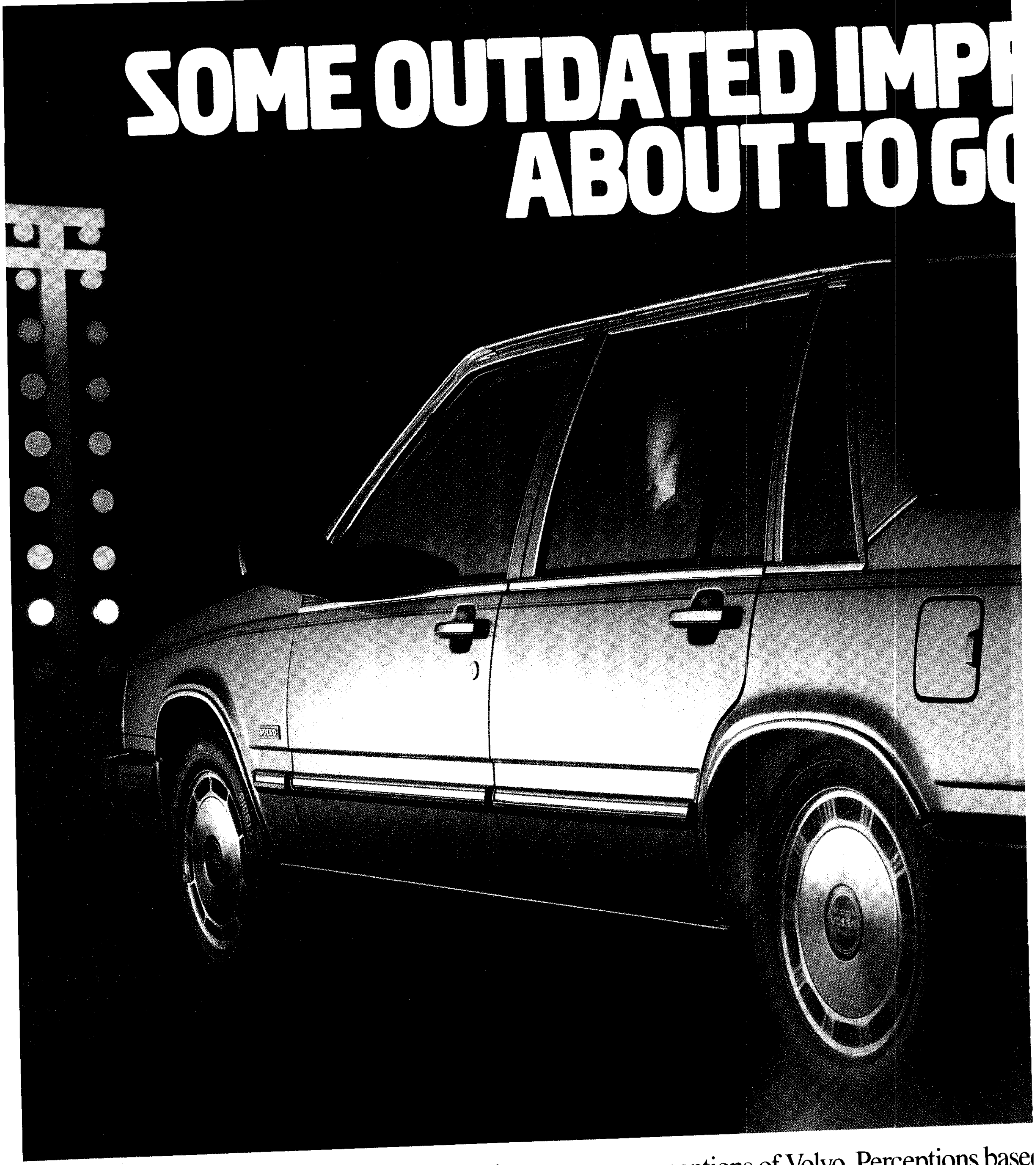

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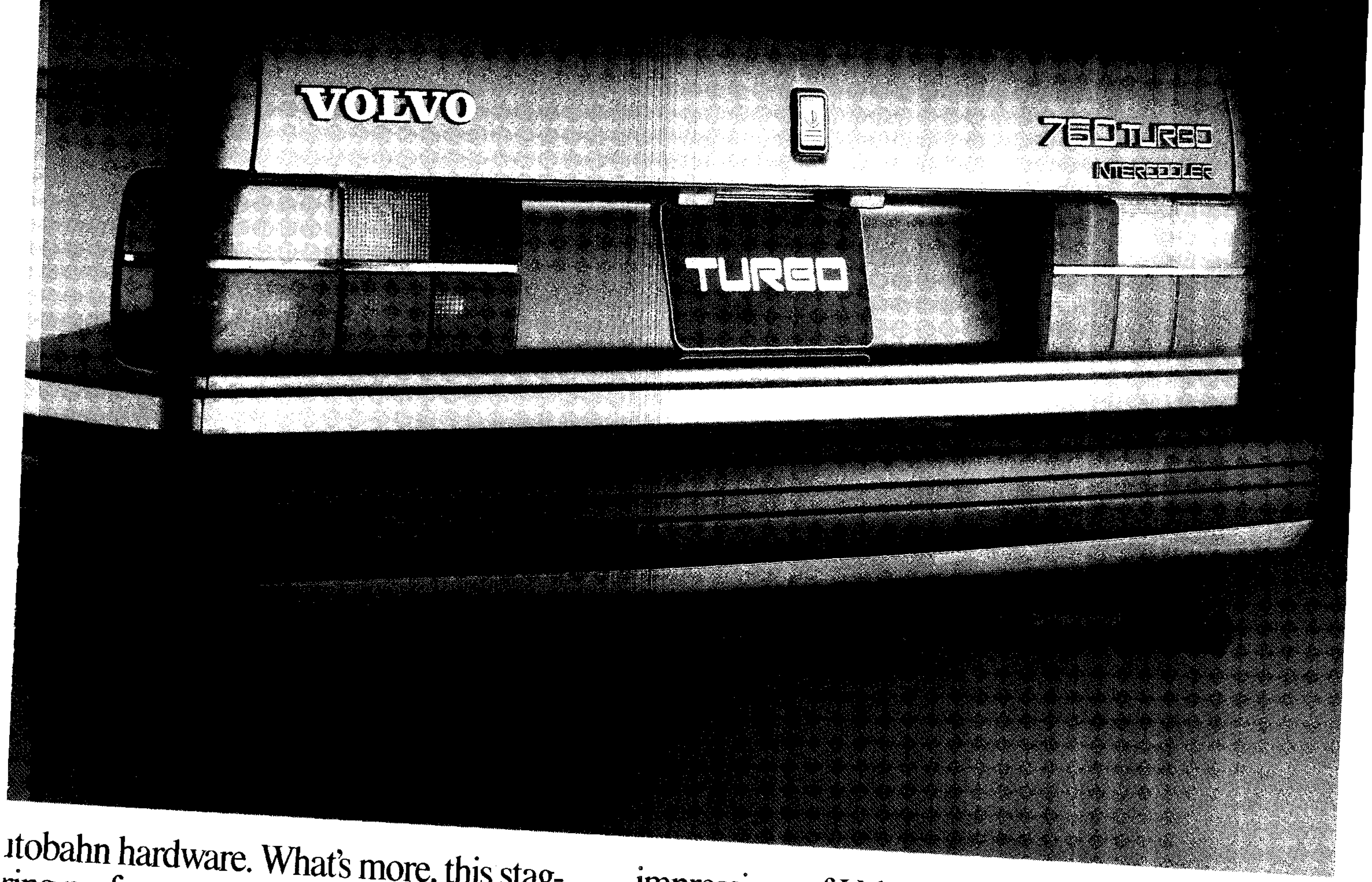

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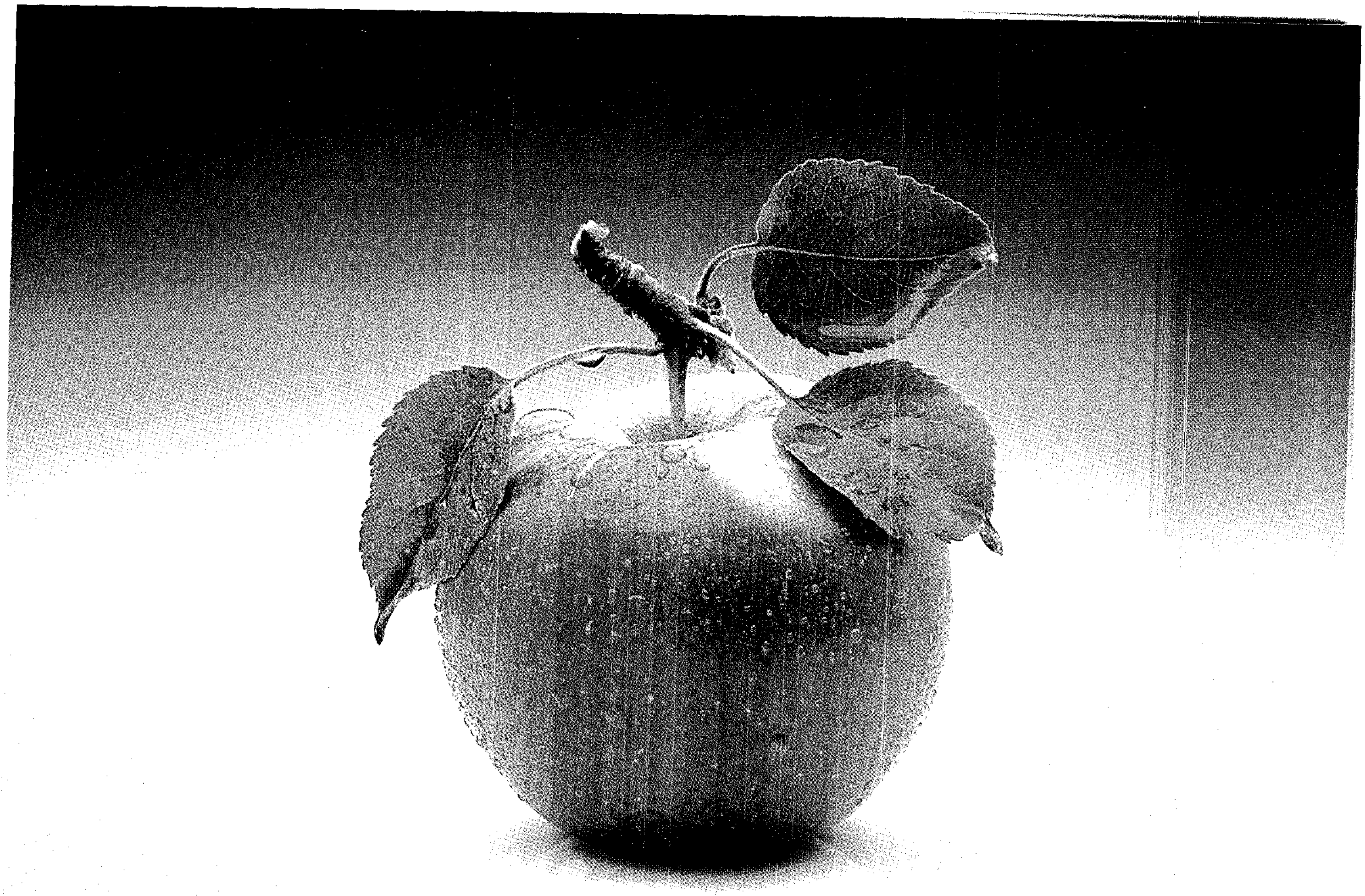

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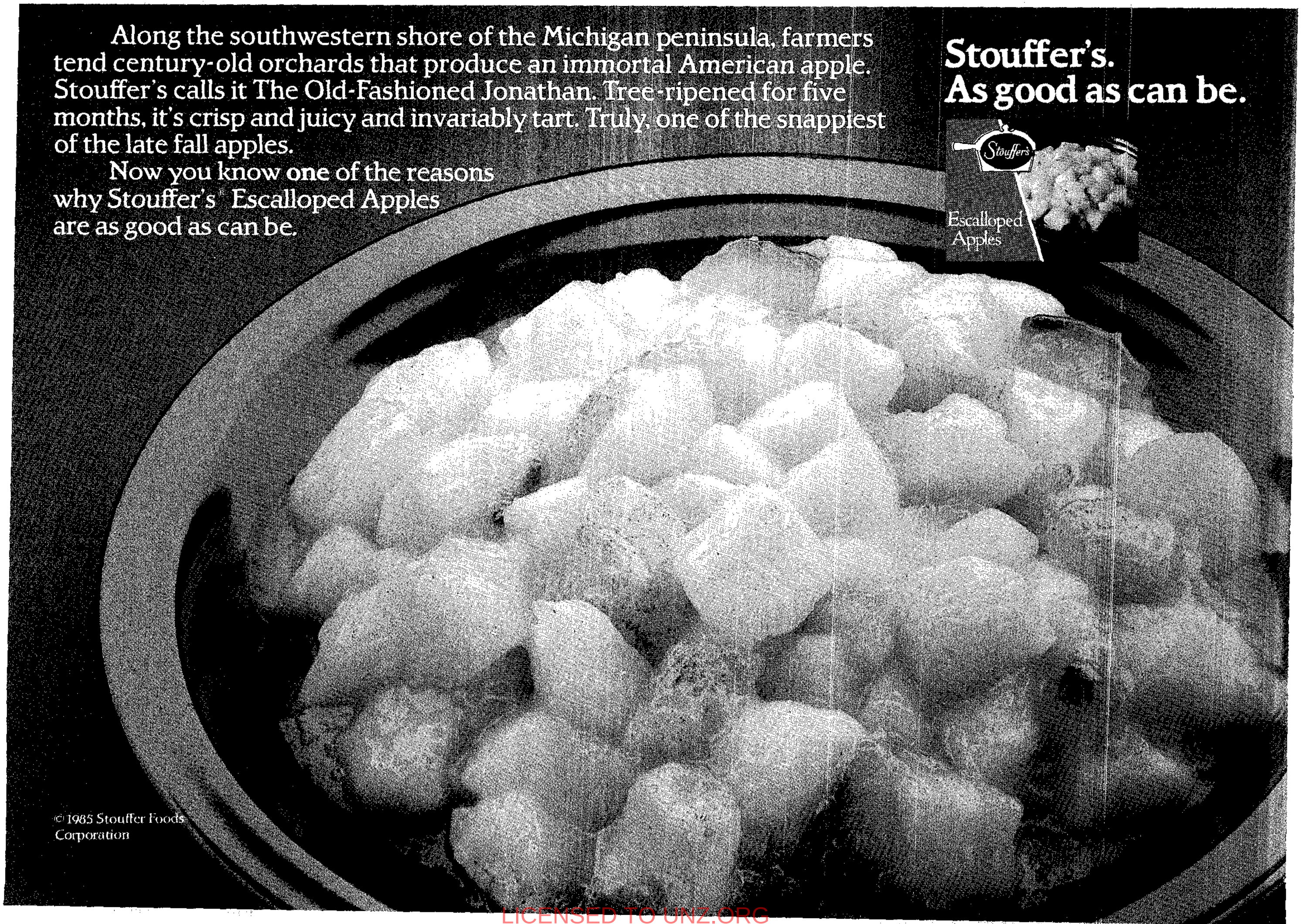

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 9, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Benefit Concert—Jimmy Smith, Kenny Burrell, Frank Foster, Milt Jackson, and others, in a benefit for the United Negro College Fund. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Jazz Films—Film clips from the David Chertok collection, including performances by Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-3757.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Recent landscape and figure paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Twenty new canvases in color combinations of red, yellow, and blue or red, orange, and green. Through Nov. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Oil paintings recently recovered from East Germany and dating from the years when the artist worked in Germany. Through Nov. 20. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Inviting watercolor sketches of Coney Island, Long Beach, and Staten Island grouped together in panels of ten or more, plus antic ceramic figures ornamented with shards from the artist's kilns. Through Nov. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Irving Kriesberg / John White Alexander (1856-1915)—Large Expressionist paintings and a pastel series. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. / Oil paintings of female figures, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alberto Magnelli (1888-1971)—Paintings by an Italian artist who embraced Cubism and later focussed on geometric abstraction. Through Dec. 14. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Twenty bronzes the artist cast at his foundry in Ardea. Through Dec. 7. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Ken Price—Small fired-clay abstractions. Through Nov. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—At the age of eighty-six, this social realist still finds new facets of interest in figure painting, most often of a model either taking off her clothes or putting them on. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by twentieth-century Europeans, including Klee, Klimt, Schwitters, and Balthus. Through Dec. 31. . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by artists who gathered at Mabel Dodge's salon in New York between 1913 and 1917—Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Barnes—Allegorical paintings. Through Nov. 16. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ben Berns—Landscapes of North Carolina. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Gaston Chaissac (1910-64)—Painted-wood constructions based on the human figure and semi-abstract portraits are among the works in this artist's first retrospective in this country. Through Nov. 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

José de Creeft (1884-1982) / **Claude Buck** (1890-1974)—Figurative sculptures in bronze, wood, and marble, plus works on paper. / Landscape and figure paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Roger Dennis—Recent Impressionist landscapes of New England. Through Nov. 29. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

José de Rivera (1904-85)—A memorial show of about two dozen sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Paintings,

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3	4	5	6	7	8	9

sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three works in all. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Landscapes, figure sketches, and magazine illustrations. Through Nov. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Graham (1881-1961)—Portrait drawings, about half of them stately female beauties with unfortunately crossed eyes. Through Nov. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata / Peter Bellamy—Abstract paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of artists who work in New York. Through Nov. 23. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Large, illuminated kinetic wall pieces in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Handmade paper-and-wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Bronzes cast more than twenty years ago, when the artist first began working in that medium. Through Dec. 14. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Doug Ohlson—A two-gallery exhibit. Works on paper from the past five years. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.) Both through Saturday, Nov. 9.

Giulio Paolini—An installation created with slide projections, plus collages, by an artist associated with the Italian movement Arte Povera. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edda Renouf—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 26. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—Blue and red lights shine on and are considered an integral part of a geometric wall sculpture. Through Nov. 13. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Expressionist paintings of art-world dealers and critics—at their most unflattering. Through Nov. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Shapiro—Works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Nineteen paintings done in the past four years which reflect the artist's Mexican and pre-Columbian heritage, not to mention his inimitable brush. He's eighty-six this year. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

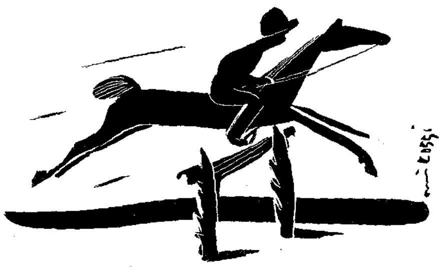
Jerome Witkin—Realist paintings. Through Nov. 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **MARISA DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the fifties by American artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Frank Stella, and Clyfford Still. Through Dec. 21. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century European Expressionists, such as Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, and George Grosz. Through Nov. 23.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)



Elaine Lustig Cohen—Abstract paintings, works on paper, and wood constructions. Through Nov. 23. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

William N. Copley—Paintings from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Gianni Dessì—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Lauren Ewing—Bronzes, two huge drawings, and an installation in which a three-ton plate-steel building façade, painted bright red, is set face to face with a vastly enlarged head from the Sistine Chapel. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Good-natured paintings with figures and objects suggested by geometric shapes. Through Nov. 16. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Kevin Franke / Gary Jacobson—Realist paintings of flowers appropriated from slipcovers, linoleum, tapestries, and other non-garden sources. / Wood constructions acrawl with armadillos, rhinoceroses, birds, lizards, and odd human figures, partly drawn and partly sculpted. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Vincent Gallo—Antique-looking still-lifes of fruit-laden tables and stylish chairs painted on sheets of found metal which have been scarred and treated with acid by the artist, who incorporated the resulting disfigurations into the picture. Through Nov. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Keith Haring—Two shows. Recent paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Large steel and aluminum sculptures of characters from his subway drawings. The walls of the Castelli gallery have been painted by the artist to create a playground. Through Nov. 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors of women in bathhouses. Through Dec. 7. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings and drawings in a retrospective that includes works from as far back as 1949. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.)

Susan Laufer—Simplified forms seen against heavily worked and built-up surfaces of mixed mediums on wood. Through Nov. 16. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Mike Metz—Wordplay is the subject of aluminum sculptures cast from Styrofoam molds. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Clayton Patterson—Small, figurative watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St. Open Mondays.)

Judy Rifka / Joseph Nechvatal—Nudes painted on shaped canvases whose surface bumps are more or less congruent with the topography of the figures. / Six paintings in which dense line drawings have been silk-screened onto the canvas and colored with acrylics. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—"Die" (steel), "The Elevens Are Up" and "The Wall" (both wood mockups), and small bronzes by a Minimalist sculptor. Through Nov. 16. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andrew Spence—Clean-cut abstractions of everyday subjects (office furniture, a wood pile, a street intersection), each of them reduced to the visual equivalent of symbols. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Wholesale borrowings from other artists—de Chirico and Jackson Pollock, for instance—are assembled in these imposing works, made up of small paintings on rectangular canvas boards, pieced together like mosaics. Through Nov. 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Alan Uglow—Geometric abstract paintings, one a diptych in which the panels hang on opposite walls. Through Nov. 16. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Tom Uttech / Sam Gilliam—Earnest paintings of

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dramatic vistas in the Northwestern wilderness, usually with a single lurking animal. / Colorful monoprints done on handmade paper and collaged onto wood constructions. Through Tuesday, Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Group Show—Drawings and paintings by Russian artists associated with the abstract movement Suprematism, among them Malevich, Rodchenko, Chashnik, and Tatlin. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dan Asher / Michelle Zalopany—Colorful oilstick abstractions of trees. / Large, powerful charcoal-and-pastel drawings of, say, Mexican ruins, a tree-lined city side street. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Good, a new gallery at 39 Great Jones St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Iridescent stainless-steel shapes approximating drapery folds. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Max Coyer—Oil paintings with images borrowed from Jean Cocteau's drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Antony Gormley—Drawings by a sculptor. Through Friday, Nov. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Duncan Hannah—Representational oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Gallery Lafayette, 430 Lafayette St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Steve Miller—Vaguely Cubist landscapes and cityscapes that begin with a photograph, which is analyzed by a computer. This image is transferred to canvas and painted over by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Jody Pinto—Two shows. Paintings on paper. Through Nov. 16. (Bromm, in a second gallery at 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ An outdoor sculpture. Through Dec. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Italo Scanga—Abstract paintings on paper, and a seven-foot-high sculpture of wood and rope. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Mō David, 436 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Russell Sharon—Bright-colored landscapes of Minnesota. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Adams, 504 E. 12th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays).

Maura Sheehan—Paintings of Greek vases done on salvaged automobile windshields and lined up against a wall. The model for the paintings was a small Corinthian vessel. Through Nov. 16. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Martin Wong—Paintings reflecting the grimmer side of life on the lower East Side—playgrounds encircled with barbed wire, jail cells, boxers. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Semaphore East, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every space of the not exactly confining P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lewis Baltz—Silver-gelatin prints that are his largest to date—twenty inches by twenty-four. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959) **and Bill Burke**—Photographs of the rural South taken during the nineteen-forties by the former and in 1979 by the latter. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

William Eggleston and William Christenberry—The rural South again, these color prints, primarily, reflect the two artists' long association with one another and their affection for the area. Through Nov. 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Jan Groover—Still-lifes and large-format portraits. Through Nov. 23. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernand Fonssagrives—Fashion photographs from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Dec. 7. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

William Klein—People at the beach seen very close up, backstage views of Paris fashion shows, and street scenes. Through Nov. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ray K. Metzker—Prints from his student days and the years just after. Through Nov. 16. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nic Nicosia / Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Studio portraits of subjects more commonly seen in snapshots—fishermen, cowboys, a guy at the beach. / A series called "The New Irascibles," photographs based on the well-known 1951 portrayal of Abstract Expressionist painters. The cast this time is made up of lower East Side dealers and artists. Through Nov. 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Raghubir Singh / Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Photographs of India (rural and urban) at its most seductively beautiful. / Ten vintage silver-gelatin prints. Through Nov. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Seventy paintings and drawings by John Frederick Kensett, a nineteenth-century landscapist linked to Luminism. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes

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paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Architectural drawings and photographs of the archeological site of Vijayanagara, one of the best preserved Hindu ruins of ancient India. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—Rocks (lapis lazuli, soapstone, malachite) and paintings depicting rocks (on hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, fans) in a show underscoring the significance of the rock in Chinese culture. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Ezra Pound (born October 30, 1885) and his life's work are the topic of a show of first editions, autograph manuscripts, poems by authors he edited, and even carbon copies of two of the radio broadcasts he made in Italy. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of seventy-six *kawari kabuto*, Japanese helmets worn by warlords between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth and distinguished not so much by their protective capacity as by their daring, highly individualistic designs: a crouching rabbit, a boy's topknot, a morning glory, and so forth. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, Sonia Delaunay, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit of sixty paintings by American naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. From the collection given to the National Gallery of Art by Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of Conceptualist Allen Ruppersberg's works, including his 1974 piece with the complete text of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" written across twenty six-foot panels. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Ten Centuries of Spanish Books," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, first editions and manuscripts, maps, and prints, including an eleventh-century Book of Hours belonging to King Ferdinand I, a first edition of "Don Quixote," and poems in the hand of García Lorca. On loan from Spanish libraries. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Election Day, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Poyesis Genetica (performance), Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; Percy Cubas (dance), Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Yves Musard (dance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 1-3, at 9; Dan Froot (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Brenda Boozer, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Douglas Ahlstedt; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Dawn Upshaw, Stefka Mineva, William Lewis, and Sergei Koptchak; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Richard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Ernesto Veronelli, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Dawn Upshaw, Stefka Mineva, Aage Haugland, and Sergei Koptchak; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Richard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Ernesto Veronelli, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 1: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Florence Quivar, Aage Haugland, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; conducted by Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and Jeffrey Wells; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: The New York première of Dominick Argento's "Casanova" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Susanne Marsee, Joyce Castle, Timothy Nolen, and David Hamilton; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor,"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Edith Davis, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Claudia Cummings, Carol Sparrow, Bruce Reed, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and Mark Thomsen; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Edith Davis, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Norma," with Suzanne Murphy, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and Jeffrey Wells; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Claudia Cummings, Cynthia Rose, Christopher Robson, and Kevin Maynor; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday, Nov. 1, and Saturdays, Nov. 2 and 9, at 7:30; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:30.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Victoria Bond conducting Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour," staged by Frank Corsaro. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. 279-4200. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall —Riccardo Chailly conducting a Strauss-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8 (all with Yuzuko Horigome, violin). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Lutoslawski-Brahms program on Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano).

VIENNA SYMPHONY—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting, with Christian Altenburger, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

ORCHESTRE DE LA SUISSE ROMANDE—At Carnegie Hall, Armin Jordan conducting—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: With Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: With Heinz Holliger, oboist-composer and guest conductor.

NEW IRISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Proinnsías Ó Duinn conducting, with John O'Conor, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—A program of music by American black composers, conducted by Lukas Foss and Tania León. With Max Roach, percussion; Winterton Garvey, violin; and the Erasmus Hall Choral Club. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—Patrick Flynn conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—Max Rudolf conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Daniel Heifetz, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 3.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of French music, which will include the première of a Ravel choral work. With Udo Reinemann, baritone; Walter Hilse, piano and organ; and the Queens College Orchestra. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 567-8648.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing the first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a program of music for multiple choirs, brass, and organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

MUSICA VIVA—Walter Klauss directing a chorus and orchestra, with Gotthold Schwarz, baritone. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing the second in a series of four programs, this one devoted to American music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

MARTIN BEST—Voice/lute/guitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

GUIDO'S OTHER HAND—A program called "A Renaissance Halloween." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

ARCHDUKE TRIO—Chamber music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W 99th St. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

VIENNA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—An all-Schubert program, with James Levine, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

ALARIA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A program of music by Brahms, J. B. Wanhal, Gordon Jacob, and others. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Osian Ellis, harp; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5.)

ALEXIS WEISSENBERG—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

GAYLE SCHMIDT—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

FUSAKO YOSHIDA—Koto, with Haruko Nara, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

EMILY CORBATÓ—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2.)

MIRIAM FRIED—The first of two programs presenting the complete sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin by Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COMPOSERS, U.S.A.—A program that includes a performance of two song cycles by Elie Siegmeister, with Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, soprano, and Mr. Siegmeister, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

STEPHEN ROBINSON—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

KEVIN OLDHAM—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

PALMA TOSCANI—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the recital.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—A program of music by American composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of music by American composers. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—With classical guitarist David Starobin and bassist David Taylor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—The initial program of this newly formed ensemble will be

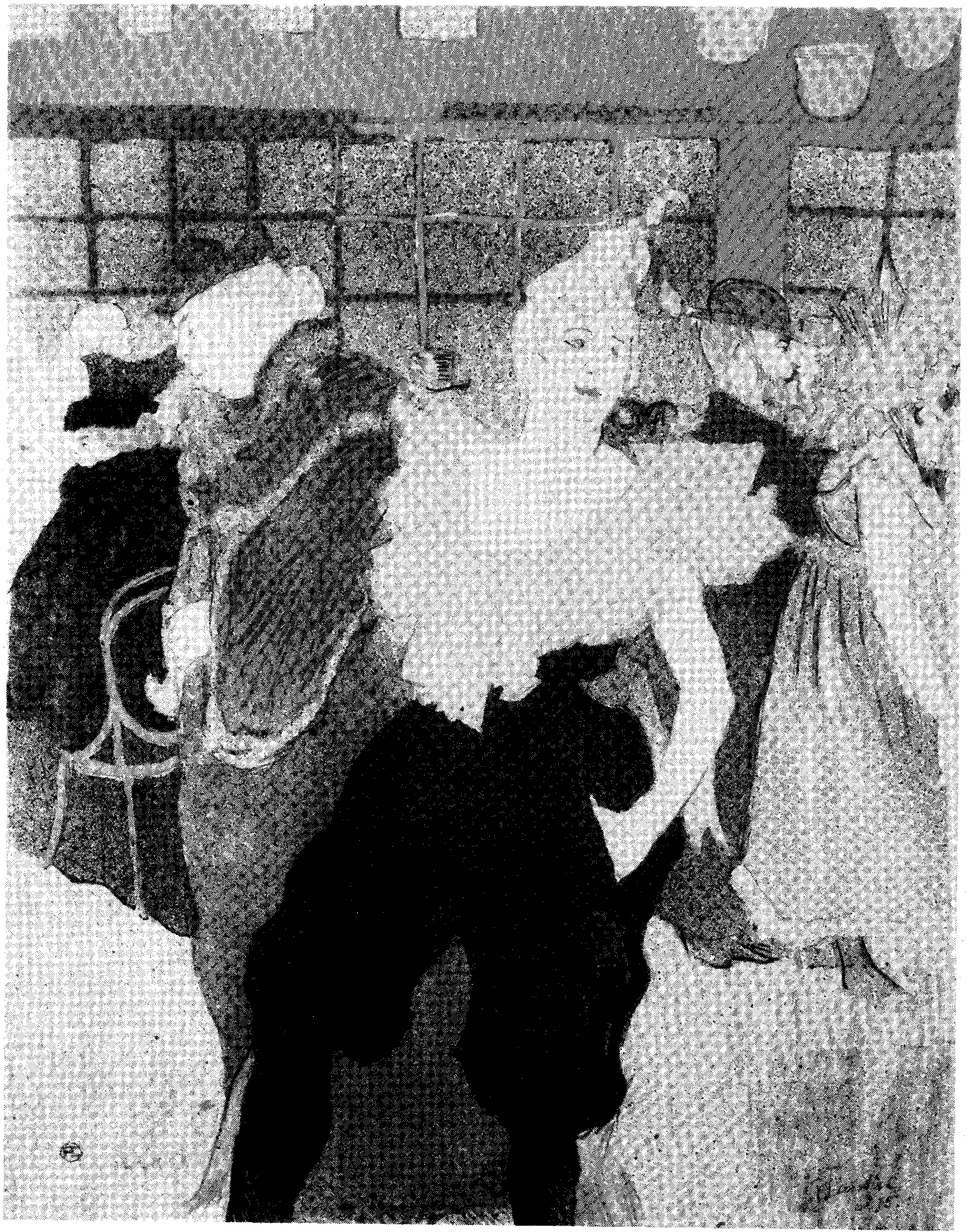
The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York

November 7, 1985–January 26, 1986

Made possible by a grant from Mobil

Henri de
TOULOUSE-
LAUTREC



The Clowness at the Moulin Rouge. 1897. Lithograph. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, 1946

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

performed by Edmund Battersby, piano; Alexis Galperine, violin; Miles Hoffman, viola; and Peter Wiley, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, with Joseph Villa, *piano.* (*Kaufmann Concert* Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Kjell Baekkelund—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

League-ISCM—With Linda Moss, viola; Michael Willens, contrabass; Charles Neidich, clarinet; and Christopher Oldfather, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

William Parker—Baritone, in a program of French songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Composers Concordance—A program of contemporary music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Quintet of the Americas—Presenting a program of American music, with Jack Kreiselman as conductor for the quintet and an ensemble of guest artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8. Tania León will moderate a post-concert seminar in which the composers and artists will participate.)

Carey Chow—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30.)

Roger Roloff—Baritone, with John van Buskirk, piano, in a one-hour program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar, with Zakir Hussain, tabla, and the Langas & Manghaniyars of Rajasthan. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Robert Sylvester and Robert Spillman—Cello and piano/harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Note—Udo Reinemann, baritone, and David Selig, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5. For tickets, call 288-0700.

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. In the **CAREY PLAYHOUSE**—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 7: **THE GOLDEN WINDOWS,** a play by Robert Wilson. . . . **LEPERCQ SPACE**—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: **MECHTHILD GROSSMANN** in her full-length solo theatre work "Wo Meine Sonne Scheint," performed in English. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 6-9, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2: Reinhild Hoffmann's **TANZTHEATER BREMEN** performing the American première of her full-length work "Callas." . . . **OPERA HOUSE**—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: The **LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS** performing two premières—"Impact" and "Transformer"—and "Sky Light" (New York première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2: **NINA WIENER AND DANCERS** in the première of a full-length work, "In Closed Time." (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Italy on Stage—The last in a series of programs of Italian music and theatre is the Venetian Theatre Group's presentation of "Il Campiello," an eighteenth-century comedy by Carlo Goldoni. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 30-31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 688-6070.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Thursday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 9. (Games begin at 7:30.)

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Professional Football—Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 2, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Nov. 8. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** *Daily, except Wednesday,* Nov. 6, at 12:30. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Friday, Nov. 1; the Breeders' Cup series, Saturday, Nov. 2; the Long Island Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 3; and the Pilgrim, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Nov. 4, through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

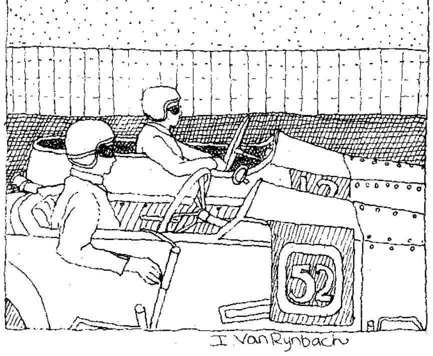
ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 5; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry Readings—Howard Moss and Cynthia Macdonald reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Richard Dyer Bennett, John Hollander, William Maxwell, James Merrill, and others reading from the works of the late Robert Fitzgerald. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—Three *New Yorker* artists: George Booth, Roz Chast, and Lee Lorenz speaking about their art work. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 3, from 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 2: Engravings of American voyages and explorations. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 2: English furniture, together with decorations and carpets. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 7: Paintings by Barnett Newman, Andy Warhol, Cy Twombly, and others; from the Dia Art Foundation. Following the Dia sale; contemporary art. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 1. Admission to both sales by tickets only; for information, call 606-7303. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: Twenty-two paintings by Mark Tobey. Following the Tobey sale, contemporary art. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Nov. 7, at 10:15: Hiroshige prints, from the collection of Salvatore J. Tarantino, as well as Japanese prints, paintings, and screens. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 2.



I. VanRynbach

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola, and Marc Neikrug, piano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Opera-in-Concert: Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Kyung-Wha Chung, violin, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 9 and 11. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Rudolf Kirkusny, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Houston Symphony, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 4-5. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Hungarian State Symphony, Dec. 8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Amadeus Quartet, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Robert White, tenor, Nov. 12 and Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 17-19 and Nov. 22 and 24. . . . ¶ Fires of London, Nov. 29-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sharon Robinson, cello, Dec. 4. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 19-20. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Nov. 23-24 and Dec. 7-8. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, Nov. 30. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Richard Goode, piano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, Dec. 6-7. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, Nov. 26.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Boys of Winter," a play by John Pielmeier. . . . ¶ A revival of Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana," with Jeanne Moreau, Michael Moriarty, Eileen Brennan, and Roy Dotrice. . . . ¶ The New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Rupert Holmes' musical "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," with Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose. The show is based on Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. . . . ¶ Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams in "Jerry's Girls," a musical revue of show tunes written by Jerry Herman.

Dance—Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, at the City Center, Nov. 13-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 20-Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Merce Cunningham Dance Company, at the Joyce Theatre, Nov. 30-Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 4-29.

Other Dates—Veterans Day is Monday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Nov. 21-24. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 28.

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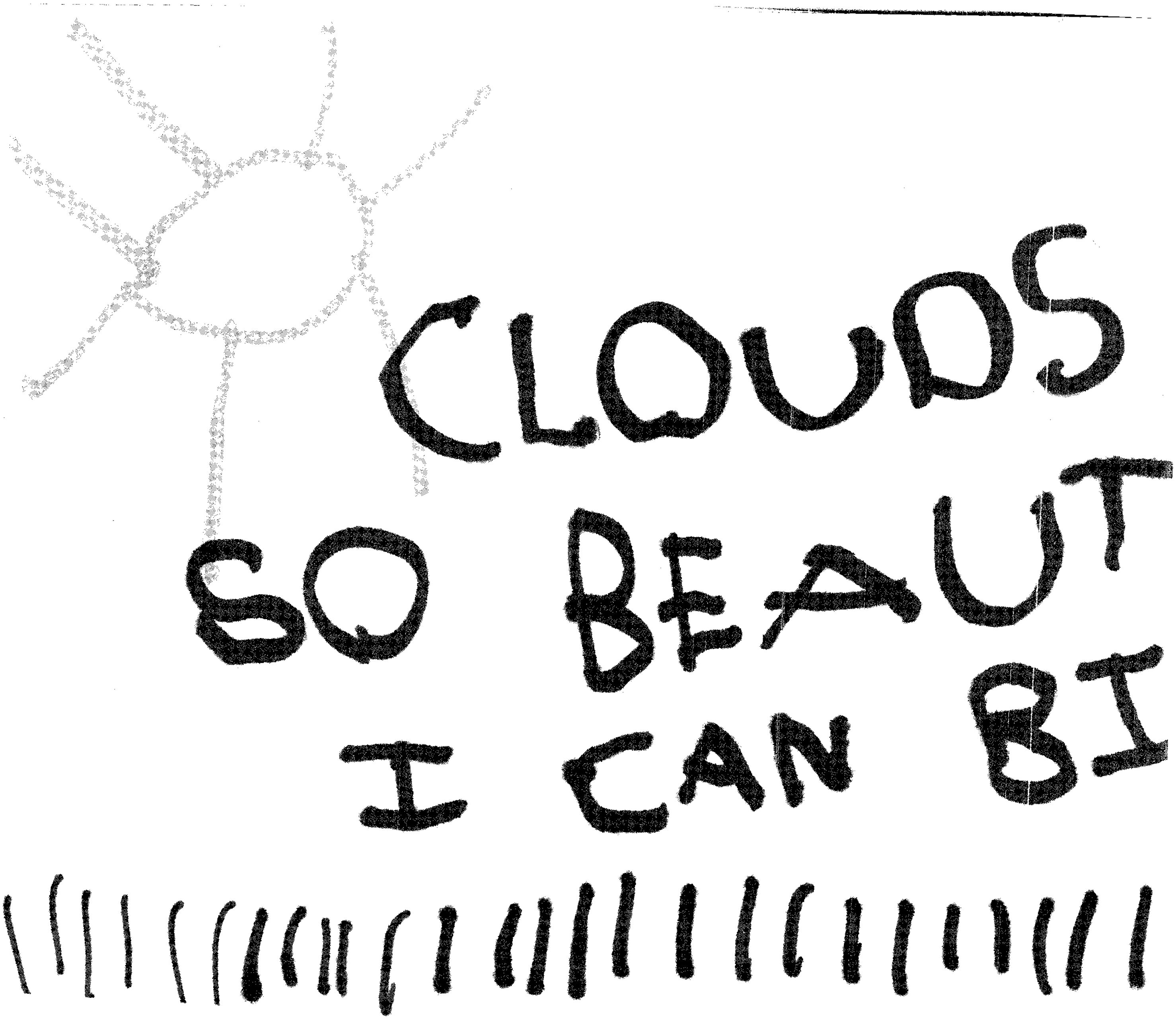


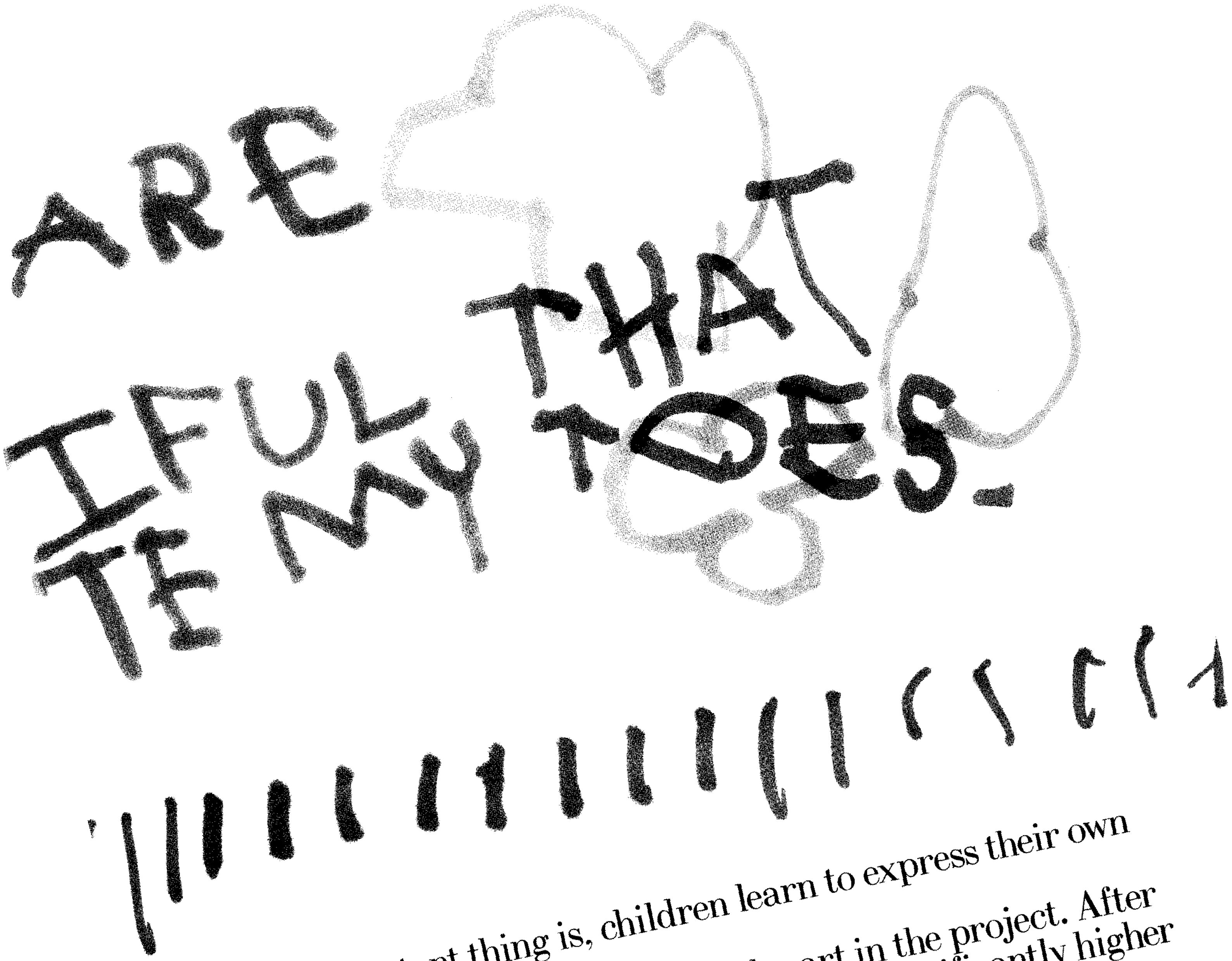
The writer quoted above is a recent kindergarten graduate.

And the words are only a few of many he could read and write for you.

The future laureate, Matthew Howse, was part of a unique educational project. A two-year study of that project, sponsored by IBM, has led to an important new IBM product called the Writing to Read System.

It simply teaches children how to convert sounds they can already say into sounds they can write.

At first, there's little emphasis on spelling and punctuation. (Matthew, for instance, needed help with the word "beautiful.")



The important thing is, children learn to express their own feelings and ideas.

Thousands of kindergartners took part in the project. After one year, their reading ability as a group was significantly higher than the national norm.

What's more, seven out of ten could write words, sentences, even stories. Skills not expected of beginning readers.

To help develop Writing to Read, IBM provided personal computers, Selectric™ typewriters, workbooks and tape recorders. As well as money to train teachers and underwrite the project.

We think the idea is so beautiful that, well, ask Matthew Howse.

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For free additional information about Writing to Read, developed by Dr. John Henry Martin, please write: IBM Corp., Dept. 1083, P.O. Box 5555, Clifton, NJ 07015

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It's an all-wool tweed made exclusively for us in Yorkshire, England. But unlike many tweeds, it's light weight enough to make it uncommonly comfortable.

We found this to be such a winning combination that we suggested, somewhat glibly, that it could well become man's best friend.

Little did we know.

The reception accorded our collection of Terrier Cloth jackets has been extremely enthusiastic.

Thanks, no doubt, to what is truly a unique and outstanding fabric. But in no small measure, also, to some old friends who understand and appreciate such quality and craftsmanship; the select group of stores who carry on the Southwick tradition.

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The first family of traditional clothing.

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DELAWARE
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FLORIDA
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GEORGIA
H. Davis & Sons
George Dean
John B. Rourke
H. Stockton

ILLINOIS
Brittany Ltd.
Beanie's
Robertson's
Sturtevant's

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Roderick St. John

IOWA
Clancy's
Greg's Gentry Shop
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MAINE
David Wood

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Arthur Adler
Eddie Jacobs

MASSACHUSETTS
Ara's
Kaps
Roots
A.O. White

MICHIGAN
Claymore Shop
Jeffrey Marks
Carl Sterr
Van Boven

MINNESOTA
Sim's

MISSISSIPPI
M-L-M
Owens
The Rogue

MISSOURI
Boyd's
Jack Henry

NEBRASKA
Sir Winston

NEW JERSEY
Roots

NEW MEXICO
Alan's Apparel

NEW YORK
John Charles
Family Britches
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Red Barn

NORTH CAROLINA
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Arnold Craven
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Varsity Men's Wear
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TEXAS
J.E. Borron
Brent's
Clyde Campbell
Culwell & Son
Norton-Ditto
J. Westfahl

UTAH
Hepworth's

VERMONT
Michael Kehoe

VIRGINIA
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Eljo's
Nelson & Gwatkin
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Arthur Adler

WASHINGTON STATE
Albert Ltd.
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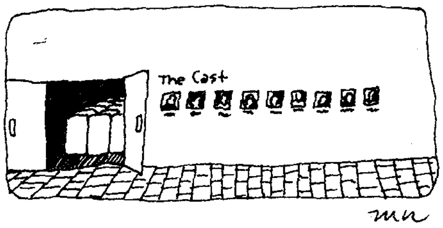
WEST VIRGINIA
Kaites

WISCONSIN
Jonathan Bach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 31: "Paris, Texas" (1984; directed by Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
Nov. 1-3: "Die Nacht" (Hans Jurgen Syberberg; in German), with Edith Clever. The six-hour film will be shown Friday at 6 and Saturday and Sunday at 5. Mr. Syberberg and Miss Clever will be present.
From Nov. 5: "Paris, Texas."

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 31: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 7: "Plenty" (†).
From Nov. 8: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey. From Nov. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Marie" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Back to the Future" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 7: "After Hours" (†).
From Nov. 8: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 31: "The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata. From Nov. 1: "Eleni" (Peter Yates), with Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich, and Linda Hunt.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Plenty" (†). From Nov. 6: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Flanagan" (Scott Goldstein), with Philip Bosco and Geraldine Page.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Twice in a Lifetime" (Bud Yorkin), with Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Cease Fire" (David Nutter), with Don Johnson. From Nov. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Marie" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 31: "Compromising Positions" (†).
From Nov. 1: "Macaroni" (Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 31: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey. From Nov. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Nov. 1: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 31: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon).
From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Nov. 8: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Living at Risk" (directed by Alfred Guzzetti, Susan Meiselas, and Richard Rogers; in Spanish and English), and "Witness to War" (Deborah Shaffer), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek. From Nov. 1: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Himatsuri" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Sweet Dreams" (†). From Nov. 1: "El Diputado" (1969; Eloy de la Iglesia; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 7: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Nov. 8: "Plenty" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 7: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Nov. 8: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 31: "Back to the Future" (†). From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 4: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 31: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Nov. 1: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 7: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
From Nov. 8: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Plenty" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 7: "Sheer Madness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler. From Nov. 8: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Acqua e Sapone" (Carlo Verdone; in Italian). From Nov. 1: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Marie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey. From Nov. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: "Plenty" (†).
Theatre 5: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 31: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers. From Nov. 1: To be announced.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Oct. 31: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
From Nov. 1: "Out of Order" (Carl Schenkel; in German).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Back to the Future" (†). From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 31: "Sweet Dreams" (†). From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 31: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon). Nov. 1-7: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Nov. 8: "Transylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "Remo Williams:

The Adventure Begins" (directed by Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Nov. 8: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: "Commando."
Theatre 5: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 7: "Evils of the Night." From Nov. 8: "After Hours" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 31: "Year of the Dragon" (†).
From Nov. 1: "Jagged Edge" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Plenty" (†). From Nov. 1: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 31: "Cease Fire" (David Nutter), with Don Johnson.
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey. From Nov. 1: To be announced.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 7: "After Hours" (†).
From Nov. 8: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Silverado" (†). No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 4-6.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "School Spirit." From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "South Bronx Hero." From Nov. 1: To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: "Krush Groove."

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon). From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3."

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 6: "Onimasa" (1985; directed by Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
From Nov. 7: A week-long program of documentary films.

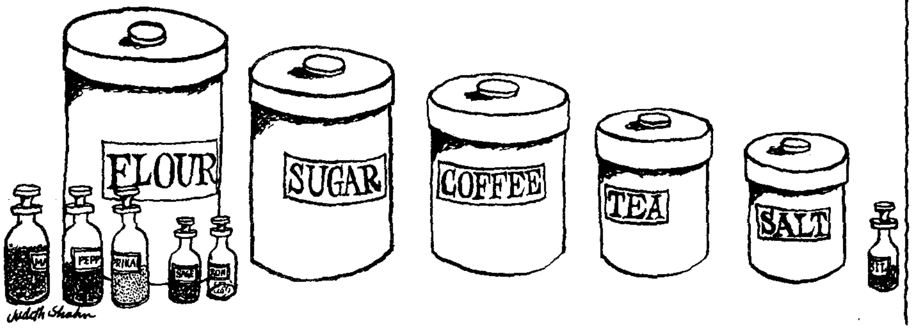
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 31: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Nov. 1-2: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.
Nov. 3: "Fanny and Alexander" (†); and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
Nov. 4-5: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey); and "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Nov. 6-7: "La Strada" (†); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Nov. 8-9: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†); and "The Last Starfighter" (1984; Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

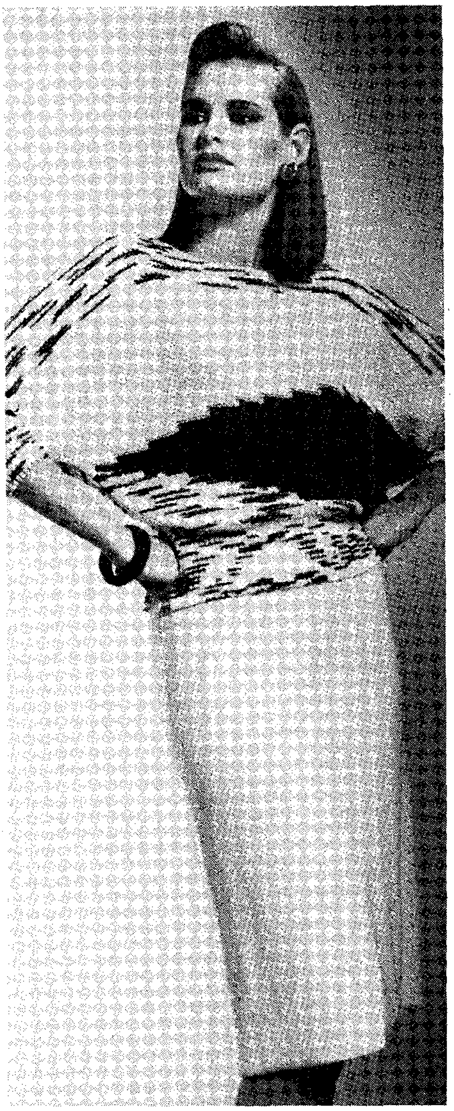
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 30: "Footlight Parade" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers.
Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932; Richard Boleslavsky), with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore.
Nov. 3-4: "A Night at the Opera" (†); and "The Three Musketeers" (1939; Allan Dwan), with the Ritz Brothers.
Nov. 5-6: "Orphans of the Storm" (†); and "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
Nov. 7-9: "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 30: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).
Oct. 31: "Horror Hotel" (1963), with Dennis Lotis, Christopher Lee, and Betta St. John; and "Carnival of Souls" (1962; Herk Harvey).
Nov. 1-2: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983) and "The Rest of Hollywood Out-Takes" (1984).
Nov. 3: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Nov. 4: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965; Miloš Forman; in Czech).
Nov. 5: "By Design" (†) and "The Group" (†).
Nov. 6: "The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies" (1962); and "The Hypnotic Eye" (1961; George Blair), with Jacques Bergerac.
Nov. 7: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (†).
Nov. 8-9: "Strange Brew" (1983), directed by, and with, Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis; "Cannibal Girls" (1973); and "Going Berserk" (1983; David Steinberg), with John Candy.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 30: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
Oct. 31: "Island of Doomed Men" (1940; Charles Barton), with Peter Lorre, Robert Wilcox, and Rochelle Hudson; and "The Face Behind the Mask" (1941; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, and Don Beddoe.
Nov. 1-2: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene





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Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

Nov. 3: "The Iceman Cometh" (†).

Nov. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "A Lesson in Love" (†).

Nov. 5: "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders; and "The Terror" (1963 †).

Nov. 6: "Theodora Goes Wild" (†); and "She Married Her Boss" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.

Nov. 7: "The Emperor Jones" (†) and "Sanders of the River" (†).

Nov. 8-9: "On the Waterfront" (†) and "The Wild One" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 2 at 1: "Monsoon" (1949; directed by Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5: "Love Sublime" (1978; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 1: "Stay Awake" (1957; Sombhu Mitra and Amit Maitra; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5: "My Name Is Joker" (1970; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Monsoon." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Love Sublime." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Stay Awake." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "Eternal Light" (1936; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "The Churning of the Sea" (1934; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "My Name Is Joker." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "The Churning of the Sea." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "The Undefeated" (1937; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Oct. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; Daniel Schmid; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of international animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 12:30: A program of cartoons by Robert McKimson. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of international animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 12:30: A program of cartoons by Robert McKimson. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30 and 5:30 and Nov. 4 at 1: Three different programs of international animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 3 and 6:30: A program of animated films by Paul Glabicki, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 3 and 6:30: "L'Âge d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 1: A program of international animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6:30: A program of Soviet animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of international animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2: "The Undefeated" (1937; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5: "Eternal Light" (1936; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Nov. 3: "The Allure of the Concentric" (1985), a multichannel video installation by Rita Myers. Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday, 11 to 5, and Sunday, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh), a silent film, with Douglas Fairbanks. (Nov. 4 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai (1984)—Making his début as a director, W. D. (Rick) Richter doesn't bring out the baroque lunacy of the material, but the film's uninflected deadpan tone is somehow likable. Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of the Team Banzai—seven dapper whiz-bang Renaissance men. As Dr. Lizardo, the mad-genius villain, John Lithgow gives the movie the anchor it needs. White-faced, with bloodshot eyes, dark, greenish teeth, and a wild foreign accent, Lithgow's Dr. Lizardo can make you crazy with happiness. With Ellen Barkin, Jeff Goldblum, Carl Lumbly, Christopher Lloyd, Vincent Schiavelli, and Lewis Smith. The picture's visual style helps to compensate for the absence of directorial style; the production designer was J. Michael Riva. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Cinema Village; Nov. 8-9.)

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (9/23/85) (New Gramercy, Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Movieland; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 8.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Eastside Cinema, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 31.)

Bizet's Carmen (1984)—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy, frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies are ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Thalia; Nov. 3.)

By Design (1982)—A buoyant, quirky sex comedy directed by the Canadian Claude Jutra, who has a light, understated approach to slapstick. His sensibility suggests a mingling of Tati and Truffaut; he never makes a fuss about anything. His two heroines are curly-red-haired Angie (Sara Botsford), who is tall and has a hell-raiser's smile, and serious little Helen (Patty Duke Astin). They're in love, and they live and work together happily—they run their own fashion business in Vancouver. When these two face the camera, we're confronted by four bright-blue eyes and a quandary: Helen yearns to be a mother. As they explore the possibilities open to them, Jutra takes a look around the whole modern supermarket of sex. The script, by Joe Wiesenfeld, Jutra, and David Eames, seems to skip along from one incident to the next. What holds the movie together is the bond between the two women, who couldn't be more unlike. At the start, Jutra's matter-of-fact style may take a little getting used to, and there's a bewildering display of the heroines' fashions (which are garish). But then things get going, and the central sequence of crosscutting between two couples in bed is near to being irresistibly funny and, finally, it's romantic. This picture isn't exactly bubbly while you're watching it, but it effervesces when you think it over. It's like a Lubitsch sex comedy stripped of the glamour but not of the fun. With Saul Rubinek as a girl chaser; Clare Coulter as an intense young social worker; Sonia Zimmer as Suzie the model; Alan Duruisseau as a dimply Swede, and Jeannie Elias as the cowgirl teenybopper. The music is by Chico Hamilton; the cinematography is by Jean Boffety. (Thalia; Nov. 5.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, from the novel by Susan Isaacs, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Oct. 31.)

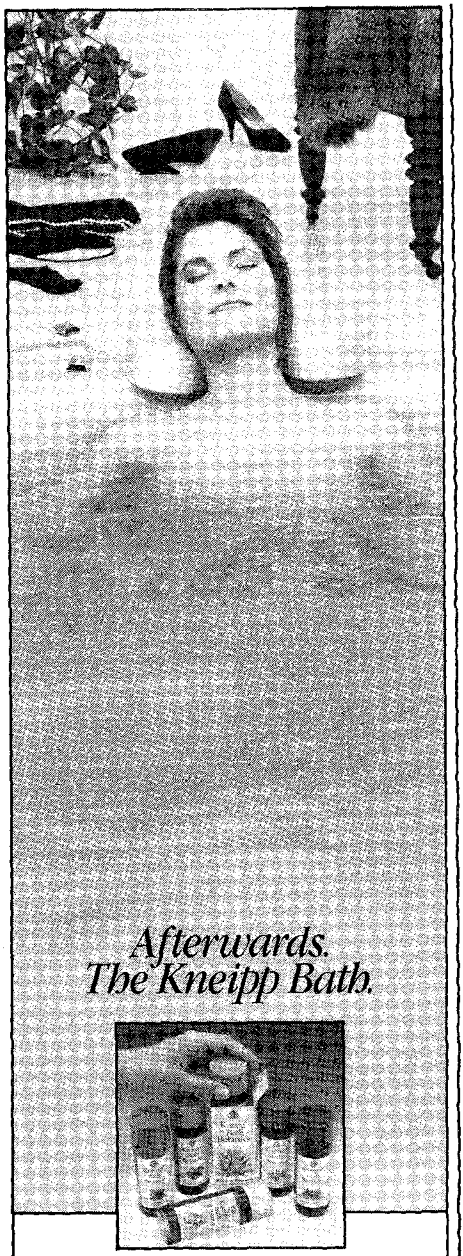
Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza; starting Nov. 8.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written (by Kurosawa and Keinosuke Uegusa) with a liquid sense of shape. Toshiro Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Thalia; Nov. 7.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (Embassy.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

Fanny and Alexander (1983)—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (Cinema Villlage; Nov. 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" and of hyped-up excerpts: volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

The Group (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. (Thalia; Nov. 5.)

The Iceman Cometh (1973)—Eugene O'Neill's play has been given a straightforward, faithful production. A filmed play like this one doesn't offer the sensual excitement that movies *can* offer, but you go to it for O'Neill's crude, prosaic virtuosity and for the kind of cast that rarely gathers for a stage production. The characters are drunken bums and whores who have found sanctuary in Harry Hope's flophouse saloon. The play is essentially an argument between Larry, an aging anarchist (Robert Ryan), and Hickey (Lee Marvin); Larry speaks for pity and the necessity of illusions, Hickey for the curative power of truth. They're the two poles of consciousness that O'Neill himself is split between. Ryan brings so much understanding to Larry's weakness that the play achieves new dimensions. The film is marred by the central miscasting of Lee Marvin (he's thick, somehow, and irrelevantly vigorous, and his big monologue doesn't register at all), but it isn't destroyed. With Fredric March, Jeff Bridges, Bradford Dillman, Martyn Green, George Voskovec, Sorrell Booke, Moses Gunn, Tom Pedi, and John McLiam. Directed by John Frankenheimer tactfully but not very probingly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

Jagged Edge—With Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges, directed by Richard Marquand. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ U. A. Twin; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Nov. 1.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

Marie—Sissy Spacek stars in what is advertised as the true story of Marie Ragghianti, who, in 1976, became the first woman to head Tennessee's Board of Pardons and Paroles, and discovered that she was expected to rubber-stamp the deals of the state officials who were selling pardons. Directed by Roger Donaldson, the movie tells Marie's story clearly and briskly in political-thriller style, ending in courtroom drama after she sues the governor for firing her. Yet the picture is weightless, and the story it tells doesn't add up

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right. The script, by John Briley, gives us too much about Marie's early hardships, but skitters over such matters as what she thought she was getting into when she took the job. The Marie it presents is unbelievably naïve and good. And fine, magnetic actress though she is, Spacek doesn't appear to have any way of communicating experience, maturity, womanhood. (It isn't her tininess that limits her; it's the girlish, small-voiced acting style that she developed because of it.) With Jeff Daniels, who, as the governor's legal counsel and toady, suggests the scary side of Southern chivalry—he's Marie's protector, but only for as long as she does just what he tells her to; and Fred Thompson, the lawyer who represented Marie Ragghianti in court, playing himself. Also with Keith Szarabajka as Kevin, and Morgan Freeman and John Cullum. Cinematography by Chris Menges; based on "Marie: A True Story," by Peter Maas. (10/21/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers sometimes said that this was their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grande-dame inamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges. There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. (Regency; Nov. 3-4.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Score by Leonard Bernstein. With Rod Steiger, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, and Nehemiah Persoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 8-9.)

Orphans of the Storm (1921)—This D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution is a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. The huge cast includes the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut, Dorothy Gish, Monte Blue, and Louis Wolheim. Silent. (Regency; Nov. 5-6.)

Plenty—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Cinema 3, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting Nov. 8.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture, from a Richard Condon novel, has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (U. A. East; through Oct. 31.)

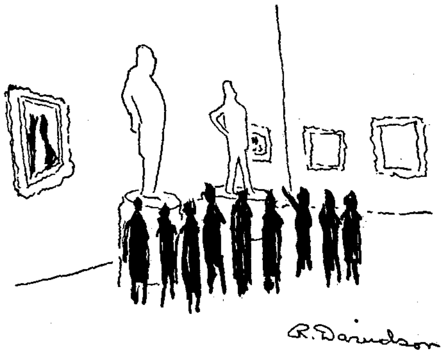
Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Sanders of the River (1935)—One of those all-for-the-glory-of-the-British-Empire specials. Paul Robeson plays Bosambo, a trustworthy Congo chieftain, so loyal to the British that he helps the colonial officials crush a native revolt. Despite the junkiness of the Edgar Wallace story on which it is based, and despite the flagrant racism of the noble-savage conception, Robeson himself has a nobility that transcends the picture's terms. With the elegant Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks. Directed by Zoltán Korda. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 4-6.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Nov. 6-7.)

Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic; she wants pleasure out of life, and she's happiest and rowdiest and most fully alive when she's singing, and when she's rolling in the hay. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The weakness of this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails you can see where it's heading, and the basic story seems banal; the film doesn't transcend this limitation, but, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell, has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. And the director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris comes on at first bristling with sexual confidence, and he and Lange are great at mean lowdown banter that nips at you and makes you laugh. But the essence of Harris's acting style is the intensity he brings to quietness, and he brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. The soft-faced Ann Wedgeworth, a marvellous comedienne, plays Patsy's mother, who's disturbed and titillated—in about equal parts—by Patsy's swinging hips and uncouth language. But Lange has real authority, and the performance holds you emotionally. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Nov. 1.)



The Terror (1963)—Roger Corman horror film, set during the Napoleonic period, with Jack Nicholson as an army officer lost on the Baltic coast. He meets a mysterious girl, and when she vanishes he goes to look for her in the castle of a mad baron (Boris Karloff). Lamentable. The whole picture is said to have been concocted and completed in three days, when Corman finished "The Raven" ahead of schedule and still had Karloff and some leftover sets. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. Richard Boleslavsky directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

The Wild One (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image. Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said no to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but this clumsy, naïve film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. With Lee Marvin, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 8-9.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's inane yet moderately entertaining version of an Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. Script by Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. (Regency; Nov. 7-9.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Mickey Rourke), a New York police captain, is assigned to put a damper on the murderous youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chinatown. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo and Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; he starts to create chaos in the community so that (in some unexplained way) he can tear out the roots of crime. The movie is a form of hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't involving; it doesn't have the propulsion of good pulp storytelling. The only performance that has any intensity is the quiet one given by John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chinese Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elegant he just about turns the movie upside down. With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kava, Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Directed by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Embassy 1; through Oct. 31.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

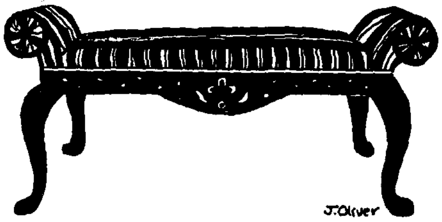
There's no point in getting all bent out of shape about it, because, as everyone tells me when I say anything about the construction in my neighborhood, this is the city—it happens. At the office, I lost my view of the *Newsweek* clock years ago. I miss it now when I see it from the street; otherwise, I forget it was ever there. I have friends who used to be able to see a little piece of the Plaza from their bedroom window, but one day it was gone—something ate it up. The other week, a high rise going up on a corner of the upper West Side reached the seventh story (it averages a story a week; I can see it from my fourth-floor terrace, on the back of my building) and blocked my view of the apartment building across the avenue. It was no Plaza or *Newsweek* clock, but for me it had certain associations. Once, after giving a party, I was too happy to sleep and I went out on my terrace at dawn: the sun hit the stonework at the top of that building—nothing special, really; just some Art Deco-style columns, four of them, echoed in little stone peaks higher up; probably hideous, actually—and it glowed like marble. I could have been beholding the Parthenon.

I've been lucky. I have more sky than a lot of apartment dwellers. Sometimes at night, I can see the whole Big Dipper. Though my terrace faces north, in the summer I get enough sun at the far end to grow eggplants there. After the direct sun leaves, I get a lot of reflected light from the rear windows of an apartment building (fourteen stories) across the back yard. For a few minutes twice a year, the sunlight penetrates all the way to my kitchen. The new building, between the reflector and the Parthenon, is narrow, so I'm hoping it won't block my reflected light. But it is so ugly, this construction, and so loud: bristling with two-by-fours and reinforcing rods, and the pipes and planks of interior scaffolding, with an incessant tapping of hammers and whining of drills, and the intermittent grunts of the crane as it hoists concrete. There's a constant motion upward: preparing the frame, pouring the concrete, letting it set, dismantling the frame from the floor that's already hardened, and using the same materials to prepare the frame for the next floor, pouring and letting set and dismantling and preparing and pouring . . . I've got to admit they know what they're doing. Rumor has it that the finished building will be twenty stories high. Meanwhile, the five-story building south of the new building, so long derelict, is being renovated. They are adding a story to it—probably more than one—brick by brick. The smaller building, as it grows, eats up the strip of sky I had between the Parthenon and the building next to it on the avenue. Goodbye, little blue strip. Goodbye, Parthenon. Not far from where I am, Edgar Allan Poe lived. I think of him as I'm being walled in.

• •

Old Math

GIVEN that superficialities age at an astounding rate, so that a twenty-year-old snapshot of, say, a pretty young woman at a picnic will show her to sit in a different fashion (legs folded under, back straight), and even to smile somewhat differently, from a comparable young woman of the present day, and given that such surface changes—even the shifting ways people speak or write—often lead us, whether we wish it or not, to think of people in the past as largely unconnected with today, or connected in a quaint and wistful, as opposed to a vital, way, it was joy and only joy to eavesdrop late last month on a reception marking the fiftieth anniversary of New York University's Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences.



Richard Courant, who died in 1972, founded the Institute after fleeing Germany, where he had run the math institute of the University of Göttingen. "In 1928, they built a separate building for mathematics at Göttingen—the first in the world," said Dr. Courant in a film shown at the reception. The film showed Courant as an old man, but a movie within the movie dated from that German period. "In those days, I had one of the first home-movie cameras, and people were anxious to pose, because of the novelty," Dr. Courant recounted. "Hilbert was no exception," he added, and there followed footage of David Hilbert, one of the greatest turn-of-the-century mathematicians, furiously shovelling snow.

After the film, and after a slide show of old photographs of the Institute's prominent mathematicians, we talked with Louis Nirenberg, Sylvain Cappell, and Cathleen Synge Morawetz, all professors at the school. Dr. Nirenberg, in 1982, won the first Crafoord Prize, the equivalent of a Nobel in mathematics. (A number of people told us that the reason there is no math Nobel is that Alfred Nobel's wife ran off with a mathematician; as Nobel never married, this story may not be true, but so what?) "I learned a great deal from Kurt Friedrichs, who was indebted to Courant, who came out of Hilbert," said Dr. Nirenberg.

"Many of us can trace our ancestry—

our intellectual ancestry—back seven generations or more," said Dr. Cappell, a topologist. "I was at a dinner at Princeton, and we had a group picture—five generations of an idea. I can go back seven intellectual generations, to Solomon Lefschetz. He's dead now, but that doesn't spoil the chain a bit."

"Mathematics doesn't change as fast as other sciences," said Dr. Morawetz, the director of the Courant Institute (and a grandniece of John Millington Synge, who wrote "The Playboy of the Western World"). "I still look at papers from the nineteen-fifties," she added.

A young graduate student from Harvard, Michael Montgomery, sat next to us at the reception. "I came from Cambridge because I wanted to get a glimpse of James Stoker, who's been my inspiration," Mr. Montgomery said. "He worked on nonlinear vibration theory, differential geometry, nonlinear elasticity, and hydrodynamics. I read his writings as an undergraduate. Look! Over there—that's Peter Lax. He's done some spectacular work." As the reception broke up, two young men stayed behind in the empty auditorium, arguing softly, gesturing, scribbling.

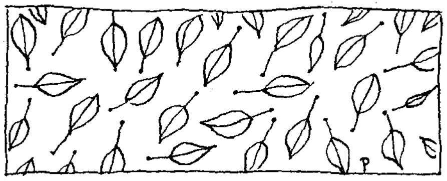
About a third of the film we had seen was given over to a lecture by Dr. Courant, who explained his theories of mapping minimal surfaces. He dipped wire outlines of geometric figures into soapy water and pulled them out to reveal stunning, severe bubbles. Then he turned to the blackboard and worked equations. It was clear, even if one didn't understand six words of his talk, that he was engaged in something literally outside time.

Equipment

GO out and play! Run, stroke, cast, aim, break, serve, swing, putt, pitch, catch, bunt, pass, punt, row, dive, float, dunk, schuss! Buy lots of products and go *do* things with them! That was the message that dominated all four floors of the Coliseum during the four-day 1985 Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association International trade show, which drew more than twenty-five thousand visitors, including us. The mountains of athletic equipment, accessories, supplies, how-to books, instructional cassettes, clothing, and footwear that were on display fairly dazzled our eyes. As dealers, distributors, salespeople, and consumers jostled each other and exchanged sports and business talk, we took note of some of the things that were being offered this year as enhancements to the joys of athleticism.

One was Aquamax, which was developed by Max Blanc, and was billed as "the safer snorkel." According to a flyer, it "looks like any other snorkel, except for the plastic cap with a Day-Glo banner on top of the tube." Another was Supreme Grip, designed for use on racquet handles, and advertised as "the grip that grips back." Then, there was the Miya Putting Checker ("Now, a Computer Can Dramatically Improve Your Putting"); Do-It-Yourself Snap n' Tap Grommets, by Coghlan's, Ltd. ("Replaces torn out grommets in boat covers, car rack covers, wind screens, snowmobile covers"); the Grid 4215 Neoprene Knee Brace with Added Patella Support ("The extra ring of padding provides added compression around the knee cap"); Fast Fire Stove-in-a-Pocket ("Free 3 pak Fast Fire tablets included"); the Flasher, from Darts Unlimited ("Brass and nickel/silver darts with plastic points for use on the electronic dartboard game"); the Jack R. Osborn Signature Series croquet sets ("The Henley and The Hampton Square sets represent the end result of 10 years of hard work"); SSK baseball gloves ("THE DIMPLE DESIGN IS THE ULTIMATE IN GLOVE DESIGN—You can catch a ball and protect your hand"); the SWINGBO Alpine Surfer ("State-of-the-art technology is incorporated in all of the safety features such as the pivoting platform, quick release bindings, ski brake, and runaway strap"); the Ajay Model WM30 billiard cue ("Willie Mosconi signature on Birdseye maple butt"); and the Cathedral Dome, from Eureka! Tent ("Side-opening twin-track doors on each end have large no-see-um net windows").

Amid such splendors, we had no trouble finding a favorite. It was Tracer Brand Slingshot Ammo, from the Trumark company, of Boulder, Colorado. The ammo, whitish quartz balls about a half inch in diameter, was being promoted in a booth manned by the company's vice-president, an affably earnest man named Mark Ellenburg, who handed us a sample of his ammo and told us a great deal about slingshots—the company's main product—including the fact that he had invented the basic Trumark slingshot when he was only twelve. But, since we are not especially enamored of slingshots, what really interested us was the ammo. The attractive quartz spheres, we realized, might be just the thing when one was potting plants—to help aerate the soil—or making flower arrangements. Other people might put two or three balls inside a cleverly designed container to make a baby's rattle, while pet owners would surely find that a ball or two on the floor would bring hours of contentment to a cat. Furthermore, since the balls are a frosty white, they might be used as miniature snowballs in a Christmas display—dozens of them, if necessary, since we are happy to report that the ammo balls retail for a little less than three cents apiece.



Kathryn and James

KATHRYN: Kathryn Walker, who has a voice for the theatre and dresses well (she played Abigail Adams in "The Adams Chronicles," a role that allowed her to speak good words and appear attractively dressed, so the part was suited to her), and who will soon marry James Taylor, who needs no introduction, was standing, on the morning of the day of Mr. Taylor's opening night at Radio City Music Hall, in a small hallway, in front of a large gold-framed mirror, near a long table covered with papers of every sort, and within earshot of a telephone-answering machine, which repeated, at short intervals, the old New York lie: "There's no one here to take your call right now, but if you'll just leave a message after the tone . . ."

We think we should hold this for a minute. James Taylor appeared at Radio City without an opening act. *This*, we feel, is the opening act: Kathryn Walker in front of a gold mirror; a long table covered with papers of every sort; a machine speaking in the background.

Papers of every sort. Well, for instance, an envelope with big handwriting on it in ink saying "Pass Buttons for After Show in the Grand Lounge," and dozens of envelopes with tickets in them, all bearing the ensign of Mr. Taylor's tour—an oval enclosing the words "Fall Tour '85" and surrounded by the words "That's Why I'm Here," which is also the name of a new song of Mr. Taylor's.

Other papers at this moment include a questionnaire addressed to the shareholders of the building where Mr. Taylor and Miss Walker live. It is from the board of directors, and it concerns the state of the intercom: "1. Are your 'talk' and 'buzz' buttons legible?" it asks, and "4. Does the condition of your intercom deter you from using your intercom as vigilantly as you should?" Also a letter from the Vivisection Investigation League ("The Vivisection Investigation League of New York plays a major role in organizing 407 animal rights societies into A POWERFUL COALITION TO ABOLISH DRAIZE RABBIT BLINDING TESTS").

We look off to our right—into the living room. There is a white piano, and a guitar lies peacefully on a wicker chaise longue. "If you need help, hang up and dial an operator," a voice says. How can it happen? That is itself a recorded message. "It happens all the time," Kathryn Walker says. An Englishman speaks his message from the answering machine. "I have no idea who that is," Kathryn Walker says. Immediately, another voice—this time American—speaks from the machine. "Break a leg, James. Nice talking to you," this voice says.

"That's Zach," Kathryn Walker says. "He's one of James's best friends."

We see a three-legged cat crossing the hallway. This is Flo, or Florence, part of Miss Walker's dowry. Miss Walker will now begin to talk to Flo, so we put our notebook down.

"Vino—'Classic.'"

•

James: Kathryn Walker left. Almost immediately, James Taylor came in. He was wearing a bicycle helmet. We picked up our notebook. "You haven't noticed my hurricane lamp from Maine, have you?" Mr. Taylor asked. He pointed out a long, curved arc of wood holding, at its end, a red hurricane lamp.

"No," we said.

"These people have also given me a snowshoe rocker. They have adapted snowshoe-making to make furniture."

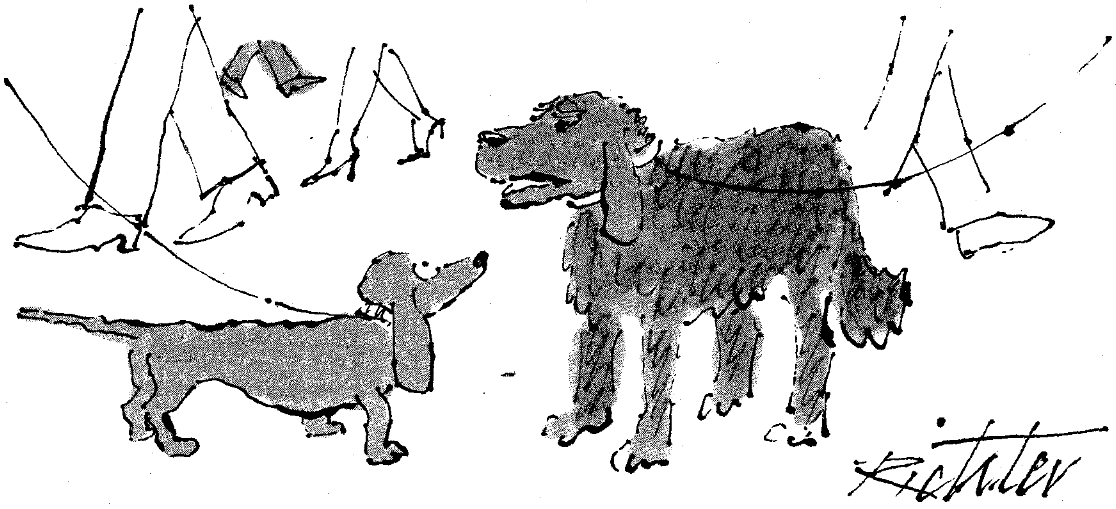
We touched the arc of wood, and the thing fell to the floor.

"It doesn't go like that," Mr. Taylor said. He picked the item up and held the base of it against a pine chest at a height of five feet, so that the arc of wood swung five or six feet into the room. "It goes like this. It is a great pendulous protrusion. It is not modest. It makes a statement."

After a short while, Mr. Taylor addressed himself to the matter of his clothes. He said, "Now that I've cooled down from my bicycle ride, I want to wear my green shirt again," and "I will put some shoes on that are better for walking than bicycling."

We walked with Mr. Taylor to a health-food store on Broadway. We did not ask him, but we feel it is true that Mr. Taylor is eagle-eyed; that is, he sees details in any landscape. Again, we did not ask him, but we feel it is true that this is not always a source of comfort. He is circumspect and courteous with certain details—a demeanor that is an elaboration of and a development from wariness. He told us he is often able to characterize the people he meets on the street—whether they are, for instance, comfortable with themselves. Together, we passed a blond woman: middle-aged, fleshy, red lipstick, an easy style of movement. Mr. Taylor was pleased by her. "I don't think she's unsure of herself," he said.

In his hand he carried a list of instructions as to what vitamins to buy—a list that was issued to him by Elizabeth Dane, a structural-reflex therapist. He carried this into the health-food store. He was circumspect and courteous in his demeanor in the health-food store, as if to say, "Well, well, well." He did say, "Although I don't want to deny any connection, this is a totally new thing to me." We feel we must mention that there were musical references in the health-food store: a Schirmer's score of "A Masked Ball"—left behind by some customer, perhaps—on a shelf under the counter, and, on top of the counter, a little special display of music-



"The way I see it, nothing is going to change for you and me no matter who wins."

• •

tape items; "The Art of Relaxation," "Guitar," "Refreshing Musical Tapestries," "Breathe," "Quiet Heart" were some signs and titles. After making his purchases in the health-food store, Mr. Taylor considered trying to disconnect part of his new connection to a health regimen; he looked into a corner lunch place on Broadway which sells and serves "Comidas Chinas Y Criollas," but it was too crowded to be practical.

Back in his living room, Mr. Taylor played a record—a first pressing of his new album. "It's the first time I've heard it, too," he said. He played the first three songs. While we listened, he stood up, bent down, and touched the floor with his fingers; he did this several times in front of the record-player. The first verse of the first song, "That's Why I'm Here," which is the title song of the album, has these words:

Person to person
And man to man,
I'm back in touch with my long-lost
  friend.

This refers to Russ Kunkel, the fine drummer, who is playing with James Taylor's band after an absence of several years. A later verse refers to the death of John Belushi, who was a friend of Mr. Taylor's. Mr. Taylor said, "It's self-referred a bit. I often feel really uncomfortable about the degree to which, against my other instincts, the material I write seems to be self-declarative. It is excruciating for me, the way my internal selves are saying things in spite of me. If I have any overview of my work, it is an inversion of some kind, a certain contradiction—a certain kind of melody opposed to a certain kind of lyric. You mentioned 'Sweet Baby James.' I like that song, too. A lot of internal rhymes. It felt as if there were so much more time for this sort of work back then. I was driving from the Vineyard to North Carolina writing it, over and over in my head: no radio; my brother Hugh's girlfriend in the back seat; on my way to see my nephew James. It was just a strong vector, a clear process of relieving pressure, and I was so much unconcerned by the performance of it. Now I am involved in a perpetuation of an established self, which is more like dragging things out than their coming out. I wrote the first verse of 'Sweet Baby James' all at once. I arrived in North Carolina early in the morning—4 or 5 A.M. I was at my parents' house. I had all the pieces of it. I went to my old room, sat down at my old desk, and put the pieces of it together."

•

Music: *Sound Check.* "I don't know how acquainted you are with this technology," James Taylor said. "Vari-lites. A filter that changes the color instead of a gel." We were standing on the stage of Radio City Music Hall. We were amid the equipment Mr. Taylor takes with him in two semi-tractor-trailers when he tours. "They are really magic," Mr. Taylor said of the Vari-lites. "The positions are computerized completely—you just hit the cue. It's all controlled from that board." We looked down at the board, then up at the house: orchestra and three balconies. "Even the exit signs are beautiful," said Kathryn Walker, who was standing next to us.

Backstage. William Rose, a security man, dressed in a blue blazer, tan trousers, polished oxblood loafers with tassels, sat firmly under a handwritten list showing the order of songs in the show. People who wanted to check something on the list had to lean over him. On his blue blazer was a small gold pin with "CLPA" on it. We asked, "What do the initials stand for?"

"Corporate Loss Prevention," he answered.

"Corporate Loss Prevention *Association*?" we asked.

"Yeah, probably," he said.

James Taylor walked up and down the hall doing a vocal exercise. It sounded like U-ee; U-ee; U-ee; I, I. It had not been decided whether Mr. Taylor would include a new song, with the title "Only One," in the show. This was the only outstanding issue, really.

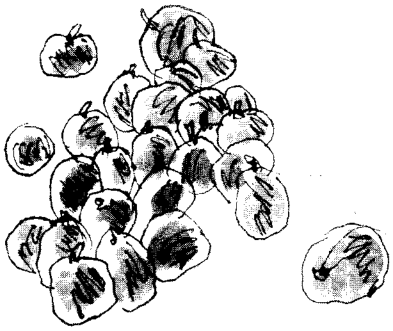
Out Front. Mr. Taylor walked onto the stage by himself and sang two songs: "You Can Close Your Eyes" and "Something in the Way She Moves." Then he was joined by his band, including Mr. Kunkel, and his two backup singers, Arnold McCuller and Rosemary Butler. He did sing "Only One"—right after "Everyday," his version of the Buddy Holly song. Then he sang "Fire and Rain." "Fire and Rain" was performed within a structure consisting of Mr. Kunkel's drumwork. Mr. Taylor turned to face him.

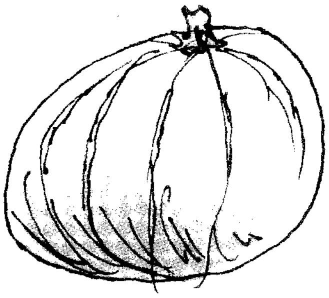
In the Lobby. A young man, well dressed, said, "There are two rhythms—the one he might keep, the one he does keep. There is a song of his called 'Dance' that has the lyric 'If I could lose my mind and throw myself away'—that possibility of frenzy—but the rhythm is in fact a slow dance or a walk. Nothing rises up so high it cannot immediately come back to rest on him—one man onstage. This is a matter of authority and generosity and precision—in that order, I think—which is to say something about what generosity and precision are in need of, and also about the circumstances in which it is correct to wield authority."

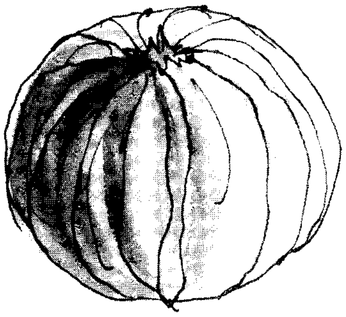
Pumpkins

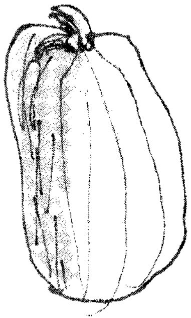
A Connecticut friend reports:

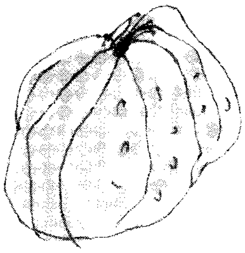
Cries of discovery, shouted opinions, screeched critiques, urgent appraisals, murmured advice, assessments and reassessments: voices, young and old, crisscrossed over a large, lumpy pumpkinscape (*Illus. A*) at the farm market near the highway. It was Saturday of the weekend before Halloween. Hundreds of people of assorted sizes, shapes, and hues roamed among hundreds of pumpkins likewise diverse, all seeking the ideal gourd. A wide selection of styles was still available—at eighteen cents a pound—from the massive Bel Air (*Illus. B*), featuring the tuck-and-roll upholstery of a '57 Chevy, and the overstuffed Ottoman (*Illus. C*), through the Tall, the Warty, and the Hippo-Related (*Illus. D, E, F*), down to the Compacts and Subcompacts—stemmed (*Illus. G*) or stemless (*Illus. H*). (Adjacent to the main display stood a wooden crate bearing the melancholy, crayoned notation "Rejects" (*Illus. I*).

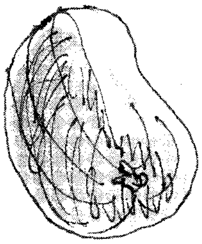

Illus. A

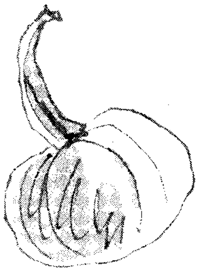

Illus. B

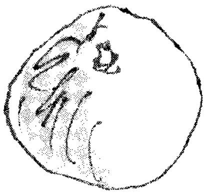

Illus. C

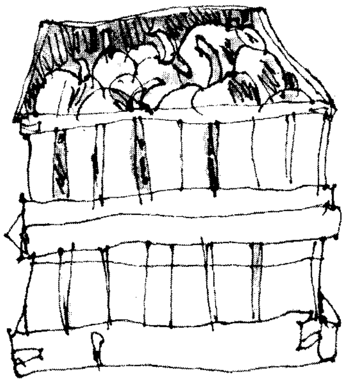

Illus. D


Illus. E

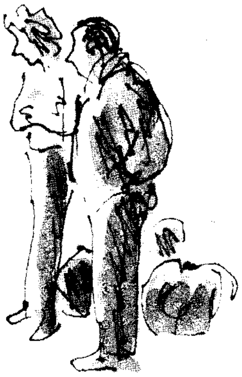

Illus. F


Illus. G

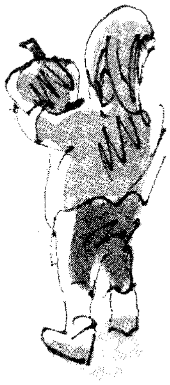

Illus. H


Illus. I

Parents stood by, watching, as children considered the options (*Illus. J*).


Illus. J

"How about this one, Beth?" a father—his patience eroding—repeatedly asked his daughter, who was approximately the height of three stacked-up Medium-Large. "How about *this*?" Beth, dressed in a sky-blue satin warmup jacket and purple pants, paid little heed to his suggestions; she continued peering and poking on her own. Beth's mother, wiser and more serene than the father, offered no opinions, but when her daughter picked up a certain pumpkin and hugged it (*Illus. K*) she said, "That's probably the one, Beth," and off they went, all four.


Illus. K

LIGHTENING UP

This winter a Club Med will open in China, at Shenzen.—*The Times.*

TO: The Collective Committee for Tourism

FROM: The Collective Committee for Publicity

RE: Club Med Advertising Brochure

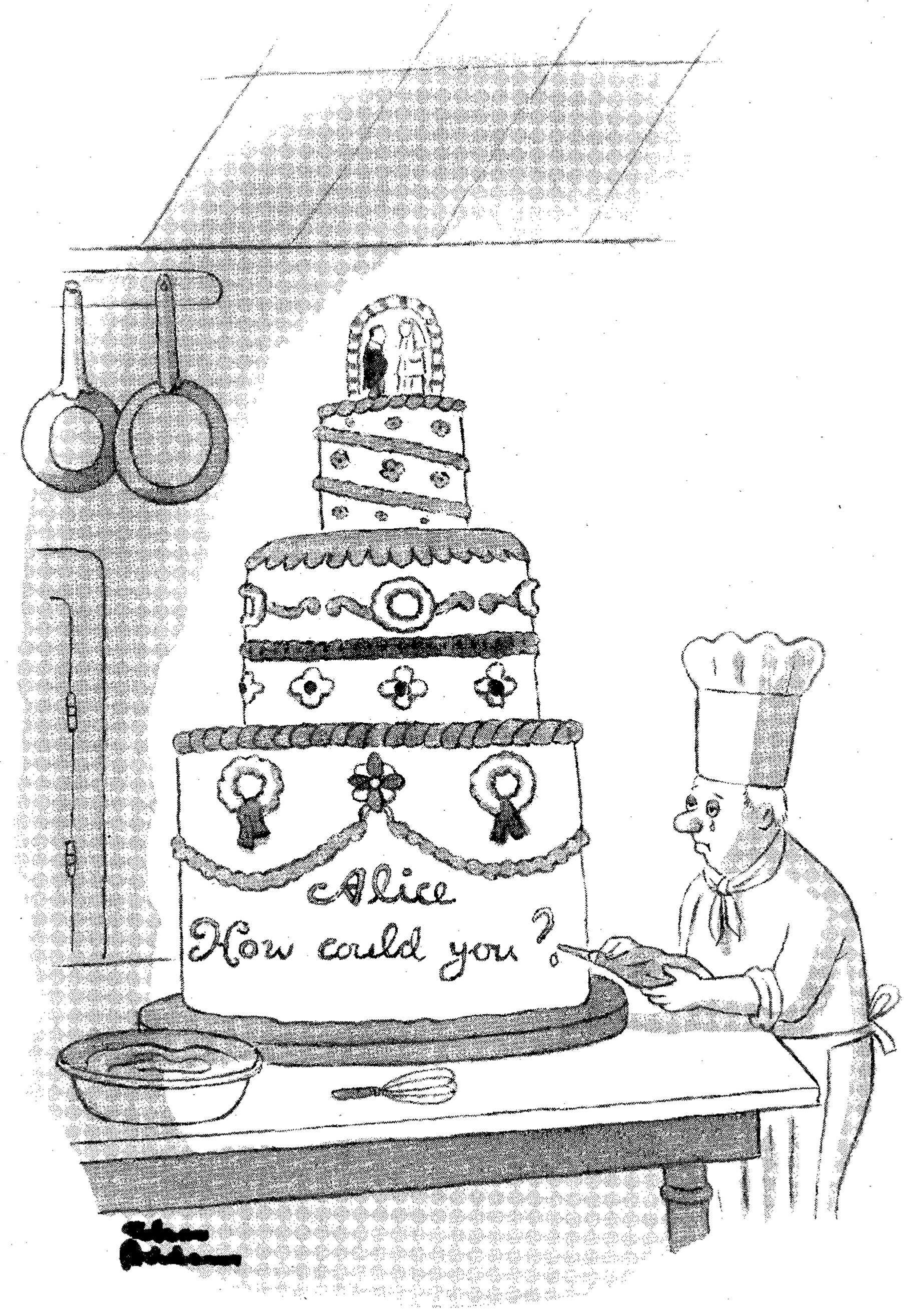
Find attached hereto two drafts of above-mentioned brochure. First draft embodies the Standard Approach to the Correct Revolutionary Attitude. Second draft represents the New Approach to the Revised Revolutionary Attitude, in accordance with the recently promulgated Liberalization Guidelines.

FIRST DRAFT

Strive ceaselessly to feel welcome at Club Med, Shenzen! Read in this pamphlet vital introductory comments and explanations to assure vigorous relaxation and adequate fun. Facilities are for the benefit of all guests! Obey rules without exception.

LODGING

The Hut is the home for you and your Hut-comrades for the duration of your time at the Club. Freely make use of its cot, sink, and toilet facilities. Such linen and blankets as are necessary are provided without request. Let each guest shower at his or her discretion. Reject desires for greater luxury; when the Hut is soft, and appointed with the trappings of a decadent body-fetishism, *the spirit of the guest is* sapped and the fun-life of the village slackens.



Electrical power grows out of a barrel of oil; therefore turn out lights when not in use and, if possible, earlier.

FOOD

All foods and drinks are included in the progressive Club fee. Therefore let each guest eat in obedience to his true hunger. But abjure absolutely petty hungers, snack-greed, and eating-for-its-own-sake.

Wine is available at all meals except breakfast, and may be consumed according to the individual's euphoria requirement. Drink like a fish and move among the people, but strive daily to contribute to the harmony of the group. Eschew horseplay, rowdyism, and aggressive bullyism toward weaker guests. Reject completely the inebriated throwing of chairs through windows!

Consult the List of Acceptable Inebriation Songs for spontaneous revelling.

ENJOYMENT ACTIVITIES

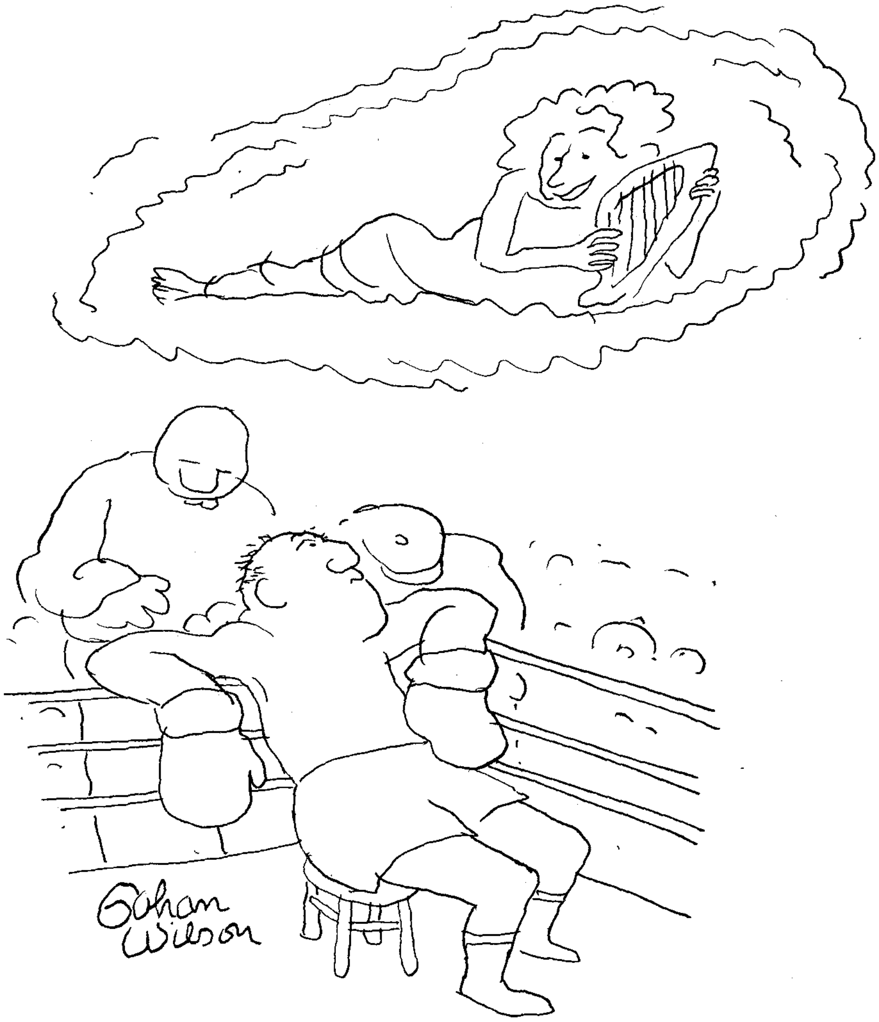
Members of the Club's well-trained Enjoyment Cadre stand ready to defend all guests against boredom or having-a-crummy-time-ism. Obey their all-in-fun suggestions without cavil. Their participation in Guest Enjoyment Activities is paramount to the success of the Club. Be vigilantly poised to assist them in their duties at all times. Take part! Pursue leisure!

Defeat the jackal-headed spectre of listless hanging-around. Oppose moping. Berate self and criticize others for heaving bored sighs. Guests reported by members of the Enjoyment Cadre or by their comrade vacationers to be thus pouting will be encouraged to become happy and perform skits about enthusiasm before a sympathetic committee. Those wrongly aligned in dialectical opposition to this policy are urged to change their minds.

Expunge passivity. Let a hundred enjoyment activities bloom.

SEX-HAVING

Reject vigorously sex-having. The policy of "letting a hundred enjoyment activities bloom" is meant to promote wholesome pursuits, as, for instance, the playing of volleyball, the riding of boogie boards, or the field identification of unusual insects. Sex-having ruptures the integrity of the group and results, among those not participating, in envy, self-pitying loneliness,



"Give him the old one-two!"

• •

and dread-of-not-getting-any-actionism.

Bridle sensuality, and rectify the false consciousness of sex-wanting, by emulating the members of the Enjoyment Cadre. It is they who are the true vanguard in the vacation struggle. Ski on water, dance until curfew, and drink parasol-studded silly cocktails at their command. Respect the correctness of their recreational consciousness.

Summary

The Club exists for its guests. Yet strive daily to remember that a Club without its staff is a panda without legs. A Club with a discontented staff is a panda crippled and unable to walk. Live, therefore, to assure the maximum happiness of the highest possible number of staff.

Enjoy your fun.

SECOND DRAFT

Dear Guest,

Just a note to welcome you upbeatedly to Club Med, Shenzen. Don't look now, but you are already having more liberalized, individualistic fun. Read enthusiastically about the Club Med, Shenzen, creative concept of personal initiative and enhanced go-for-it-ism, because we feel good about this hot thing, and what could be bad?

Your own strictly private cabaña is fully equipped with everything necessary for the unswerving pursuit of deluxe pamperism. Foods and drinks are abundant and ceaselessly provided. Drink wine without shame. Throw drunkenly chairs through windows! All is included in the fee you have already confirmedly paid. Sing whatever hooligan drunk-song that occurs to you. Live unwaveringly in the fast lane.

Promote sex-having. Indulge self and pursue getting-some-action-ism. Let a hundred and one enjoyment activities bloom, or let one bloom a hundred times. Because "whatever."

As for the staff, may we speak without censorship? Comprehend fully the principle that the only guys who will be more diverted than you are Team Fun, our activities "counsellors." Feel free to obey their suggestions to the letter or reject the hyena-headed spectre of conformity, and tell them, without fear of official criticism or social stigma, "No can do, José."

Because here is the good news: Mandatory enjoyment activities are one of the Eight New Revised Evil Winds at Club Med, Shenzen. We abjure them totally, and hey, no one is forced to do anything or not to do something. Imagine uninhibitedly a guy who isn't O.K. in a program of skiing on water, making the crazy luau scene, and drinking parasol-studded silly cocktails. Do we condemn him fiercely as a running-dog pariah of zeal-sapping mopery, listless sigh-heaving, and reactionary bring-down-ism? Do we subject him to public censure for not lightening coöperatively up?

No, because we're talking Fun Modernizations here. So sue us, what can he do for relaxation and adequate pleasure? Why, he can confer with our V.C.I.C. (Venture Capital Investment Cadre), whose members are always looking for canny individuals with some liquid assets for playing around with. This is all the rage that's going down in every province! Besides, you are on vacation, so why shouldn't your money have fun, too, "babe"?

Not to be in your face too much, but these are some of the projects our people are trying to get off of the ground:

—*The Whole World Immediately* newspaper, a large-print one-page organ that the masses will read as they ride their bicycle.

—The prototype of a computer-monitored high-speed device for folding cloth.

—A 2,000-hole golf course capable of accommodating up to seven hundred foursomes simultaneously.

And more. Simply tell your Team Fun counsellor, "Wow, I want to invest capital foresightedly and earn a reasonable profit."

Are the staff here to serve you staunchly, or what? We assure you that, either with a group or by yourself, your privacy will be guaranteed. The Club is a panda and its guests are its legs. Therefore advance your own self-interested running around. Have vigorously it all.

Love ya resolutely.

—Ellis Weiner

WAYFARING AT WAVERLY IN SILVER LAKE

THE demolition crew had torn away, Kaye Wayfaring reckoned, exactly half of the second story of the house next door, on Waverly. (She had never imagined that such a thing could happen, either to the McClatchy house, a 1919 hacienda landmark, twin to the Wayfaring house, or to the Wayfaring house itself—the house she had inherited—not even in the severest earthquake.) In the haze-free sky patch bracketed by an empty window frame, the unadorned white cross on the hill at Forest Lawn seemed craftily positioned, advertising an untroubled condominium eternity. Over the hill on Wayfaring, in the other direction, high above Hyperion Avenue, Kaye knew, Silver Lake, the reservoir, lay pool-blue in the blazing August-morning sun. Farther left in the prospect, the white “HOLLYWOOD” sign—of all place names, *the* name—flashed in the sun in place of the sign that had once advertised “HOLLYWOODLAND,” a residential parkland in the twentieth-century Eden that was and ever would be Southern California.

She had risen early that morning to tune in the women’s Olympic marathon, now nearing completion while Kaye—worried, angered—and the many million others viewing were offered the distraction of an interlude feature: the cunning Beverly Hills columnist, astrologer, and civic activist Astarte hosting a group of visiting anthropologists from the earth’s four corners, who pitched on-the-job impressions of their arduous exploratory week in Los Angeles. A Briton, attempting irony, was going on at some length. “We, the votaries of the Hollywood myth, have been checking it out: the Olympiad, held again at last, in our lifetime, on Olympus itself! The events, the teams, the visitors, the natives—superintendents to the only gods the world has left, let’s face it, shall we? For my part, although I blush to say so, so conditioned *is* one by the most potent of all myths ever concocted that, in spite of what one knows to be the truth of the matter in our time, one fully expected to find this Olympus of the inner eye, this Hollywood–Los Angeles, actually a wonderland metropolis of celebrities walking the streets. Although I don’t go about actually clutching a map of the stars’ homes in the one fist and a blank autograph book in the other, I might as well do, on the off chance and in the demented hope that Kaye Wayfaring, for example, should suddenly be seen swirling out of Schwab’s drugstore or sailing into the Roosevelt Hotel—both of which temple precincts I know to have been, as it were, discontinued. Celebrities and palm trees are what I’ve been led through a lifetime of celluloid transport to expect. Well, the palm trees are here, all right, but where are the *stars*, I can’t help asking myself. There, I’m afraid you have my confession!”

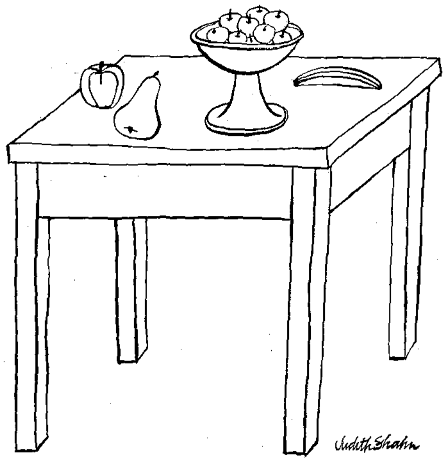
Chuckling, the fuchsia-haired interviewer replied, “That is so true! But look at it this way. Celebrities, like everybody else, are all at *home*, in Los Angeles—all watching the 1984 Summer Olympics taking place *in* Los Angeles! Yes, even on Sunday morning. You, for example, can’t see Kaye Wayfaring, but I’ll bet you a biscuit she can see *you*—right this minute, as we speak. You ought to wave and say hello. You ought to, really, because, you know, a lot of people right here in the greater Los Angeles area do think Kaye Wayfaring has flown the coop—for good! Because of the ‘Avenged’ scandal. *Nobody* nominated, and on that maddening technicality! But I can tell you that as far as Kaye Wayfaring, here at home in Los Angeles, is concerned, the ‘Avenged’ outrage is *behind* her. And I can tell you some more, and it’s that that ‘Womanly Girl’ video by Rock Formation that the living planet has watched *pole-vault* to the top of the charts is no fantasy, although it sure is the stuff of myth. Kaye Wayfaring walking all over town in zigzag New Wave jump cuts in a fabulous song produced and written, respectively, by her own gorgeous, young, richly talented only husband and his equally—and some would even say oddly more—so twin. Jacob and Tristan Beltane, the twin sons of the one legendary Mawrdew Czgowchwz. And if you ever want to talk about a *story* . . . Oh yes, Kaye Wayfaring is right here in Los Angeles, now as we speak. And while you won’t find her at Schwab’s or at the Roosevelt—time was, but time is no more—*or* at House of Pancakes or Tacadobe, for that matter, I can tell you . . . ”

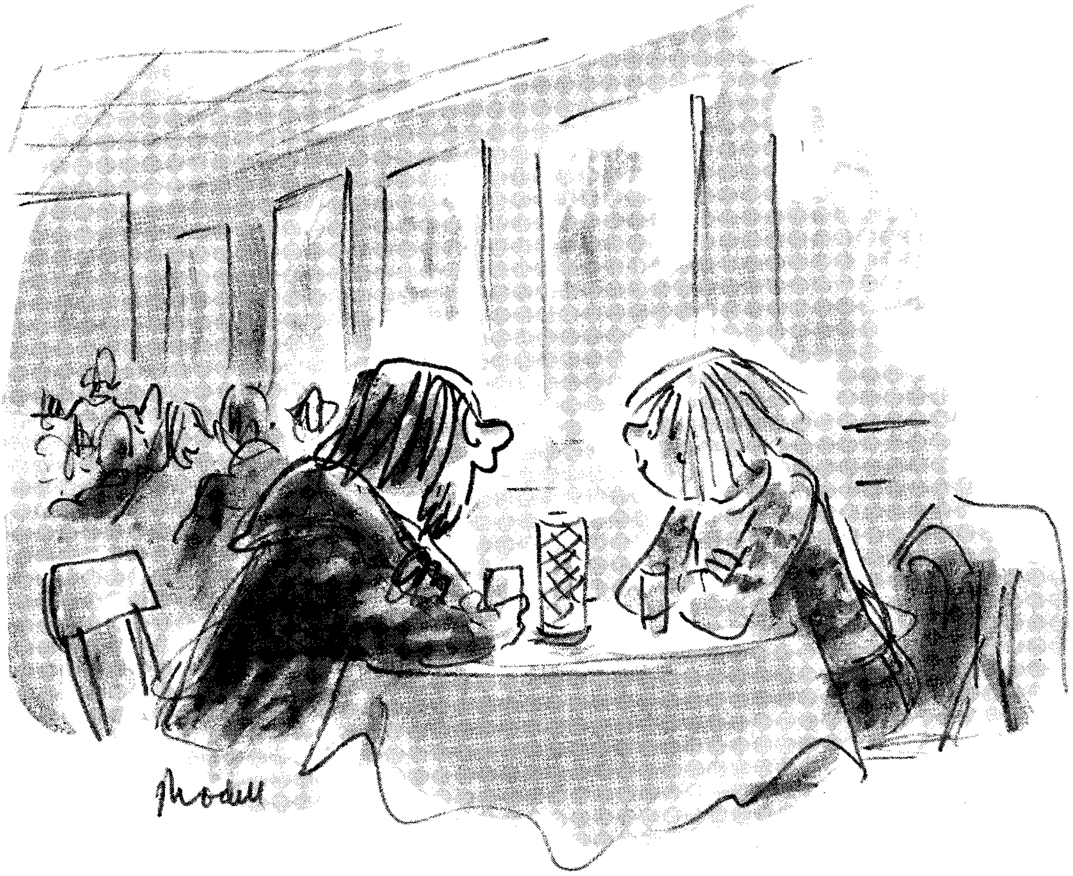
“Oh, brother!” Kaye Wayfaring moaned out loud.

You will do the work as it was meant to be done, or get out and not come back! she heard a cold voice from the past declare.

And what about the palm trees? The palm trees all over Los Angeles, planted for the 1932 Olympics, had begun, she had decided, to reach menacing heights. When I was a child out here, she thought, they looked friendly; yesterday, walking through Hollywood, I thought, Another distortion in a city of relentless distortions. I sound like an anthropologist. I am not an anthropologist. I am an actress and the mother of twins, one boy, one girl, who are with their father, my gorgeous only husband, in Laguna Beach. Concentrating, Kaye Wayfaring put herself into one of her favorite contraptions—the Hollywood Bowl Memory Theatre. How many ways can I imagine him now? As amorous, as tranquil, as angry, as melancholy. As leading the Philharmonic in a volcanic performance of “Bolero;” as hawking programs up and down the aisles. As drilling the kick line in “Womanly Girl;” as ringing Tibetan bells on the empty stage in a winter sunrise service. As sitting behind me like a stranger, whispering distracting information into someone else’s ear; as sitting alone in the top row, and how I’ve got to reach him from the footlights. As sitting next to me looking up at the sickle moon in the starry sky over Los Angeles, while the crowd pushes past us to the parking lot, and saying nothing at all—all said and done for the time being.

I am driving to Laguna as soon as the women’s marathon is finished. When I was young, too young, my brother Jackson and his Rabun County ridge-runner cronies tried the Atalanta trick on me; I threw their





"*I think you're a little crazy, too—but a healthy crazy.*"

croquet ball across the road into Warwoman Dell. . . . Here she comes now, into the stadium. She is more the stuff of myth, if you ask me.

Celebrating freedom, locomotion, love, Kaye reconsidered the afternoon before. They told me there's nothing so over as just yesterday. What ever for? After lunch that day, at Whither Park—Orphrey Whither's majestic re-creation of his ancestral seat in County Limerick—she had planned to walk from Whither Glen to Silver Lake by way of Sunset Boulevard, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood Boulevard, and Los Feliz Boulevard. She and her domino-game companions—Orphrey Whither, Jameson O'Maurigan (the poet, actor, playwright, and motion-picture scenarist), and Astarte—had been discussing life and the palm-tree situation.

"*Uproot* them, one and all! They never belonged here in the first place," growled Orphrey Whither, kingpin of Hyperion Productions and veteran director (of the motion pictures "Ominous," "The Day That Dawns," "The Night of the End of Time," "Pilgrim Soul," "Way Station," "We Are Born, We Live, We Die," and "Avenged"), oiled on neat tequila, and gruff in the glow of the Southern California August afternoon.

"Who the hell belonged here in the first place," Astarte demanded, "besides the Cahuenga! The rest of us came West in covered wagons in search of paradise and an effective cure for the inferiority complex."

"The *who*?" Jameson demanded.

"The Cahuenga, no? Isn't that what they were called? If it's not, it ought to be."

Los Angeles (according to Jameson, "a series of locally abrupt disjunctions merging into a wider coherence") stretched to the horizon, giving its own performance for its own information, offering no explanations. "The problem with the trees," the poet declared, "is that when they were young, and we were young, what was never spoken of but was nevertheless believed to be cached, secreted, folded in the fronded nests of them was, or seemed, within reach. Now here we are in later life, and, like so much else—everything we cared about in the fifties—what there may have been in them is out of reach, and it's as if nothing, therefore, were ever there. And they've become a nuisance."

"I wonder," said Kaye, "if when they've torn down the McClatchy house they'll leave the trees or dispose of them as well."

"If they cut them down, honey," Astarte quipped, "be sure to check if there's anything hidden—rotten or otherwise." She turned to Jameson. " 'Folded in the fronds,' was it?" she teased.

"Now, Whither Glen, on the other hand," he declared, unperturbed. "In Whither Glen there were never any palm trees. There were and are your native birches, linden, weeping beech, and immense quantities of your native *yew*—but no palm trees."

"So far as the rest of the West End of Los Angeles is concerned, Whither Glen is a fabulously, triumphantly unknown kingdom by the sea!" Astarte declared.

"You will find palm trees in West Cork, and in West Los Angeles," Orphrey Whither remarked, "but not in Whither Glen."

THE same talk echoes down the ages. It's the moods that do us in, not the talk, Kaye Wayfaring said to herself, watching the front-running woman approach the Olympic stadium. We run around in circles, back to Point A, and from Point A burrow in, burrow down. We sat at the table, running around in circles, back to Point A. We had finished playing the past-lives game, but all through dominoes Astarte labored the point. . . . *As a result of your life lived in Lemuria,* she had solemnly intoned, *you would tend to idolize or deify music and musicians of special power, or you might be a musician. You would be very concerned with your sexuality as a power to attract and hold others. Inwardly, you would like to be a sex god or goddess. Some of you may worship your own attainments as proof that you have a special connection to deity* *and are set above others to lead or command respect. Your passion to get ahead in life could magnetically attract you to a mate, sponsor, or friends who would be keys to your success, or you will work harder than others to develop a special talent in art, politics, or finance.*

"Maybe you could run for something," Jameson suggested, "as soon as the next canyon, corner, lane, or cul-de-sac in Los Angeles secedes from its present designated civic quiddity."

"I ran for something out here last year, if anyone remembers."

"Ahem."

"I wasn't even nominated."

"Neither was anyone here."

"Just so you know."

Orphrey Whither's Hyperion Productions' "Avenged," a remake of Robert Bresson's Diderot film "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne," written by Jameson O'Maurigan and starring Kaye Wayfaring, had not been nominated for an award in any category in its year—some said on arcane production-financing technicalities that put the feature *hors concours* according to the Academy's rubric; most said simply out of irredentist spite.

"As I've told you all repeatedly, darlings," Astarte proclaimed with ongoing finality, "you polecats were all included *out* for time-honored unspoken principles relative to the sanctity of the Hollywood cabala. You simply *cannot* tweak these folks with certain divulgements. Do you not realize, any of you, what that Elusive Drive–Bronson Canyon sequence was read as an allegory *of*?"

"Dorothy di Frasso and Bugsy Siegel?" Jameson offered.

"Right church, wrong pew. There are things up with which they simply will not put, these spiritual descendants of Metro, Warners, Universal, and Fox, Columbia, Paramount, and Republic. Hyperion and its personnel compromise their *images*. They hate that!"

"And to think," Kaye Wayfaring remarked, "you used a double on that shoot. I was back in New York practicing facial contortions."

"What have I done, yet again!" Orphrey Whither mused.

"Anyway, darlings, you swept Cannes. That's something."

"Every endeavor," said Jameson, "has its enthusiasts. Look at the palm trees—they have theirs."

"Where are *your* particular enthusiasts, these days, honey," Astarte shot across to Kaye Wayfaring, "now that you're left alone and restless in Silver Lake, clocking demolition crews?"

THE TALL TREE

She had the tall compactness of a tree
whose branches lift the evening air,
shouldering, like a trout its slippery green weeds,
the heavy desire always there.

The winged seeds tremble at the smallest change,
spin purposely to the soft lawn,
like spiders weaving a geometry of chance,
flat shadows longing to be round.

In the waterfall of sky the black limbs
touch new leaves to the stream.
(On his long walk through the dark Dante
shone with a light he had not seen.)

It stands as if on the edge of timeless space
in my memory, this tree in the garden:
How starry it gleamed last winter when the ice
froze around it like a glove.

—F. D. Reeve

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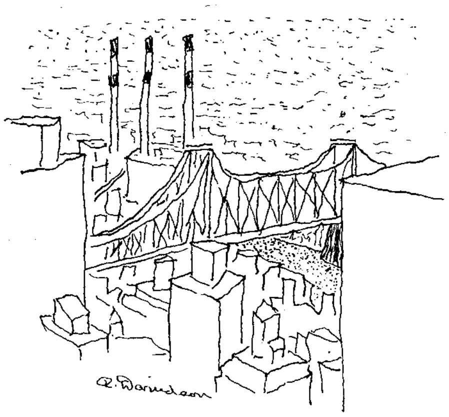
"Laguna. Everybody's terrific, thanks."

"Miss Wayfaring's employment," Orphrey Whither remarked, "is all in the family these days—what with children, and a husband who's turned *entrepreneur!*"

"I've seen 'Womanly Girl,' Orphrey," Astarte declared. "Everybody in the *world* has but you. It's a work of genius—pure genius. Rock Formation has gone straight to the top—and they'll *stay* there!"

"Leave it to *television* to purify genius, and to deliver the real Kaye Wayfaring to the nation's adoring youth. For my part, I become more and more convinced that the motion-picture industry, if it is to survive, must return lock, stock, and barrel to New York!"

"You mean old fool. She's *heaven* in 'Womanly Girl.' It's a *revelation*, absolutely!"



"She looks much the same to me, does Miss Wayfaring. Lighter by the load of twins, for which I am grateful along with all the world, whether or not it is in its suffering entirety a collective viewer-audient of the—sixteen minutes, is it?—of Rock Formation's 'Womanly Girl,' and what a phrase! Yes, she looks much the same to me."

"Honey, you know, it may be your goat cheese and radicchio, your rock-pool fizz, your ginseng, your hanging terrace overlooking the new Xanadu, but, truthfully, you have some way of *mis*-saying things. She's *bazooka* in this video, and you were not consulted on the case. Live with the information."

Kaye Wayfaring stood, as if at attention. "I must be off," she declared. "Don't stir—I'll let myself out."

"Take the Stingray down to the beach," said Jameson. "I'm leaving for New York."

"No, thanks, I'll walk."

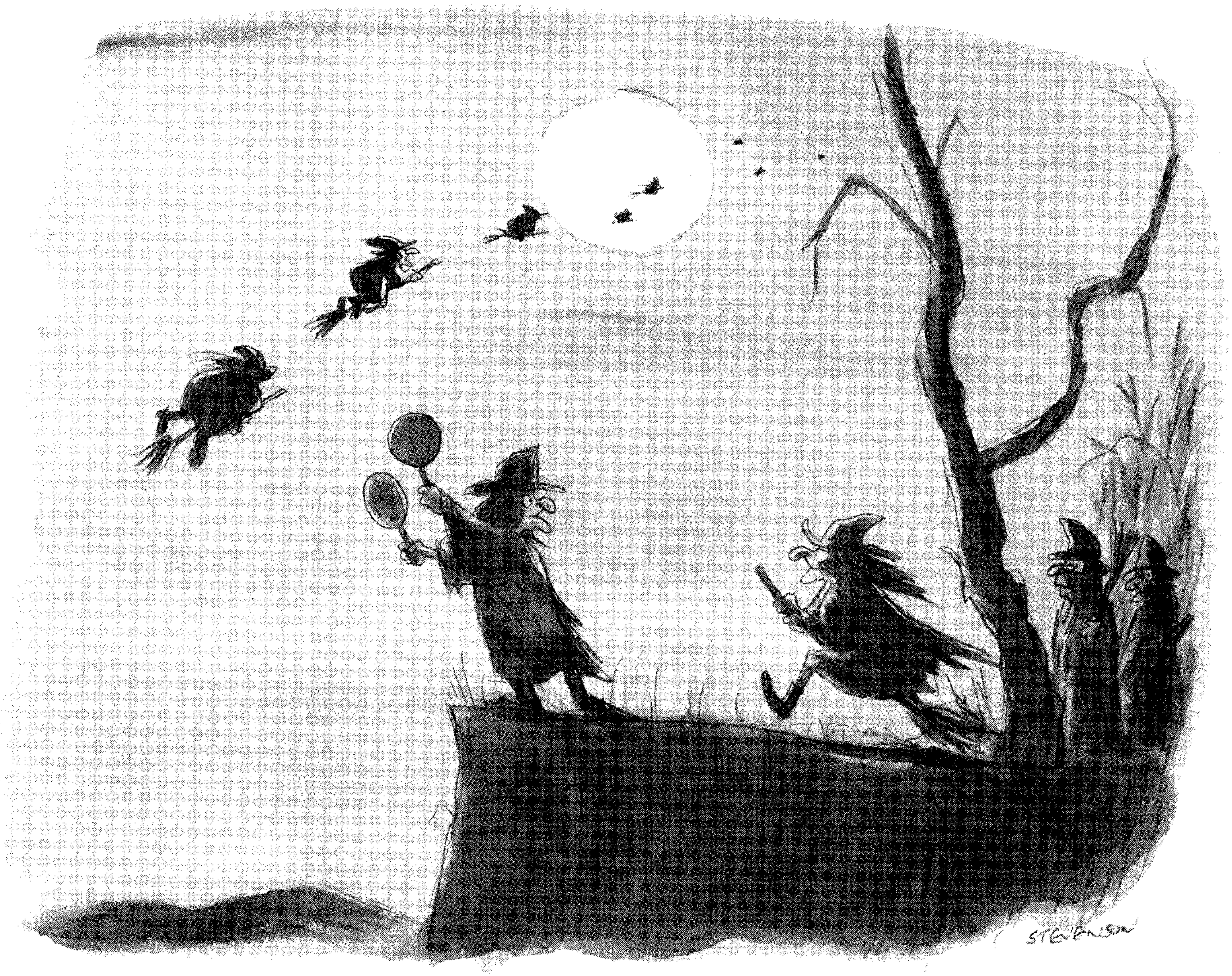
"Walk *where*?" Orphrey demanded.

"To Silver Lake."

"You can't *walk*, woman, from here to Silver Lake!" Orphrey sputtered. "It isn't a *video!* There are *hordes* of Europeans, Asians, *Australians*, et cetera, carousing from Westwood to Pasadena! In cars."

"No Wayfaring need fear walking in Los Angeles," said Kaye. "And, anyway, a womanly girl has her pride."

"Honey, don't be silly," Astarte in-



terposed. "Let me drop you at the Polo Lounge, and we'll telephone a limousine. I *was* going to try to drag you with me to a rendezvous with these certified *anthropologists* I've got on hold at the Beverly Wilshire. I thought you could do your 'Ball o' Fire' Stanwyck on 'em."

"No, dear, it's sweet of you to offer to take me as far as the frontier, but I'm just in the mood for a long walk—really I am. I want to stroll and look at the banners on the lampposts—all that hot pink and aquamarine!"

"You've hardly et a piece of food into the bargain!" said Orphrey.

"Orphrey, it was delicious—even if I should need to swerve into Tacadobe or House of Pancakes on the way home. It was."

"I'm old and weary, and resigned to your contrary ways."

"Buck up. We'll make another picture some of these days. I'll make a wish while walking along Hollywood Boulevard, just the way I used to in my young life."

"SIXTEEN minutes!" Orphrey Whither mumbled into his tequila.

"Less is more, more or less," Jameson O'Maurigan said, watching the departing figure of Kaye Wayfaring diminish on the long road down to the Whither Park gatehouse. "Or, as the fella said, isn't it a sad thing, Willie, when you lose your dog!"

"Less is *not* more," Orphrey grunted. "Less is *less*. Moreover, it's much less than enough. Furthermoreover, I'll thank you not to throw wise saws and ijit sayings in my face!"

"You *have* seen it!" Astarte scolded. "You weren't telling the truth!"

"I have seen what they call the new art form. I have seen the future, and it *isn't on.*"

"Well, on or not in your estimation," Astarte continued, "she's in it, of it, and for it, and she is the *last* of the one-and-onlies. There are *no more* one-and-onlies, anywhere, and for that I suppose we should be just a little bit grateful. It's the population explosion. It started in '47, and there's no end in sight. What can fame mean in that context? I'll give her half an hour, and pick her up on the road—*if* she hasn't cleared Doheny. I don't *venture* beyond Doheny."

AMBLING through a tunnel of lindens on Sunset Boulevard, Kaye Wayfaring recalled the answer she had given to some of the questions in the game they had been playing up in Whither Glen—from which answers the induction had proceeded and the result had been determined: she had lived some past life as an inhabitant of the Kingdom of Lemuria, long sunk in dream time into the Indian Ocean.

"Lemuria? I don't know much

about Lemuria," Jameson had avowed.

"Nobody knows anything about Lemuria, honey," Astarte said, cackling. "I don't know how it got into the game, but there it is, and it says here she was a part of it."

"Is there a scenario!"

"Skip it," Orphrey Whither growled. "Since 'Another Day: Tomorrow' fell through, I'm wary of historical drama altogether—even the mythical. Somebody will come along who *owns* Lemuria and cut my throat exactly the way the Mitchell heirs did."

"I was thinking *video*, actually," Jameson said, shading his eyes and looking down at Los Angeles.

"Maybe," Astarte offered, "if we got you tranced, you'd remember."

"No thanks," Kaye snapped. "I just got here. I'd like to stay here and parade around a little."

"I'd *adore* to get you tranced, but I can see it's not in the cards—not right now, anyway."

Questions. Answers. Impossible conclusions. Reincarnation and You. I just got here.

Is your memory highly visual? Are you a shorthand thinker who perceives whole concepts quickly?

Have you always felt entitled to rise in life, knowing that through intellectual, political, or financial manipulation many a sow's ear has become a famous silk purse?

Do you like highly technical science fiction as well as the kind where characters have unusual mental powers?

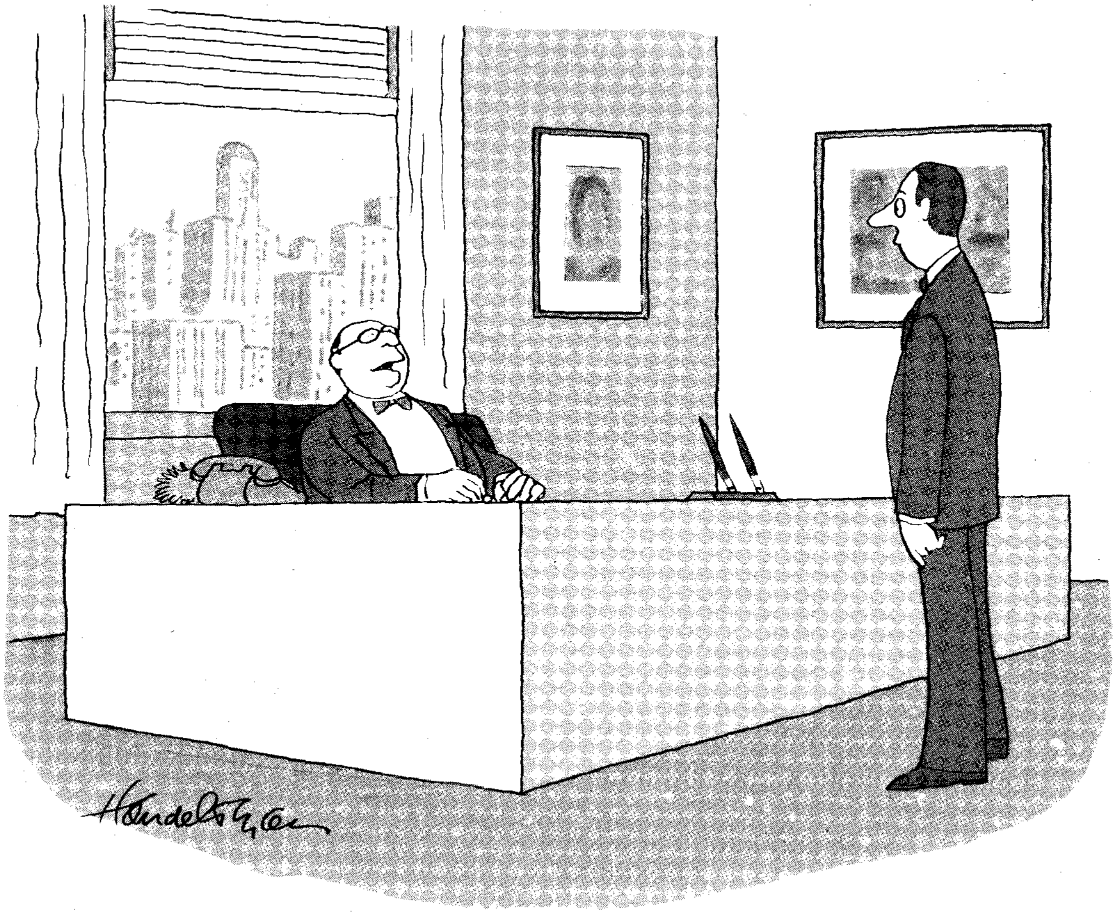
Are you a performer or artist whose work has humor, magic, depth, and form—who has attracted a mass, cultlike following? Do your followers see your life as having fateful overtones?

Yes, my memory is highly visual. It's as if only yesterday Norma Jean and I sat openmouthed at the counter at Schwab's—and I could dress the set: Hollywood drugstore, spring, 1949—letting the ice melt in our vanilla Cokes, eyes riveted on the ruby-red-lipsticked woman in the white dress, white gloves, shiny black picture hat, and spectator pumps devouring a glass gondola-dish of vanilla ice cream covered with Pepto-Bismol. I got a very serious shorthand concept that afternoon from Norma Jean: you can *never* tell—you never will be able to. Wonderment and sympathy. Wonderment and sympathy for as long as you can are all you can do, are all you should attempt.

Entitled. Sow's ear, silk purse. Entitled. You could say that. You could sing it, if you had a tune. "Womanly Girl." Entitled. Intellectual, political, financial, manipulative. Not to be had for a song—just any song. Entitled, yes. "What's Love Got to Do with It?" Answer: "Womanly Girl." We knocked Strumpet and Terror Tactics' "Redondo" out of the top slot in one quick week.

Yes, I love highly technical science fiction. I adore Los Angeles, where specimen determinists with unusual mental powers vie in ceaseless combat in an evolved climate for control of the planet. And I loved Oz—tried to go.

Humor, magic, depth, form. A mass, cultlike following. Though I say it as shouldn't, yes. What are fateful overtones? Sex god or goddess. Sex god. The hours are shorter.



"You do have good ideas, Philips, but around here we don't rush wildly ahead and do any damned thing just because it happens to be a good idea."

A WHITE 1957 Cadillac convertible pulled up at the light on the other side of Sunset Boulevard, revealing Astarte at the wheel.

"Would you consider hopping in to keep a woman company as far as Doheny? No farther."

"I would if you'd drive up to the top of Mulholland."

"I haven't driven to the top of Mulholland since before this chariot came rolling off the assembly line!"

"Those are my terms. Do you good."

"I've been done good—I owe them all. Hop in."

"All the way up to the top."

"All right, honey.

There's always the chance I can save you from yourself."

"Only from my vanity." They call it vanity because I'd rather be all by myself than out with the crowd, vying for control of the planet. Or, if I could just stay stopped, I'd be right twice a day, and that would surely be sufficient.

SITTING in the open car near a precipice in the hills above West Hollywood, Kaye Wayfaring and Astarte conversed.

"Look, honey, I'm all *for* the video exposure," Astarte declared.

"Do you remember the line 'Give me one hundred stacks of one hundred one-hundred-dollar bills'?"

"No, honey, I find it, in two words, im-possible to catch the lyrics. I go with the noise and the look and the mood."

"Those lyrics were mine. They come from a play I devised once with my brother in Georgia. A play about a heist at a night club, the address of which was 1010101 Wayfaring—way up in the hills. The mythical Wayfaring was supposed to be longer than the real Sepulveda, and of course *miles* longer than the real Wayfaring in Silver Lake. I sometimes think the vanity came with the name—with the name on the street sign: our street."

"*You* are *not* vain—no more than anybody would be."

"I am as vain as anybody would be, could be, or might be."

"Well?"

"That's not not vain."

"Out here it is—or isn't."

"Must be the reason I keep coming back, for regular checkups."

"If you played your cards right, you'd never have to live anywhere else."

"I'm sure that's exactly what they promised me in Lemuria. I buy lines—it's my fate."

"You know, I remember you as a *kid*, one night in the fifties at Mocambo. You had them all gaga, even then. You bought their lines. They went gaga. A tradeoff."

"I remember that night. It was the night of the West Coast première of 'Pilgrim Soul,' at the Pantages. The party started at the Roosevelt and wound up at Mocambo. That was the night I first got the advice 'You don't mean it? Fake it, you'll mean it eventually.' I sure was user-friendly in those days."

"You mean it now."

"*What* do I mean?"

"Whatever."

"You're a true politician, lady. Was Lemuria one of *your* befores, too?"

"No, honey, it seems I was in the goddam Crusades."

"Really?"

"Really. The key questions were 'Have you ever tried to convert anybody to your faith?' and 'Although you have had psychic dreams or intuitions, would you put duty before fears for personal safety?' Both strong yeses, though I tell it on myself."

"Does that mean you'd give me a ride over to Silver Lake if I needed one?"

"I'd go with you in a cab is what it means."

"If I were to play the cards I'm dealt and live out here, I would have to live in Silver Lake—on Wayfaring, at Waverly. That's my faith. What's yours, exactly?"

"I thought you knew—same as yours. Histrionics. You're the high priestess, and I'm the bell ringer. The high priestess can reside in Silver Lake; the bell ringer *must* live in Beverly Hills."

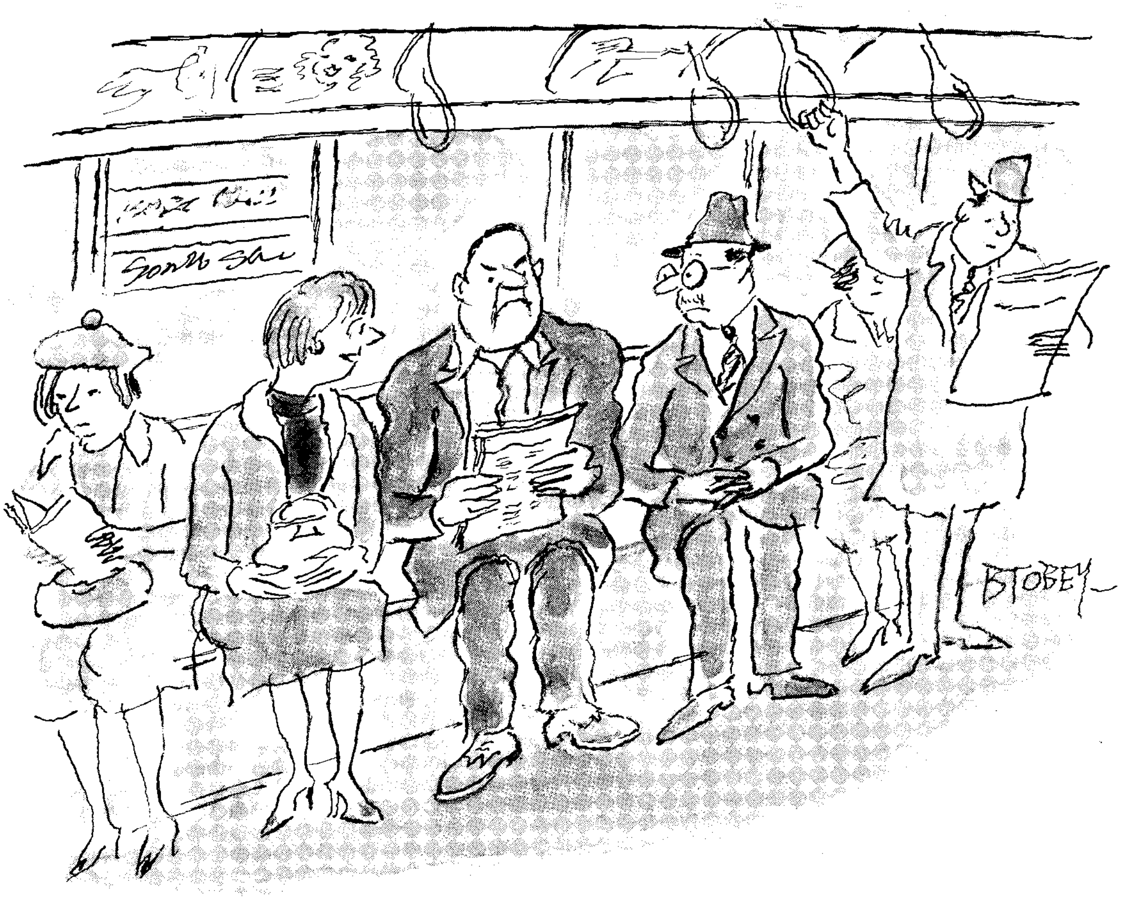
"Tell me, which do you think is longer, Sepulveda Boulevard or the Appian Way?"

"I'd be able to give you a decision on that one in trance."

"Then tell me this. Did you ever know Peg Entwistle?"

"Honey, Peg Entwistle was before my time—a long time before."

"The grownups were talking about Peg Entwistle in Silver Lake in 1949. I suppose because you could see the sign she jumped from, from the top of



"Would you mind changing seats with my husband?"

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Wayfaring. I heard them from the upstairs window over the sound of tinkling ice cubes and of Buddy Clark on the radio singing 'Dance, Ballerina, Dance.' One of them—a visitor, a man—said, 'The highest men are calm, silent, and unknown!' For some reason, that made me think of Forest Lawn. You're not going into Forest Lawn, are you?"

"Oh no, dear, I'm going into the Pacific—out beyond Catalina."

"Forgive me, I don't mean to pry, or to get morbid, but they're tearing down the house next door, as I told you. It's been empty for a long time now, but I still find their tearing it down terrifying. I can't get anybody to stay in our place—they all prefer Laguna—but I'll never let them tear it down. Not that *they* would, but you know what I mean. Silver Lake is yesterday, and I can't seem to get any of them interested in it. One result of marrying out of my generation."

"Honey, your marriage was, to coin a phrase, made in *Heaven*—believe you me. Call me your fairy godmother, and *believe* me!"

"I believe you. I believe him. I believe them all. It's clear to me now that if I hadn't married into that generation I'd have married into the one ahead of me—if I'd married at all. It's only that out here I *can't help remembering* that, if you remember correctly, at the time that I was sitting at the long table in the Roosevelt with his mother, after that première, he and his twin were in their cradle back up there in Whither Park. I mean, I played pinochle with the two of them when they were *eleven.* Just strange, that's all." Why am I telling this woman all this? Oh, why not?

"You just *hang on* to that house."

"You mean, in case—"

"I mean nothing of the kind in case, and you know I don't. You're in this marriage forever."

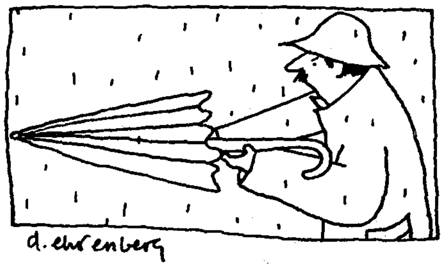
"I'll consider that the testament of the oracle, and minister accordingly to others' needs. Meanwhile, look at Los Angeles in the sun! You'd better drop me back down on Santa Monica. You've got your anthropologists and I've got my long walk to Silver Lake."

"I'll think of you."

"It might be fun. Time was I'd have gone with you in a flash, but I'm not up to anthropology this afternoon."

"No, honey, you go float free. You know best. You found out for yourself, the only way there is—the hard way. But, listen, count your blessings as you glide along."

THE way I used to dream it, I'd start out on the big "H" and sail out into the night sky, swooping like a condor over the blanket of twinkling lights, under the canopy of stars like the roof of Paradise, which I pretended belonged to me, and end up interrupted by my brother Jack on Pegasus from the gas-station sign, who'd take me back riding pillion behind him from Silver Lake to Clayton. And when I heard Jo Stafford sing "Arms you have taken possession of," I thought, No man is *ever* going to rip the arms off me! I'll be there, I said, I promise you, but *watch out*, because I overheard them say that afternoon, "If you love a thing, let it go; if it doesn't come back, hunt it down and kill it." And I knew they were *serious*, laughing. The first thing I remember saying to my husband was "Your method of approach is soothing to a woman's dignity." He didn't laugh. He hardly ever did in the beginning. Poor, lonely Peg Entwistle. Poor Butterfly. I can make him laugh like a loon these days. There's vanity, for instance.



Kaye Wayfaring walked from Santa Monica Boulevard to Hollywood Boulevard on Fairfax. She stopped twice on Hollywood Boulevard—the first time to look at her footprints in a cement square in front of Mann's Chinese Theatre (put there in the Grauman days, in 1969, the year of "Way

IN THE ELEPHANT FOLIO

(AUDUBON'S "THE BIRDS OF AMERICA")

A comb capsized on a glass-topped dresser
whose bird-edged mirror reflects
a round of lake—out the window,

water slicking back water,
an upturned comb of canoe parts huge wet feathers
until back into place they fall,

sleek as wings the anhinga holds open,
drying its subtropical laundry after a dive
into Plate CCCXVI. The painter hurried,

his kill of two dozen fading
like the opera capes of skin and feathers
laid out in the ornithological museum.

Pearls round the necks of the dead
crumbling before bone to chalk.
That lake's dragged for what

can be learned of the lost—it glosses
over kidskin slippers, tortoiseshell combs,
at no loss for weeds to wedge

between the moneyed bank and its own
murky business, host to more
than its mirror countenanced:

the blank side of a letter to a wife,
recounting two boxes of shells collected,
some curious seeds, 550 skins taken,

and 29 drawings complete.

—DEBORA GREGER

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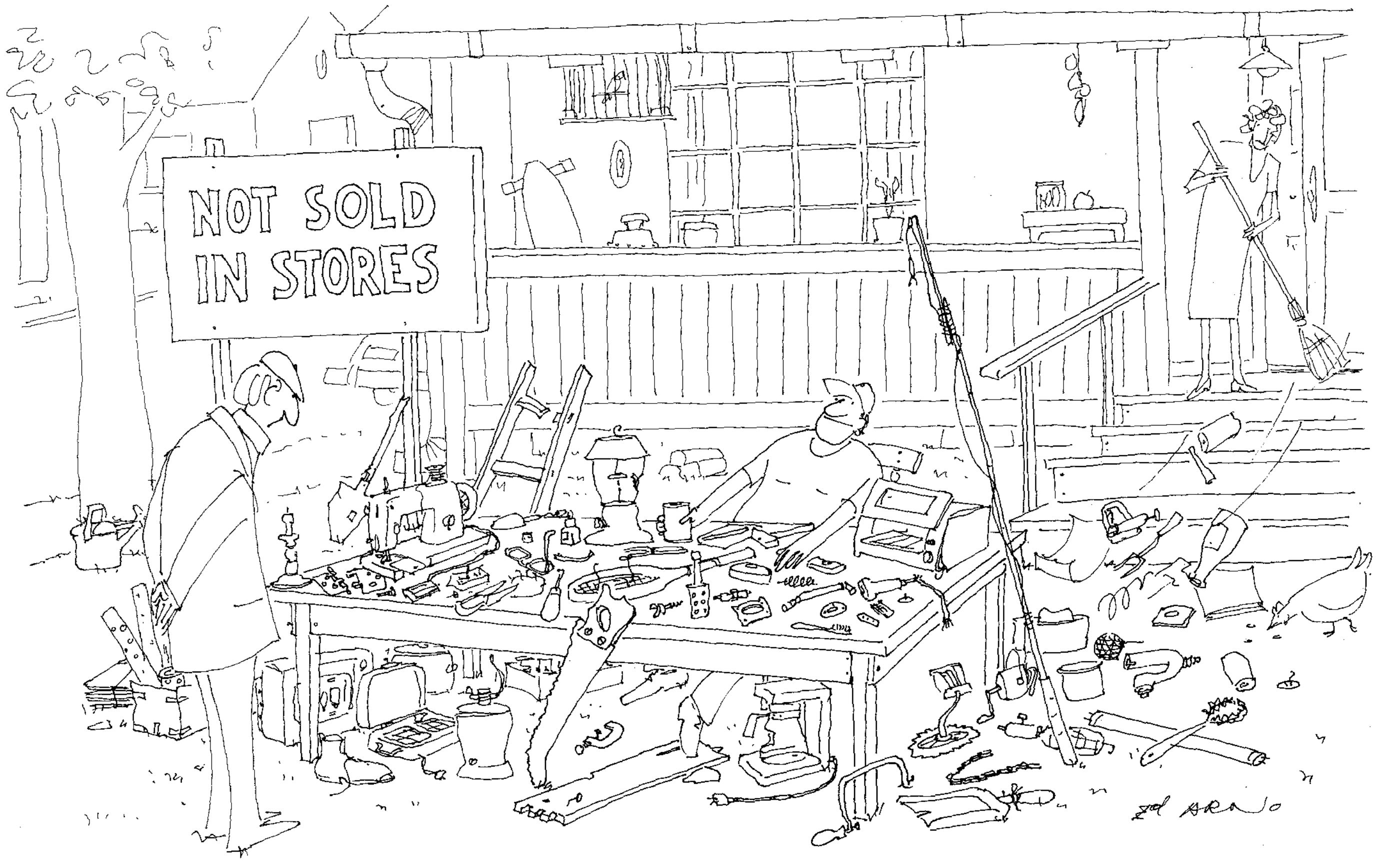


Station"). The footprints were at the lower left of a rhomboid cluster, the other corners of which were impressed with the footprints of Shirley Temple, Bette Davis, and Donald Duck. She stopped the second time to look down at Marilyn Monroe's star, in front of No. 6774, just east of Highland Avenue. She walked past the shut-up Roosevelt Hotel without turning her head.

Here we are in *later life*? Like so much *else*? *Forget* everything we talked about in the fifties! I just got here.

Walking along, she saw her same self walking along as Rock Formation's "Womanly Girl":

Give me *one hun*-dred stacks of *one*
Hun-dred one-*hun*-dred-dollar *bills!*

She's not a casual girl,
Not a frivolous girl—
She's a complicated, senti-
Mental, independent, stylish
Womanly girl . . .
Womanly girl.

She walked south on Cahuenga to Sunset, passing the international newsstand, remembering suddenly the embarrassment of the national tabloids—her first appearance in them since the troubled seventies. "NOT EVEN NOMINATED!" the headline had accused. Looking back, she admitted, she almost had to hand it to them. They had chosen four frame enlargements of the closeups from the four endings of "Avenged," in each of which the Wayfaring face, contorted with rage as the face of Candace, the feature's heroine, accused the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences of mortal treachery in the calculated oversight that had become the talk of the industry.

Really, what does any of it mean in the blue light of eternity?

Then there was the joke they told that same afternoon in '49. The skywriting over Forest Lawn: "TOP STAR DROPS DEAD: COMING SOON TO FOREST LAWN. CONSIDER YOUR LOVED ONES. RESERVE."

It's just as I expected. With everybody either at an event or home in front of a television, I've got the new Xanadu all to myself. Only not Xanadu, according to Jameson; according to him, it's the new Byzantium. Look at Byzantium decked out in hot-pink and aquamarine banners.

As Kaye Wayfaring was crossing the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Western Avenue, Jameson O'Maurigan pulled up alongside in the Stingray.

"I stopped off at Tacadobe *and* House of Pancakes. Nobody had seen you since before the nominations. I got worried."

"I worry myself. Do you think this city has a good story for itself anymore?"

"Get in, and I'll tell you what the story's about. It's all about driving, driving—searching for that offramp to happiness."

"Drive up to the observatory. A zigzag ramble should end on a zag."

THEY stood in silence on a parapet of the Griffith Park Observatory, until finally Jameson said, "Know what I miss most about you from your past life? Not your Lemurian life, your past life here. The way you used to sit and smoke and worry creation along. Always put me in mind of the Cahuenga—those very deliberate smokers."

Kaye Wayfaring looked down at Los Angeles. "I can't help remembering the floods of the late seventies," she said. "It was February, and I was marooned up at Ralph Von Gelsen's. Zeke Gay and I sat there looking out the window down at Nichols Canyon, and there were all these *coffins* floating down the avenue like Sunday-morning traffic on its way to the Hollywood Bowl. When I think of the earthquake, the great wave, and the sudden disappearance of Southern California into the Pacific, I think of what they'll say back East: that it was all my fault. Not the earthquake—I mean that we were all out here when it happened."

"For an instant I saw headlines: 'FURIOUS STAR CAUSES CATASTROPHIC CALIFORNIA QUAKE. MANY THOUSANDS PERISH. MANY MORE RESENTFUL AS DEATH TOLL RISES.' "

"That I brought them all out here to help me nurse my hurt pride. Like that."

"Would they say that?"

"Probably not. Astarte would have survived to let them know it was an inevitable turn of the wheel—that I was destined to be reclaimed, along with many other thousands. That I had taken my cult members back with me to Lemuria."

"Are you a shorthand thinker? *Have* you always felt entitled to rise in life?"

"A sow's ear. *Me*, a sow's *ear!*"

"Do you see your life as having fateful overtones, the way we do?"

"Am I a performing artist whose work has humor, magic, *depth*? You want to know something? Rock Formation's next video's called 'Why Can't I Make You Love Me?' "

"Perfect. Do *you* want to know something? There isn't going to *be* a California earthquake. They've cancelled it—along with nuclear war. All because of songs by Rock Formation."

"Looking down from here as evening comes, I think I can believe that."

"You perceive whole concepts quickly—and embody them."

"I have a concept for this evening. Let's drive over to Tacadobe, load up, go back to Silver Lake, and look at replays. Then you can fly to New York."

"Peace is in the cards. There's going to be peace below the earth, above the earth, and on the earth—in linked enchanted communities like Silver Lake and Laguna."

"As soon as they've finished tearing down the house next door."

"The house next door is the last house being torn down in Los Angeles—on *earth!*"

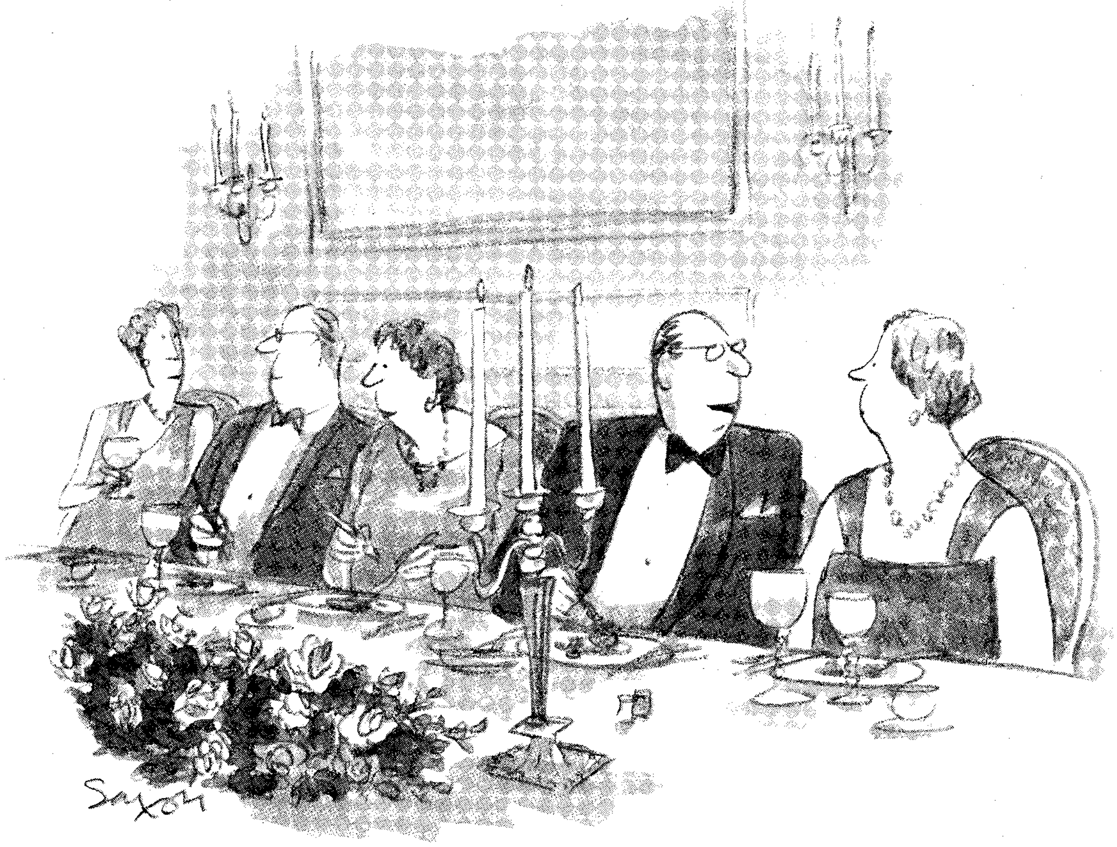
"Let's go to Tacadobe and load up."

AS soon as the winning woman had crossed the finish line in the Olympic stadium, Kaye Wayfaring picked up the telephone and dialled her husband in Laguna Beach.

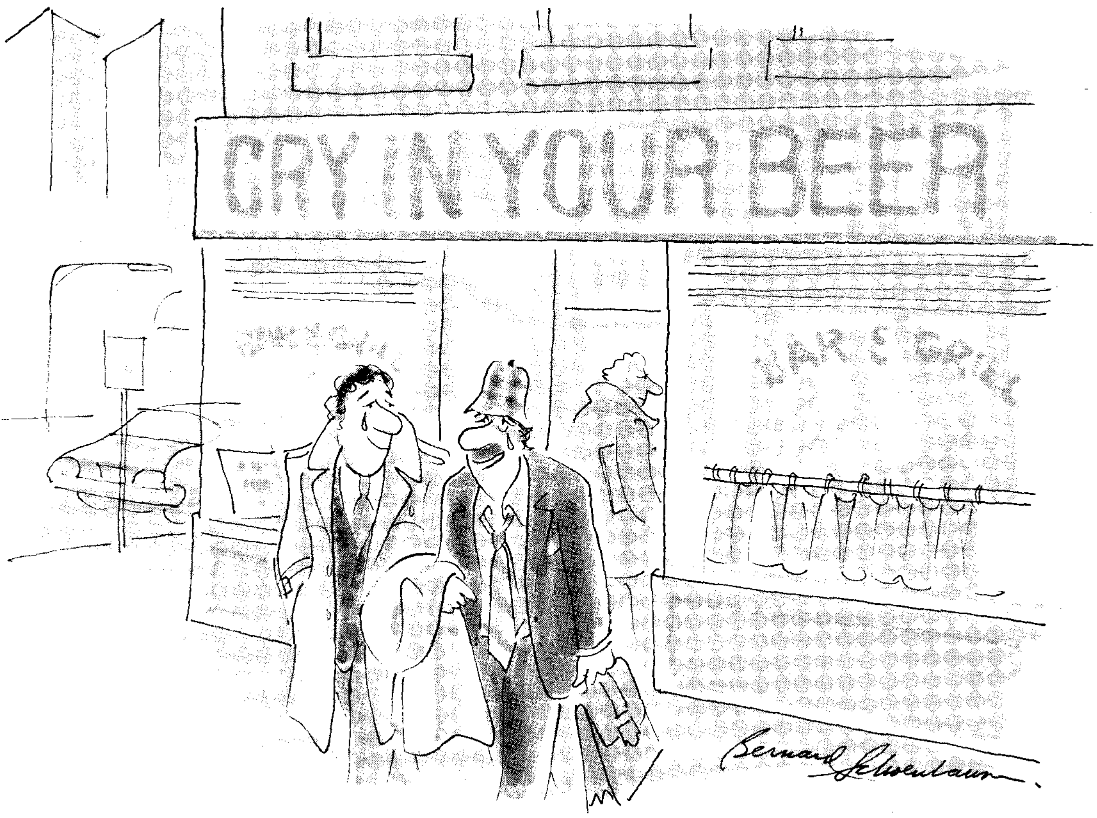
"Hello? Hello. . . . Yes. . . . No, he himself decided to take the train. . . . Yes, we were playing those fortune cards, and looking down at the river, and the train came in from the East. He called Union Station, found out there was something leaving at eleven, and took a cab. I got up to watch the marathon—yes, you were right—and now I just thought of a line I had once in a play. You may have seen me in it. 'I, too, have not been idle.' . . . You do. You would. . . . The deal? Oh, complicated—I dreamed of it. It's still laid out—I'm about to reshuffle. . . . You don't—do you? You do."

By way of a progress of trumped tricks—hearts over diamonds—the previous evening's discourse between the poet and the actress could be read in the cards laid out on the solarium table in the platinum California light.

"It was hearts over diamonds, ace through seven. . . . Yes, well, you know how the cards invariably behave with him. Yes, yes, the letter at the door, the party, the two duellists, sabres lowered, and on and on: revelations, reconciliation, absence, gossip. Moreover, the secret love message, the country house, the house in town, Cupid, and then marriage itself. The dialogue between the two consultants—the overseers, whoever. I dreamed it all, all again, and there as I look down am I, the seven of hearts, the seated woman, only I just stood up. Her legend says 'reverie,' if you recall. Anyway, now that I'm on my feet, I'll be



"Would you like me to tell you how to add fifty yards to your golf drive?"



"Boy, that was the best cry I've had in weeks."

driving right down in the Stingray. See you for lunch. I love you. I love you all."

Still holding the phone in one hand, she looked down at the cards again, recalling Jameson's energetic prognosis and the ensuing declarations. "The seven agendas," he had said, "fixed to divination in the new Byzantium are assay, correction, approximation, refinement, venture, return, and verdict."

"Astarte never goes beyond Doheny. Is that why her verdicts are so unyielding?"

"Astarte, alas, has no finger for nuances. Very few in Beverly Hills have."

"I've felt that, all too often. Well, here we are in Silver Lake. Explain the deal."

"Two themes collide in the disposition," Jameson declared, "and if, as seems likely, the hearts prevail . . ."

"The seeker's damned if they don't. They're right, you know, who say so."

"Then here's what the cards are telling you this evening in Silver Lake. The diamond letter is the usual: attention, contract, summons, employment. The hearts' billet-doux could be fan mail, but seems more likely, as it's kept hidden from view, something unwritten and awaiting you at home. The opposition of the frolic to the country house would seem to require no explanation farther-reaching than the offramp to Laguna. The man and the woman consultants in argument? More of the same from way back. What did *he* want? What did *she* want? What did either of them *get*? Or, tonight in Silver Lake, what does what there is of him in you want from what there is of her? What does what there is of her in you still want from what's still left of him? The two fours interlock—the figure eight the hard way—to certify the center: revelations in the house in town. The dominance of the heart house over the pointed diamond revelations means simply that the house will stand—withstanding, notwithstanding, whatever. The letter of the law comes to the house—the self on any given day—to be revealed. The house stays put. In the Cupid heart conjunction with the reconciliation card, I get a warning signal. Note carefully and take into account the fact that although the swords are held down the while the *left* hands are clasped, they, the swords, are not *dropped*. Not only is this treacherous ambiguity emblematic of the promises, treaties, and contracts made by men, but the darting bare-ass boy himself is known to be a charmer charmed by charming rather than a friend indeed. For you this means, yes, yet again, the conflict between running the race and picking up the golden apples. The marathon's rigged. The parallel sixes' tension, absence and marriage, conjoins with the parallel sevens' nervous dichotomy, gossip and reverie, to let you know your time is up this time. The venture is completed. Return and verdict await. Proceed without impediment."

"I love your mind, you know that?"

"I love your application to vital tasks."

Gathering the evidence up, she reshuffled it and replaced it in a pantry closet next to an original Ouija board, an original Monopoly game, and a collection of wooden blue chips from the old casino at Avalon, on Catalina Island.

• •

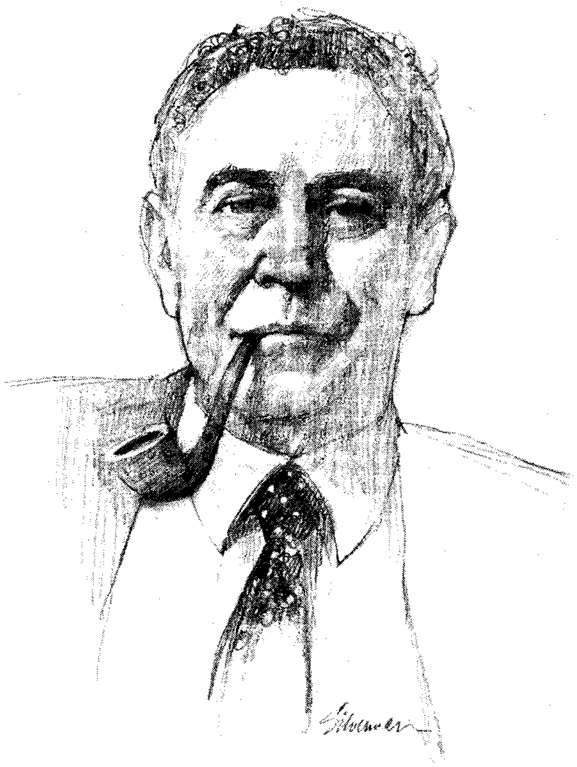
ON the San Diego Freeway to Laguna, there was next to no traffic.

What's important, after all? The summer house. The hope we have, not the hope we hope to have. "Why Can't I Make You Love Me?" is a good song. Concentrate on something personal and something professional, at least once each, each day. The offramp to happiness. You hear it all out here, if you keep moving and you keep listening. Touching thought, that—that no more houses will be torn down—but we know the truth: we have here no lasting city. Those coffins in the cloudburst downpour sailing down Nichols Canyon into the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel for the "Pilgrim Soul" première reunion. Forest Lawn? Nevertheless, I will hang on to the house. Notwithstanding whatever. Wayfaring at Waverly in Silver Lake. The house will stand. The house stays put. I owe life that, don't I?

Los Angeles lay gleaming in the clear air. —JAMES MCCOURT

✽ PROFILES ✽

SHARPENING THE EYE



William S. Rubin

THE Museum of Modern Art came out of the mind of Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Hired at the age of twenty-seven to form and guide the development of an institution that had no counterpart in the world, Barr repaid the confidence of his wealthy and socially prominent employers a thousandfold. His exhibitions and his lambent catalogue essays defined modern art for generations of initially suspicious Americans; his passionate integrity glorified the entire enterprise, sponsors included. In 1943, when, after fourteen years, the wealthy and socially prominent trustees decided to fire Barr, in part because of his shortcomings as an administrator, they found they couldn't do it. Barr simply refused to leave. Banished to a tiny office in a corner of the library, he continued to serve as the guiding spirit and principal intelligence of the place, tacitly for a few years and then overtly, when the trustees capitulated and gave him a new title—director of museum collections. René d'Harnoncourt, that extravagantly diplomatic man who was the museum's administrative head from 1950 to 1968, used to say that his essential function, as he saw it, was to "preserve and nourish the genius of Alfred Barr." Until Barr's retirement, in 1967, his genius was MOMA's, and vice versa.

Before he retired, Barr chose his own successor. Having no real administrative authority, he could not dictate the choice of a replacement for d'Harnoncourt, who was going to step down a year after he did. Barr's authority was moral and intellectual. It applied to the museum's collections, and it applied in particular to the collection of painting and sculpture. Although Barr had insisted from the start of his career that painting and sculpture were not the only aspects of visual culture—had seen to it that the museum should also encompass modern architecture, films, prints, drawings, photographs, and industrial design—it had always been clear that his interest lay primarily in painting and sculpture, and that he considered the painting-and-sculpture collection, which was unmatched anywhere in the world in depth and quality, his principal legacy. One day in 1966, Barr asked William S. Rubin, a thirty-nine-year-old art-history teacher at Sarah Lawrence, to come in for a chat. Rubin had been spending a good deal of that year at the museum, as guest curator of an exhibition called "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage." As Rubin recalls the meeting, Barr said that he would be retiring the next year, and that he was particularly concerned to find the right person to take over the care and feeding of the painting-and-sculpture collection. "He said there were three things the job required. The first was 'eye;' the second was art-historical scholarship; and the third was a knowledge of the art market. He'd thought it over, and he felt I was the man for the job."

The proposal, which came as a great surprise to Rubin, astonished and dismayed a number of others with close ties to the museum. Seen in retrospect, however, Barr's choice looks characteristically prescient. While no one could be less like Alfred Barr in manner, personality, or temperament, Rubin has consistently and energetically continued Barr's work, according to the concepts that Barr laid down. Rubin's writings, although by no means as elegant as Barr's, have maintained a high level of clarity and scholarship, and several of his major exhibitions—notably "Cézanne: The Late Work" (1977) and "Picasso: A Retrospective" (1980)—have been landmarks in the interpretation of modern art. Even more to the point, Rubin has strengthened and refined the painting-and-sculpture collection by every means at his disposal, including gifts of his own making. He has brought in such key works as Picasso's revolutionary 1912 sculpture "Guitar," Matisse's cut-paper mural "The Swimming Pool," Miró's painting "The Birth of the World," and a whole galaxy of pictures by Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, and other leaders of the postwar New York School. Rubin estimates that at current market levels the total value of his acquisitions for the museum through purchases, gifts, or promised gifts over the last eighteen years would come to more than seventy million dollars, and he sees no need for false modesty on this score. "That was what Alfred brought me in here for," he said to me recently, "and I think he was right in saying it's the most important thing."

At the museum's gala reopening last year, in its totally renovated and expanded quarters on West Fifty-third Street, the permanent collections were the focus of attention. Many promised gifts were on display, along with all the old favorites and some dazzling recent acquisitions, and to some MOMA-philes the painting-and-sculpture collection, on the museum's second and third floors, had never before looked so radiant. New Yorkers are fiercely possessive about MOMA, however, and there were also a lot of complaints. Contemporary artists and their dealers tended to grumble, as they invariably do, that the museum was slighting contemporary art. (The large "International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture," which inaugurated the new temporary-exhibition galleries, pleased almost no one; the feeling was that Kynaston McShine, the curator

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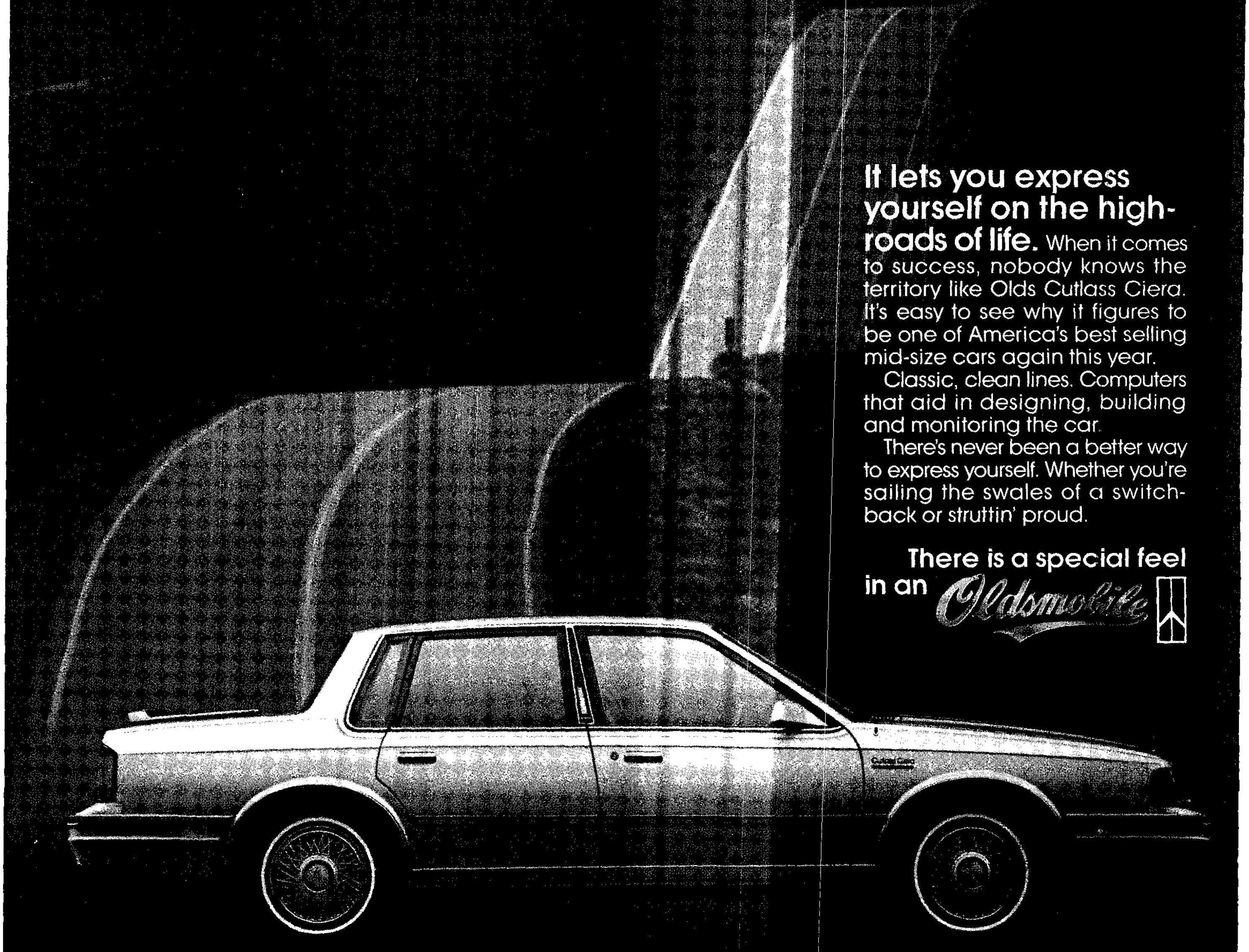

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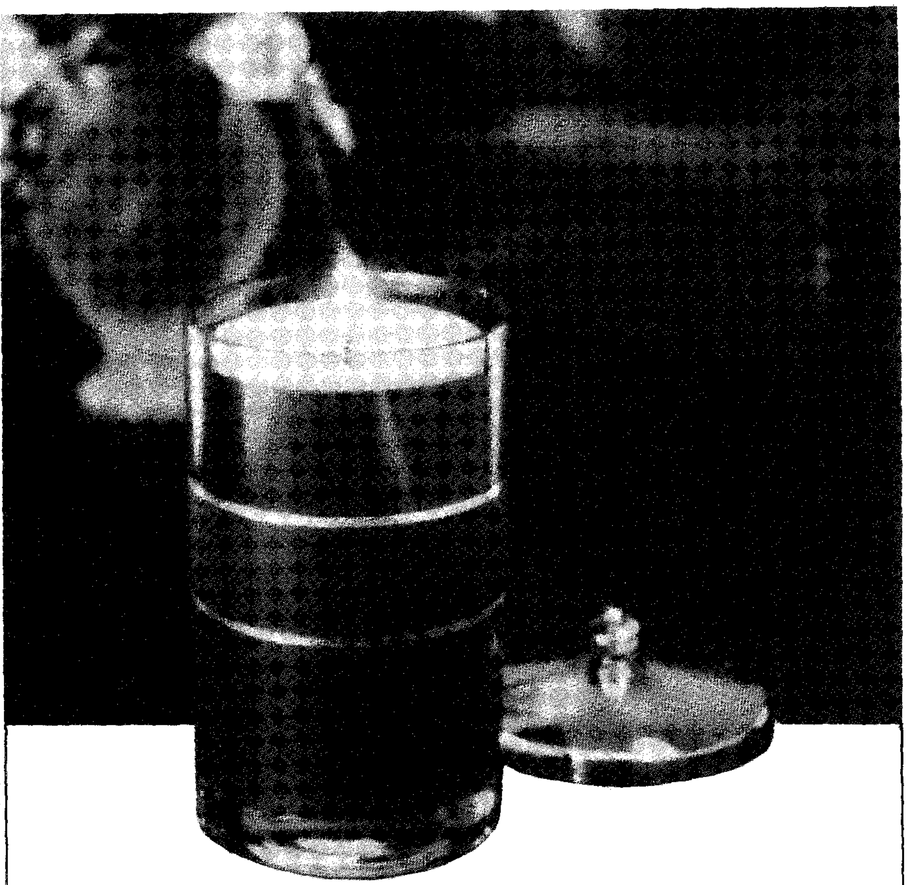
who organized it, had opted for a potpourri—a hundred and ninety-five works by a hundred and sixty-six artists—in which the bad cancelled out the good.) A number of people were aghast to find that paintings by Cézanne, van Gogh, and others whom Barr established as precursors of modernism had been taken out of their old frames and installed in simple, narrow modern ones. This apparent insult to tradition was compounded, the critics felt, by the autocratic and (to some people) claustrophobic layout of the new second- and third-floor galleries, for which Rubin was solely responsible. Instead of a series of rooms that opened out from one another, as in the old museum, the new layout takes the visitor on a one-way circuit of the entire floor, with each room leading exclusively to the next, in chronological progression. To Rubin's detractors, this reflects the man's dogmatic and heavy-handed approach to modern art: instead of being able to wander freely in the garden of modernism, sampling and comparing the flora according to personal inclination, the viewer is taken firmly in hand at the start and directed to see certain objects in certain ways. Philip Johnson, the architect, who has been for many years one of MOMA's most influential trustees, made no secret of his distaste for the reinstallation. He objected to the closed-circuit layout, to the dimensions of many of the rooms, and to what he called Rubin's "two-slide mentality" when it came to hanging pictures—his tendency, that is, to emphasize art-historical connections that have more to do with the lecture room than with the visual requirements of museum installation.

Rubin is not insensitive to criticism from the right people. He listened carefully to Johnson's complaints and suggestions, and, rather to Johnson's surprise, he is making a number of changes—some that Johnson suggested and some that he did not. Self-doubt is not one of Rubin's problems. If he thinks a mistake has been made, he does something about it; if he does not think a mistake has been made, on the other hand, he has no trouble brushing criticism aside. The reframing of the older pictures, Rubin insists, is justified both historically and aesthetically. The Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists put their own paintings in simple, uncarved frames, he points out. "Those big, carved frames were put on them by the millionaires who eventually bought them,



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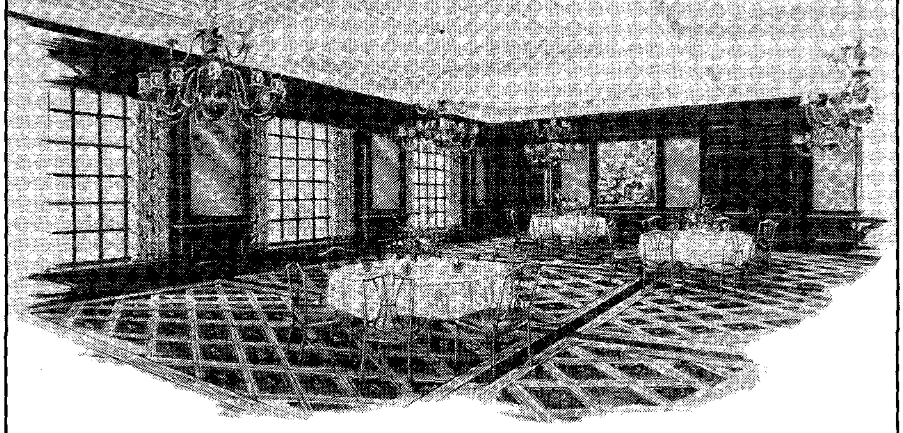

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to go with their Louis Quinze furniture—and rightly so, because a frame mediates between a painting and its environment. But those frames were wrong for the neutral spaces of the museum, and they were wrong for the museum's view of them as paintings that lead the way into twentieth-century art." In five years, Rubin says, people would be even more shocked to see them put back in the old, ornate frames.

Now fifty-eight, Rubin is a man of medium height, with a squarish, powerful-looking head and a fondness for boldly colored striped shirts. Although he walks with a cane, as a result of a skiing accident that damaged a disc in his upper back (it has required two major operations), there is nothing frail about him. He can be distressingly articulate. He tends to lecture, rather than to engage in conversation, and his command of fact and detail is so sure that he rarely fails to make his point. Some years ago, when a television reporter was preparing to tape an interview with him, Rubin asked how much airtime the interview was likely to get. "Don't worry," the man said. "We'll just talk awhile, and they'll edit it down." Rubin would have none of that. He insisted on knowing how long the interview would run, and on being told that it would run about a minute and a half he said everything he wanted to say in a minute and a half. People who recall Alfred Barr's shy, birdlike presence and the preoccupied silences that sometimes preceded his observations tend to find Rubin uncomfortably direct. He can be brusque, or even rude at times; paying court to wealthy collectors is not his line. The curators and other members of Rubin's large staff at the museum find him intimidating, and sometimes terrifying. He is subject to spectacular temper tantrums when small things go wrong. (When big things go wrong, he is usually more understanding.) Rubin maintains a house near Saint-Tropez, in the South of France, where he spends a good deal of time—he does most of his writing there, and the museum pays his salary while he does it, and his expenses over and back as well. Richard Oldenburg, who has been the museum's director since 1972, considers this arrangement eminently satisfactory, considering the vast amount of work that Rubin gets done on both continents. Rubin's staff often wishes he would relax a little more when he is away; he telephones the museum nearly every day, they say,

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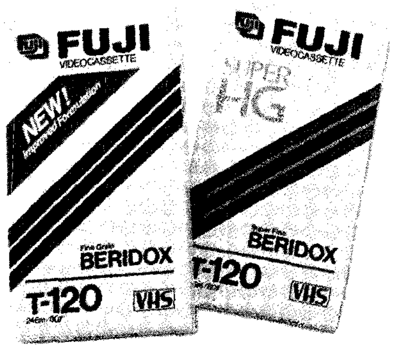
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with long lists of questions, requests, and instructions. Kynaston McShine, who has been at the museum a little longer than Rubin, and who disagrees with him about many things, says nevertheless that they have an excellent working relationship. Rubin is never devious, according to McShine. He says what he thinks, he is basically fair, and he does not care for acolytes—you can argue with him, if you have the energy.

While Barr was often perceived as a saint, an ascetic dedicated to what he once described as "the conscientious, continuous, resolute distinction of quality from mediocrity," Rubin is looked upon by most of his colleagues as an unsubtle egotist, a man whose immense drive and formidable intelligence have made him the most influential curator in the field of modern art.

WHAT Rubin originally wanted to be was an orchestra conductor. Born in Brooklyn in 1927, the first of three sons of a textile merchant whose own parents had immigrated from Europe, he became seriously interested in music when the family moved to Riverdale and he entered the Fieldston School, a first-rate private academy near their home. The clarinet was his instrument, and at first he cared only for jazz. He kept a signed photograph of Artie Shaw pinned to a wall of his bedroom. Music did not interfere with a normally vigorous boyhood. All three Rubin brothers played on the Fieldston football team, and all three made captain in their senior year. By then, William's main extracurricular interest had shifted from jazz to classical music, principally opera. He was studying piano, and was also going downtown several afternoons a week to study conducting with Cesare Sodero, one of the Metropolitan Opera's resident conductors, who specialized in the Italian repertory.

Rubin continued his studies with Sodero when he entered Columbia, in 1945. The following year, he was drafted into the postwar Army, sent to Rome, and assigned to the 245th Army Ground Forces Concert Band, where he came "as close to fulfilling my dream as I'll ever come." The band played regular concerts at the Foro Italico, formerly the Foro Mussolini, a vast complex of buildings on the Tiber that had been turned into a rest center for the Fifth Army. The conductor, a warrant officer who had

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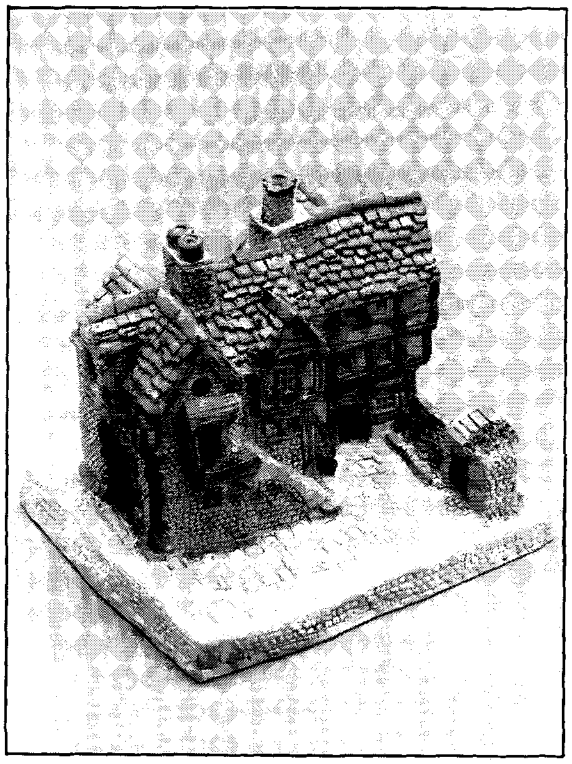

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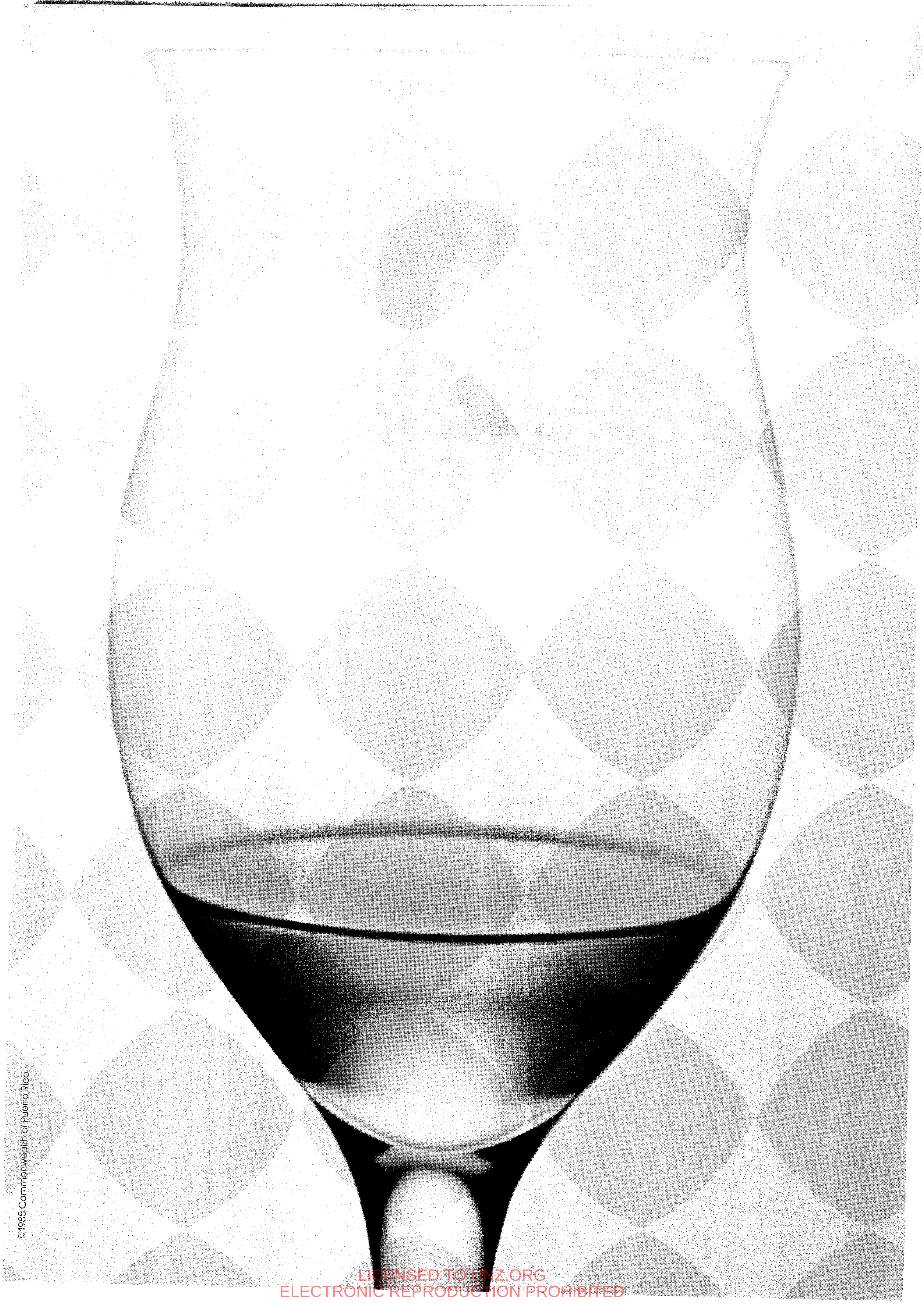

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studied with Nadia Boulanger before the war, took a liking to Rubin, and soon had him standing in to conduct rehearsals. Eventually, he had a special uniform made for Rubin and let him conduct some performances. Rubin vividly recalls the first piece he ever conducted in public—a concert arrangement of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." "There was that incredible feeling of moving your arm and having seventy musicians respond and all that sound come out—even on that level, it was magical."

Back at Columbia after his discharge, though, Rubin came to the jarring discovery that there were a number of other young music students who were more talented than he was. Realizing that he would probably never make it to the top as an orchestra conductor was the greatest disappointment of his life, he told me. "But in a sense it was like an inoculation. No questions of failure or success after that could really bother me as much." Rather than settle for becoming a second-rate conductor, he decided to choose another career.

First, he gave the family business a whirl. His father made all the decisions there, however, and so, after a trip to Australia to visit some sheep ranches, he came home and told his father that he wanted to go back to school. "My father was a generous man," Rubin said. "He always said we could do whatever we wanted, as long as we did something, and he was always willing to help us out financially." Rubin reëntered Columbia, and spent the next year working for a master's degree in history. And during this period, while writing his thesis on Jules Michelet and the cult of medieval studies in the Romantic period, he came under the spell of Meyer Schapiro. Schapiro's field was art history, but he knew more about Michelet than anyone else at Columbia. He knew more about almost anything than anyone else, in fact, and the way he communicated his knowledge inspired countless students. Rubin transferred to art history, and completed the requirements for a master's degree in that department. He also studied with Millard Meiss, the great historian of early Italian painting, and he audited lectures or seminars given by Erwin Panofsky, Richard Offner, and the other notable art historians who were teaching at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts. But it was Schapiro who had the biggest effect on him. "I've met a lot of great men in

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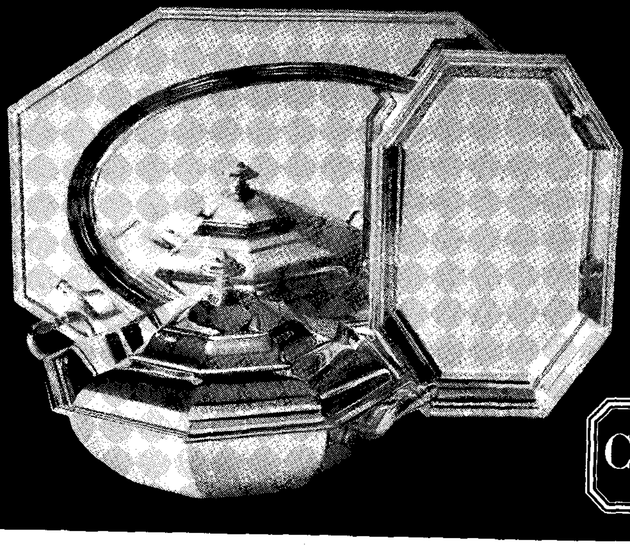

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my life, but Meyer is the most extraordinary," Rubin told me. "He replaced Artie Shaw as my hero."

Schapiro's two main art-historical areas were medieval studies and modern art. Very few art historians in those days knew or cared about the modern period. Schapiro not only cared about it but was friends with most of the artists who made up what would come to be called the New York School. He visited their studios, wrote about their work, and occasionally invited them to his seminars at Columbia. All this was heady stuff for Rubin, who absorbed from Schapiro the sense that something momentous and hugely exciting was going on at that moment in the studios and the small galleries around Tenth Street. Rubin gave some thought to becoming a specialist in Early Christian art, but the appeal of modernism soon prevailed. And then the ideal job fell into his lap: as he was finishing up the semester at Columbia, in June, 1952, he was offered a position teaching art history at Sarah Lawrence, an academically adventurous women's college only forty minutes north of Manhattan by car. He was just twenty-four then. "A nice age to begin on a girls' campus," he says.

He taught there for the next fifteen years—very happily, on the whole. There was no other art-history teacher when he began—he was the whole department—and the course he taught was his own invention. It encompassed the history of art from ancient Egypt to the present, but at all stages Rubin had his students compare older works with modern ones—an Egyptian painting of spearfishing, for example, with Picasso's "Night Fishing at Antibes." The point was to observe the differences—cultural, religious, and ethical as well as aesthetic—rather than the similarities. Art history was popular at Sarah Lawrence, and since Rubin's course was usually overregistered he had his pick of the brightest students. One of them remembers him as a stimulating but demanding teacher, who would ask for your opinion in class and then make you defend it. "Students often went into his classroom quaking," she recalls. "There wasn't much room for dissenting opinions. But the course was so well organized and his lectures were so brilliantly orchestrated that it was all pretty exciting—quite theatrical, really. Bill is, among other things, a consummate actor."

Rubin did not live on campus. He

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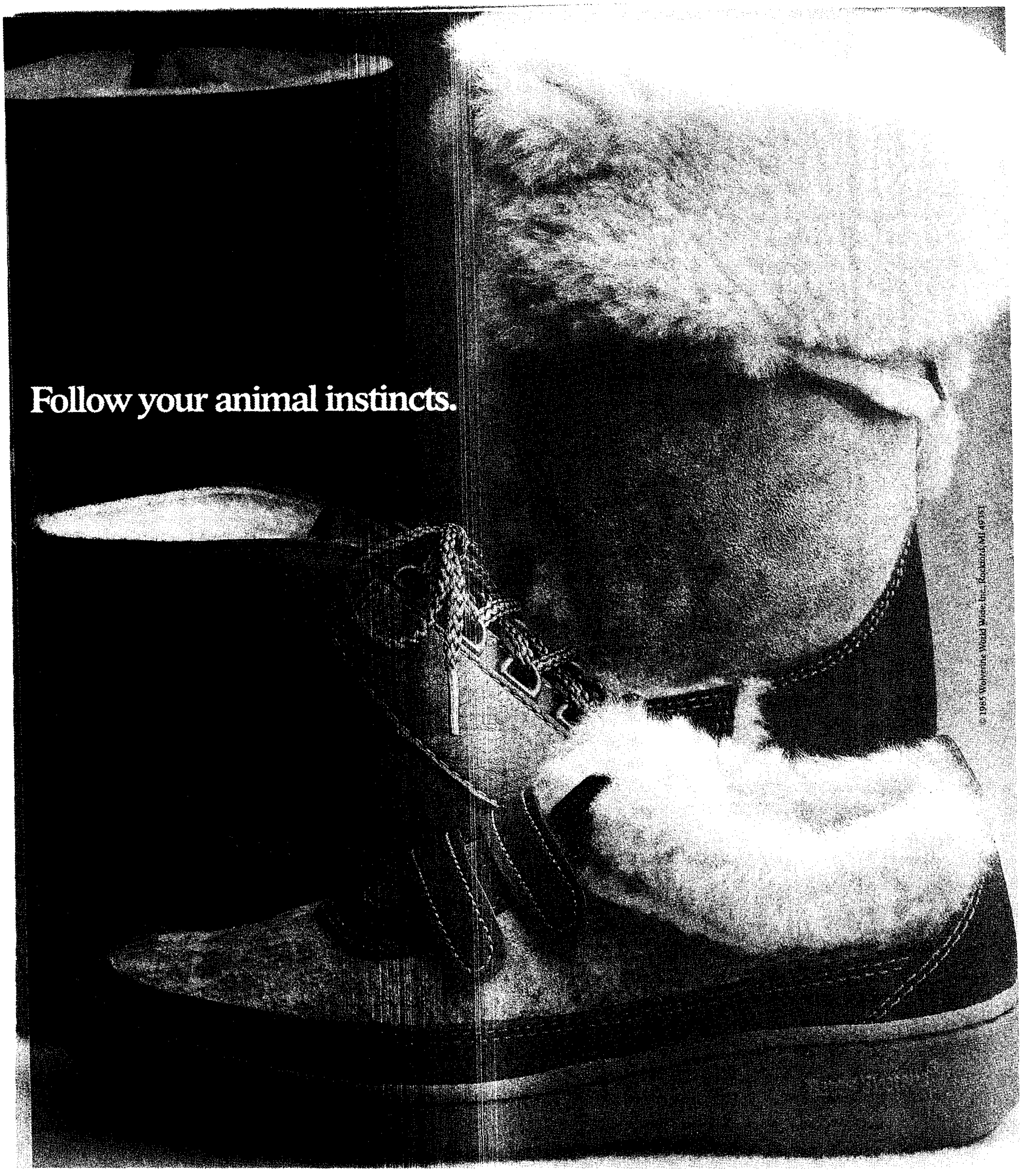

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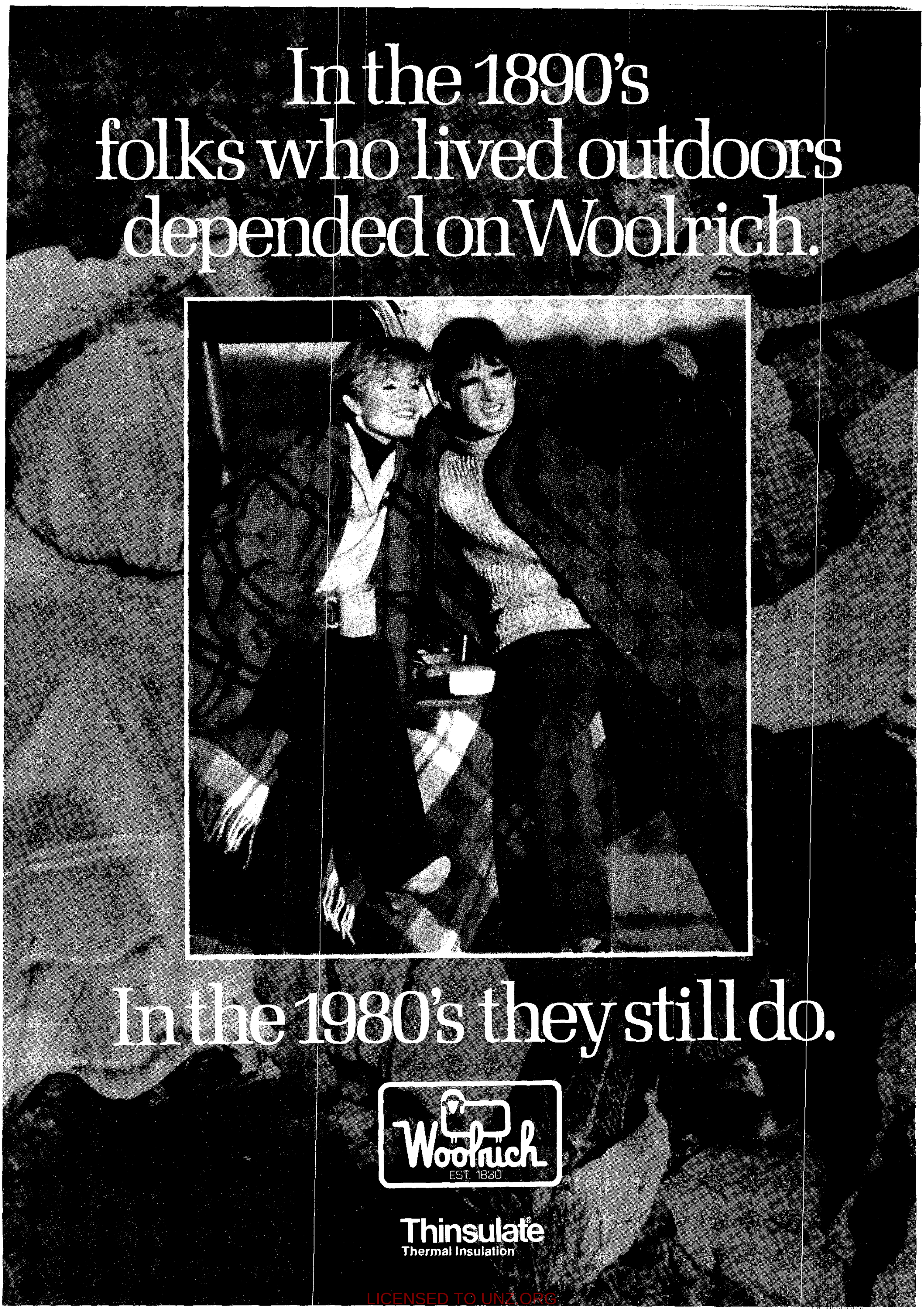
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lived in Manhattan, in a bachelor apartment in the East Sixties, and commuted in a Jaguar convertible. In 1955, he also started teaching a couple of days a week at the Bronx campus of Hunter College—more advanced art history, at the graduate level. The combined salary from the two jobs was minuscule, but he continued to draw income from the family firm, and his father continued to be generous, so he could afford a few indulgences. The Jaguar was one; contemporary art was another. Rubin had bought his first picture when he was still in high school—a Rouault lithograph. He has been buying art ever since, on a modest scale, often selling an earlier acquisition to get something better. He bought pictures by the European Surrealists and Expressionists, and contemporary works by artists of the New York School, many of whom he had come to know. He bought a painting by Jasper Johns just after Johns' first show at Leo Castelli's, in 1958. (Alfred Barr bought three from that show for the museum.) When Frank Stella surfaced, in 1959, Rubin bought one of his black paintings, and he arranged for several of the artist's subsequent works to be sent to his brother Lawrence, who became Stella's European dealer as a result. Larry Rubin, the youngest of the three brothers, having graduated only recently from Brown, had decided to become an art dealer. He established a gallery in Paris with financial backing from Richard Rubin, the middle brother, who by this time was making a good deal of money from his own textile business. (Richard sold his business in 1963 and is now teaching political science at Swarthmore.) Larry got a lot of advice from his brother Bill, who recommended several artists to him besides Stella.

As time went on, Bill Rubin's collecting interest centered more and more on postwar American art. Buying, selling, and trading, he acquired major paintings by Pollock, Rothko, Kline, and others of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists while continuing to buy the work of younger artists such as Stella, Kenneth Noland, George Segal, and Ellsworth Kelly. Prices were still relatively low in the nineteen-fifties—under a thousand dollars in the case of the younger artists. There was also an occasional picture thrown his way by Larry in exchange for help in having pictures consigned to him. Rubin was not getting rich, as his brother Richard was

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(and as his brother Larry eventually did), but he was having a very good time. He thoroughly enjoyed teaching at Sarah Lawrence and taking an active part in the exfoliating New York art scene. Married, divorced, and remarried (his first wife had been a Sarah Lawrence student), he had moved downtown to a big loft apartment on lower Broadway, where his Abstract Expressionist canvases coexisted with large paintings by Stella and other contemporaries. No conceivable job offer could have made him think of giving up his academic career, he says, except the one that came from Alfred Barr.

THE Museum of Modern Art had figured prominently in Rubin's life ever since his student days at the Fieldston School. Victor D'Amico, the chairman of Fieldston's Art Department, was also the director of education at the museum; Rubin, being one of D'Amico's pet students, had worked with him on a MOMA publication and other projects, and had spent a lot of time at the museum when he was growing up. At Sarah Lawrence, he had been instrumental in getting Barr to come and lecture, and Barr had made it possible for Rubin to bring his students down for occasional seminars in the museum's galleries. Rubin had been guest curator at the museum for a small show in 1957 of work by the Chilean painter Matta, about whom both Barr and Rubin were enthusiastic at the time—Rubin still feels that Matta's work of the nineteen-forties was superior to almost anything being done in Europe then by an artist of his generation. He knew the museum's collection backward and forward. As a collector, he was in close touch with the art market. He was also a serious art historian. When Barr proposed that he become his successor, Rubin had just been appointed to the faculty of the New York University Institute of Fine Arts (where he still teaches one graduate seminar a year), and a forthcoming book of his on "Dada and Surrealist Art" had led to his becoming guest curator of the "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage" show at MOMA. Rubin had the three main qualifications that Barr was looking for, and he was also a fervent admirer of Alfred Barr. Without much hesitation, he resigned from Sarah Lawrence and Hunter, and on July 1, 1967, became MOMA's curator of painting and sculpture, with, according to the trustees' announcement,

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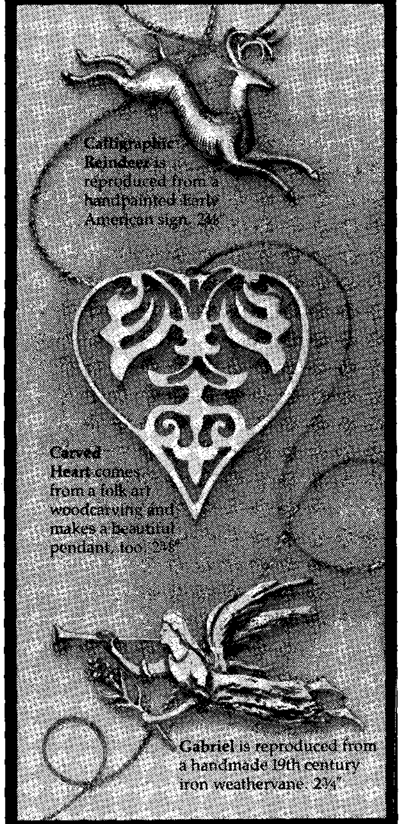

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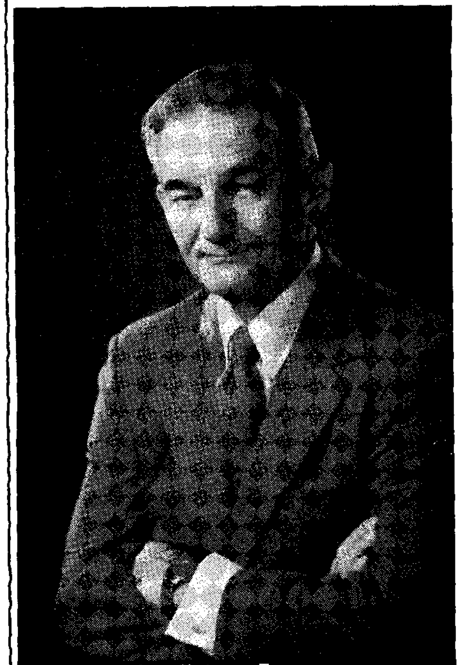

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"primary responsibility for recommending acquisitions, documentation, research, and writing on the subject of the Collection."

What Rubin did not know about then was the plague of rivalries, jealousies, and internecine politics that afflicted staff operations at the museum. Several of the curatorial department heads had been there so long that they had achieved a sort of feudal status within the museum; they were referred to as "Chinese warlords," and each of them had close alliances on the board of trustees. The Department of Painting and Sculpture, by contrast, was virtually leaderless. William Seitz and Peter Selz, the two most active curators, had recently left the museum to return to teaching—Seitz at Brandeis, Selz at Berkeley. Dorothy Miller, Barr's longtime associate, was retiring at the end of 1968. Having relinquished two tenured professorships to take a museum job for which there was not even a written contract, Rubin suddenly found himself caught up in a series of power struggles that racked the museum for the next four years. The director appointed to succeed d'Harnoncourt, Bates Lowry, was fired after only ten months on the job. John Hightower, the trustees' next choice, lasted a year and a half, and was succeeded in 1972 by Richard Oldenburg. When the smoke of battle eventually cleared, Rubin was a warlord in his own right. He had triumphed over his chief rival and nominal superior, William S. Lieberman, who was named director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture in 1969 but who withdrew two years later to run the newly designated Department of Prints and Drawings. (Lieberman left the museum in 1979, after thirty-four years' service, to become head of the Department of Twentieth Century Art at the Metropolitan.) In 1973, Rubin was named director of the department. By then, his acquisitive energy had made such an impression that some European museum people assumed, as they still occasionally do, that he was the director of the museum.

Rubin's first major coup, which he pulled off before officially joining the staff, was to persuade Sidney Janis, who had been a leading dealer in blue-chip modern art for twenty years, to give MOMA a hundred and five works from his own collection. No real persuasion was necessary, according to Rubin. He simply made the suggestion, and Janis agreed. An unspoken bias against dealers which affected some members of Barr's generation at the museum may have kept Barr and his colleagues from approaching him earlier. During the next few years, Rubin's efforts went mainly into filling what he considered the principal gaps in the museum's collection, starting with Abstract Expressionism. Although Barr had bought works by Pollock, de Kooning, and the other first-generation Abstract Expressionists in the nineteen-fifties, and Dorothy Miller had put them in group exhibitions that did much to bring about the movement's international recognition, Rubin felt that the museum had not given this "American renaissance" the prominence it deserved in the collection. Since works by first-generation New York School artists were quite expensive by this time, and the museum had only about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in purchase funds, Rubin used two methods that Barr had depended on heavily: soliciting gifts from the artists (or from wealthy benefactors), and selling older works from the collection. He solicited only from artists whose work was already in the collection, and frequently he was offered his pick of the paintings in storage. Rubin buttressed his pitch by making a major donation himself. The museum did not own an important sculpture by David Smith, so he gave it his own "Australia," a welded-metal piece that had been turned down when it was offered to the museum in 1957 for twelve thousand dollars; it is worth more than a million today. He also invented a new technique of selling from the museum's collection. The furor that erupted a few years back about the Metropolitan Museum's "de-accessioning" policy has tended to obscure the fact that, for many American museums, selling from the collection has been a basic necessity. Barr did it constantly at MOMA. Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" was bought with money realized from the sale of a Degas oil, "The Race Course;" two Cézannes and a Toulouse-Lautrec were sold to pay for van Gogh's "The Starry Night." Barr usually consigned the works he was selling to a single dealer, who received a commission. Rubin's innovation was the closed-bid auction. He would invite ten or more dealers to come in at different specified times on a certain day; each would view the offered work in private, make

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a written bid, and leave without seeing his colleagues. The results often confirmed Rubin's suspicion that the "market" for any work of art is highly subjective, and that if dealers can't get together and discuss prices their estimates can vary enormously. It is a matter of pride to Rubin that his "deaccessions" have never been publicly criticized.

Within a few years of his arrival at the museum, Rubin had acquired sixteen major Abstract Expressionist paintings, including key works by Pollock, Rothko, and Kline. The two other big gaps that he saw in the collection were examples of Matisse's late, cut-paper paintings and Picasso's Cubist sculpture. Alfred Barr had not been enthusiastic about Matisse's late work. Rubin was, and he managed to buy two magnificent découpages—"Memory of Oceania," and "The Swimming Pool," a fifty-four-foot-long mural that had hung in the dining room of Matisse's apartment in Nice. Getting one of Picasso's Cubist sculptures was a trickier proposition, and Rubin loves to tell how he did it. Only one of these constructions, whose influence on twentieth-century sculpture was so immense, had ever left Picasso's own private collection; the artist had given it to his friend Paul Éluard, the poet, who later sold it to Roland Penrose, who eventually sold it to the Tate. For years, Barr had yearned to acquire one, but it was obvious that some special inducement was required. Picasso certainly didn't need money. It occurred to Rubin, though, that he might like a Cézanne. Although he had never met Picasso, he knew that the artist had a deep feeling for Cézanne. And MOMA happened to own a Cézanne painting, called "L'Estaque," that Barr had suggested might someday be used to finance a major purchase. It was *not* a great Cézanne; it had never been on exhibition at the museum, which had better examples of his work in this period; but it was a Cézanne all the same. In 1970, Rubin sent word through the European dealer Ernst Beyeler, who knew Picasso and was going to visit him in the South of France, that MOMA would like to exchange its "L'Estaque" for a Cubist construction. A few days later, Picasso sent word back through the same emissary, saying, in effect, "Come bearing the Cézanne."

Rubin immediately flew to Nice, and, accompanied by Walter Bareiss, a trustee who was chairman of the museum's committee on painting and sculpture, took the painting to Picasso's house in Mougins. This first visit lasted for five hours. Rubin speaks fluent French, and he and Picasso hit it off right away. In time, they got around to discussing Rubin's list of the Cubist constructions that the museum would most like to acquire. The list was headed by "Guitar," a very early (1912) sheet-metal-and-wire piece, whose radical, openwork fabrication represented a dramatic break with the whole tradition of carved or modelled sculpture. At the end of five hours, Picasso told Rubin and Bareiss to come back two days later for his answer.

When they rang the doorbell at the appointed time, Picasso opened it himself—a highly unusual gesture, which Rubin later decided was an example of the artist's penchant for playacting. "He looked sad as all getout," Rubin recalls. " 'Sit down,' he said. 'I have bad news for you. I cannot take your Cézanne.' Long pause. 'But—I am giving you the "Guitar"!' " There was a time when he would have given anything to own a Cézanne, Picasso explained, and over the years he had acquired a few. But to take this one would make him feel like a "*collectionneur*"—the way he rolled the final "r" indicated terminal contempt. Later, Rubin heard that Picasso had told a friend it really wasn't a very good Cézanne. MOMA got the "Guitar," at any rate, and a few years afterward Rubin was able to use the same Cézanne as part payment to Walter Chrysler for Picasso's "The Charnel House," the great anti-war painting whose acquisition helped to offset the inevitable loss of "Guernica," which was returned to the Spanish government, in accordance with Picasso's wishes, in 1981. Rubin visited Picasso many times after that first meeting, and his friendship with the artist and his wife, Jacqueline, led to a continuing series of gifts to the museum.

RUBIN'S triumphs of acquisition solidified his warlord status at the museum. He got along fine with Richard Oldenburg, the director, whose steady hand and low profile put an end to the organizational turmoil. Recognizing that administration was not Rubin's strong point (any more than it had been Barr's), Oldenburg let him run his department in his own way, even if that meant running it from the South of France part of the time. Old-

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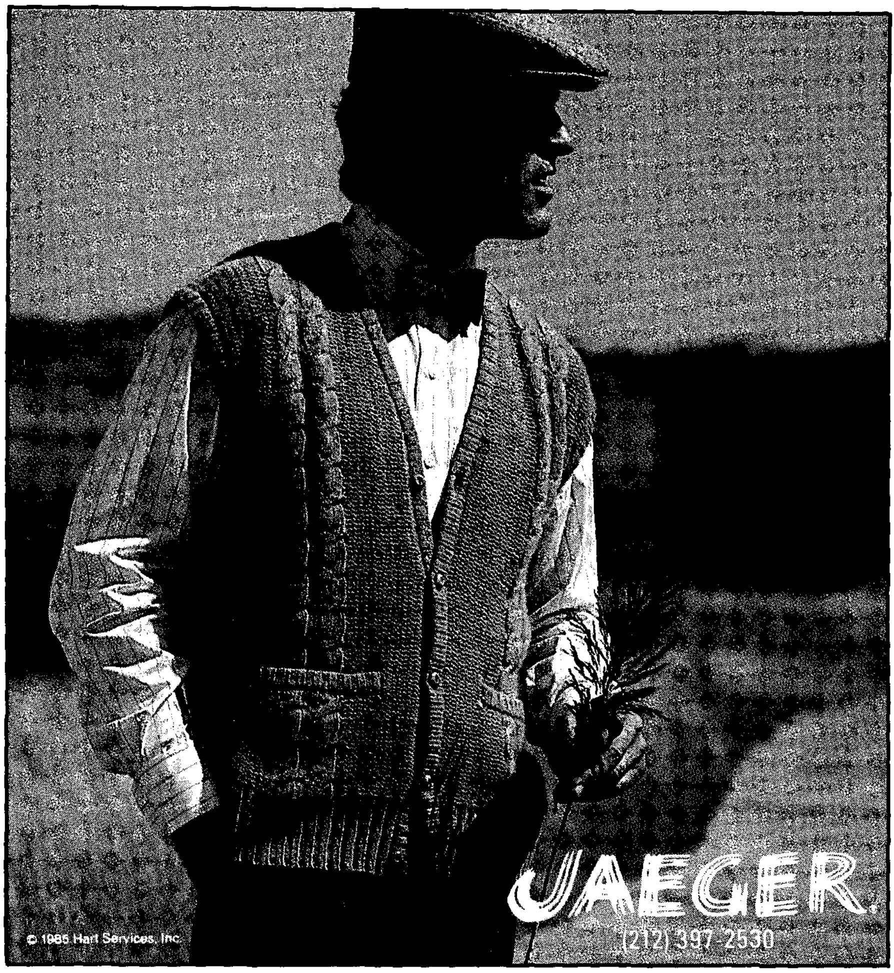

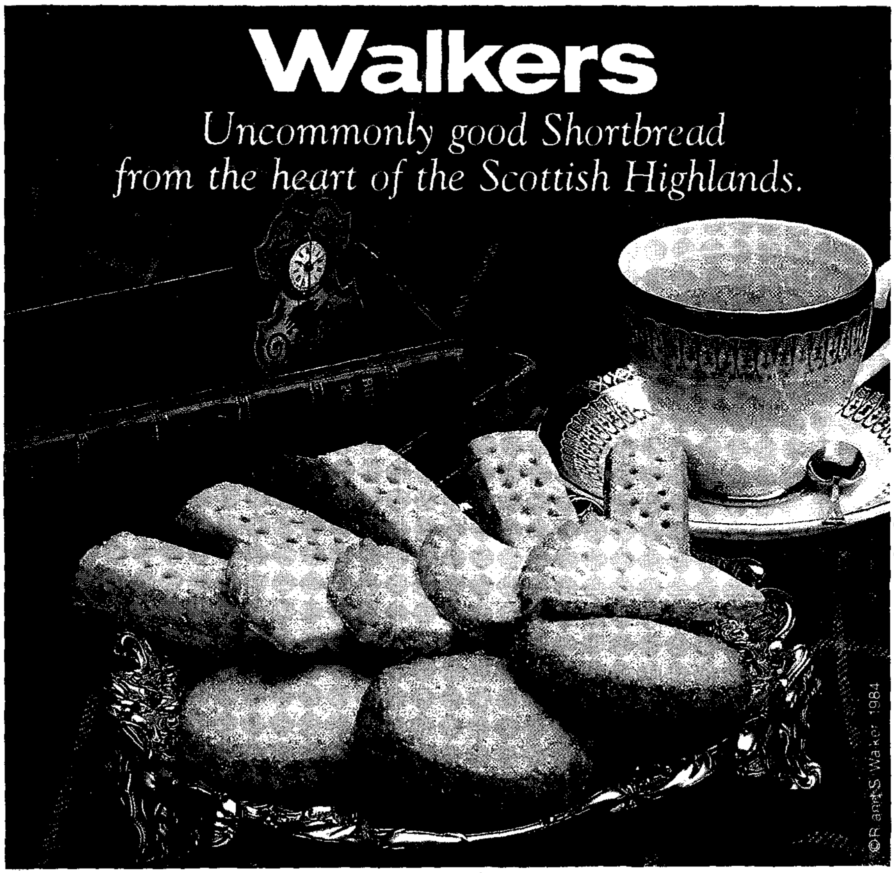

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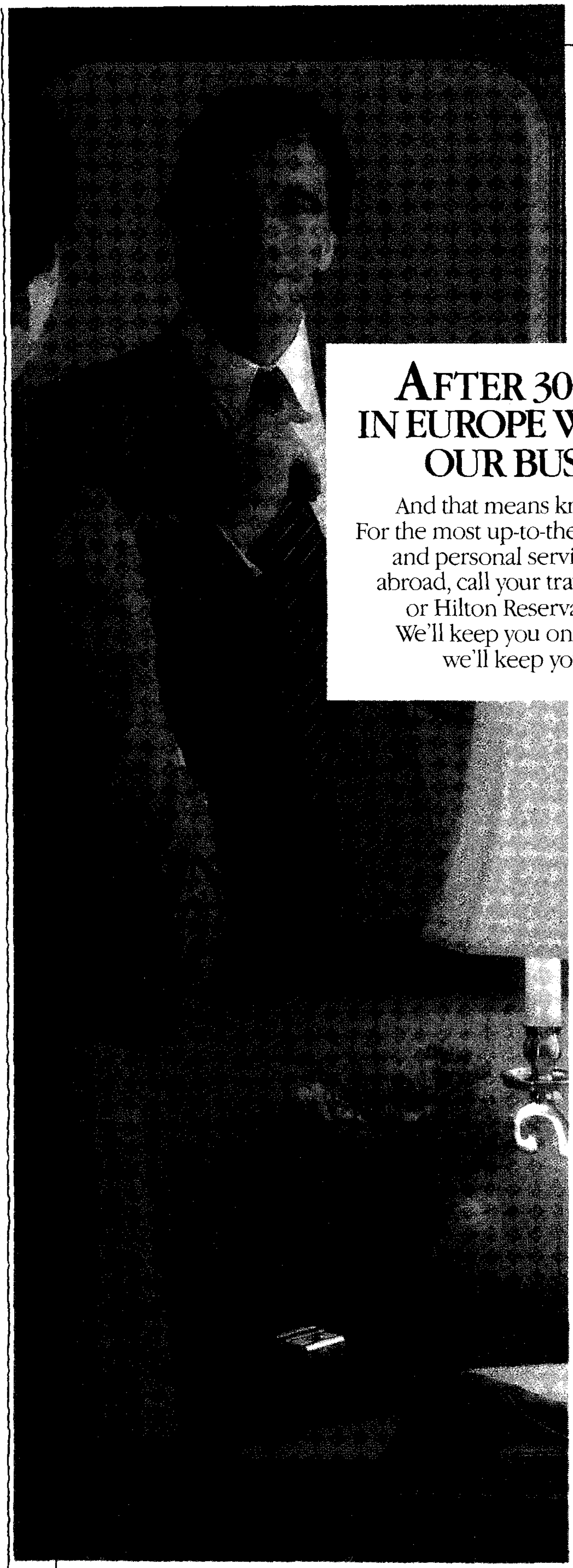
enburg also smoothed Rubin's relations with the trustees, who under the present regime have tended to stay out of the museum's day-to-day operations. It is sometimes said that Rubin intimidates both Oldenburg and the trustees, few of whom like to oppose him, for example, in the matter of acquisitions. All this does not endear Rubin to the other department heads, toward whom Rubin sometimes exhibits a rather lordly disdain. "God damn it," he once complained to Hightower, "I'm sick of the prima donnas in this place. I'm a prima donna, but I *deserve* to be one."

Outside the museum, Rubin's career is viewed with awe and occasional resentment. His position at MOMA automatically makes him one of the most powerful figures in the field of modern art. No one else, it is conceded, could have put together the gigantic 1980 Picasso retrospective, which included loans from museums and private collectors throughout the world, and no other curator could have commandeered the entire Museum of Modern Art to install it in. (Dominique Bozo, the director of the Musée National d'Art Moderne at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, and the Picasso exhibition's coörganizer, wields less clout in the matter of loans, simply because he is relatively new to his job.) Rubin's additions to the MOMA collection have been consistently brilliant, and his exhibitions have been greatly admired for their scholarly focus. At the same time, he has had to absorb much of the blame for what the international art world sees as MOMA's failure during the last twenty years to pay enough attention to contemporary art. This is a very old and complicated issue at the museum. Barr and his associates believed that the museum should stay "a respectful distance" behind the contemporary artist; they also believed that their responsibility extended to the whole history of modern art, which now goes back (in MOMA's collections, at least) nearly a hundred years, and that to give too much emphasis to new work in the exhibition program would distort the museum's purpose. Rubin has made it clear that he shares this point of view. His critics maintain, however, that since he came there the museum has virtually turned its back on new art, and has accorded the art of the period from 1965 to the present far less than its due.

Some of these critics were extremely surprised recently to learn that Rubin agrees with them. "I think that I slipped in a certain sense," he told a reporter for the *Times* last February. "One has only so much time in life, and I've been so fascinated by the problems I was addressing that I didn't guarantee that the department adequately cover the current eclectic scene." He went on to say that he intended to schedule many more contemporary shows in the future, as soon as the backlog of commitments delayed by the museum's rebuilding program had been dealt with, and he also said that his department was about to hire a new curator whose particular responsibility would be contemporary art. It was subsequently announced that this new curator would be Linda Shearer, a former student of Rubin's at Sarah Lawrence, who after eleven years on the curatorial staff of the Guggenheim Museum had become the executive director of Artists Space, one of the earliest and most enterprising of the nonprofit, "alternative" galleries that have been such a prominent part of the downtown art scene during the last decade. Shearer will join the staff in January, 1986, and Rubin has vowed to support her even when he does not agree with her ideas and recommendations. The museum, he says, must do once again what it used to do, and what the hundreds of private galleries cannot do—"provide a beacon through what I would call an art scene of effervescent eclecticism."

Rubin concedes that he is not personally enthusiastic about much of the new painting. "The last really intense conviction I felt was for Stella, Johns, and a few others of that generation," he told me. Part of the problem, he feels, is the aura of promotion and publicity that surrounds the "hot" new artists. When the *Times*, in a recent article on Julian Schnabel, stated that "the Modern has not yet acquired" one of his pictures, Rubin instantly fired off a letter of correction. The *Times*' wording "might seem to imply a future intention and/or that we are remiss," he wrote. "I think the phrase should have read: 'The Modern has



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not acquired one.' " This sort of reaction tends to confirm a widespread rumor that Rubin thinks modern art stops with Stella and Johns.

The apartment that Rubin now lives in, on the forty-eighth floor of a high-rise in the East Fifties, is dominated by Stella—four paintings, from four different periods (one is on loan from the artist)—and by primitive sculpture, which he has been buying for the last five or six years, selling off his large Abstract Expressionist pictures in order to do so. Rubin did a major Stella show at the museum in 1970, and he is planning another one for 1986. This and the fact that his " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art" was one of the museum's major exhibitions in 1984 have given rise to talk that there may be too close a connection between his private collecting and his position at the museum. This is the sort of talk that Rubin brushes aside. "Collecting permits a sharpening of the eye that cannot be matched in any other way," he told me. "Collecting is also a passion, of course, but once I came here all that got transferred to collecting for the museum. Doing it on a grand scale for the Museum of Modern Art is infinitely more exciting than doing it for yourself. I've bought hardly any modern paintings in years, and collecting primitive sculpture provided a terrific tool for learning about it quickly." Oldenburg says that there has never been a hint of impropriety in Rubin's personal dealings with the art market. Larry Rubin, who now runs M. Knoedler and Company in New York, has been able to sell only two works of art to MOMA in his career—an "Ocean Park" painting by Richard Diebenkorn and a bronze sculpture by Nancy Graves—because of his brother's scrupulous desire to avoid any appearance of conflict of interest. (Neither purchase was recommended by Rubin, who abstained from discussing or voting on them when they came before the acquisitions committee.) The real key to Bill Rubin, according to Larry, is that he has no children—the museum and its collection have taken the place of family in his life.

The "Primitivism" show, which Rubin and Kirk Varnedoe, of the New York University Institute of Fine Arts, worked for five years to organize, was widely praised and also heavily criticized by art historians, some of whom thought that it exploited and misrepresented tribal objects by placing them in a "formalist" art context. Rubin replied in print to

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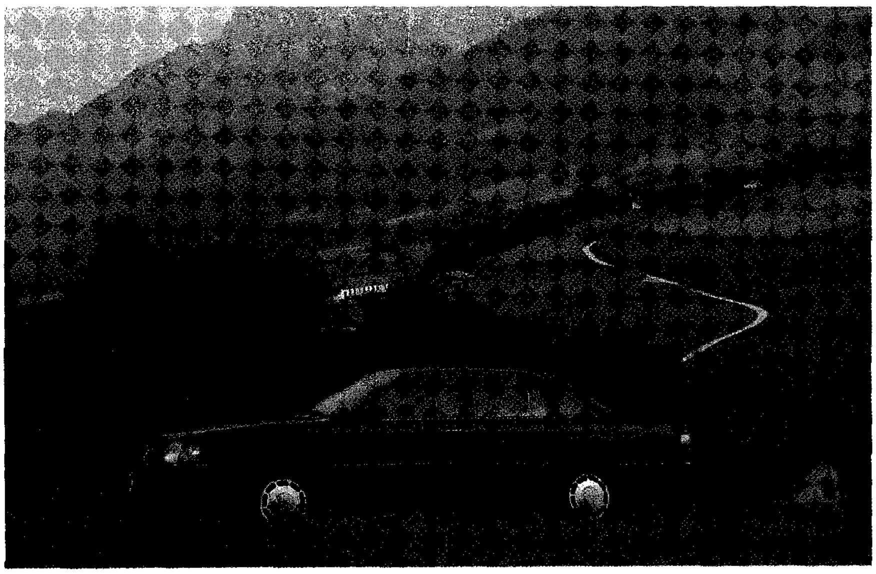

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two of these attacks. The critics, he charged, either missed or ignored the main premise of the show, which was to demonstrate the effect of tribal objects on modern artists. He was particularly annoyed by Thomas McEvilley's polemical article in *Artforum*, which accused Rubin of (among other things) using primitive art to "revalidate" the modern movement. "That's just ludicrous," Rubin said to me at the time. (He said the same thing in a lengthy letter of rebuttal to *Artforum*, which led to an acrimonious further exchange in those pages between the two combatants.) "As somebody who gets exhilarated several times a week walking through the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, the last thing that would enter my mind is that the art from Cézanne to the present needs revalidations, by primitive art or anything else." Rubin also objected vigorously to McEvilley's description of him as a formalist art historian and to the museum as "the temple of formalist modernism." "The notion that you can look at a work of art as pure form strikes me as idiocy," Rubin told me. "If the work comes at you, it comes with everything it's got, all at once. You can't not be aware of the psychological, or the poetic, or all its other aspects, and you can't separate them from the structural aspects of the work. I must tell you that where I part company with McEvilley and with many others, including Clement Greenberg, whom I was close to at one time, and who influenced my thinking to a degree, is in my conviction that all this critical wordplay is utterly insignificant next to one good picture. That's the perspective that I think it's healthy to hold on to. Fifty years from now, the paintings are going to be here, but nobody's going to give a damn what you wrote about them. I have no illusions about myself as an art historian. I think I'm a very good one, but I'm no Meyer Schapiro. I think I put on some great shows, but I don't believe that any of these activities matter very much in the end. To me, the most important thing I can do at the museum has to do with strengthening the collection and filling it in historically. It's an immense responsibility, because what's in the MOMA collection has a lot to do with establishing our image of art history."

It is not hard to picture Alfred Barr giving those words his guarded approval. "I certainly think of myself as continuing the work that Alfred started," Rubin said to me. "Alfred

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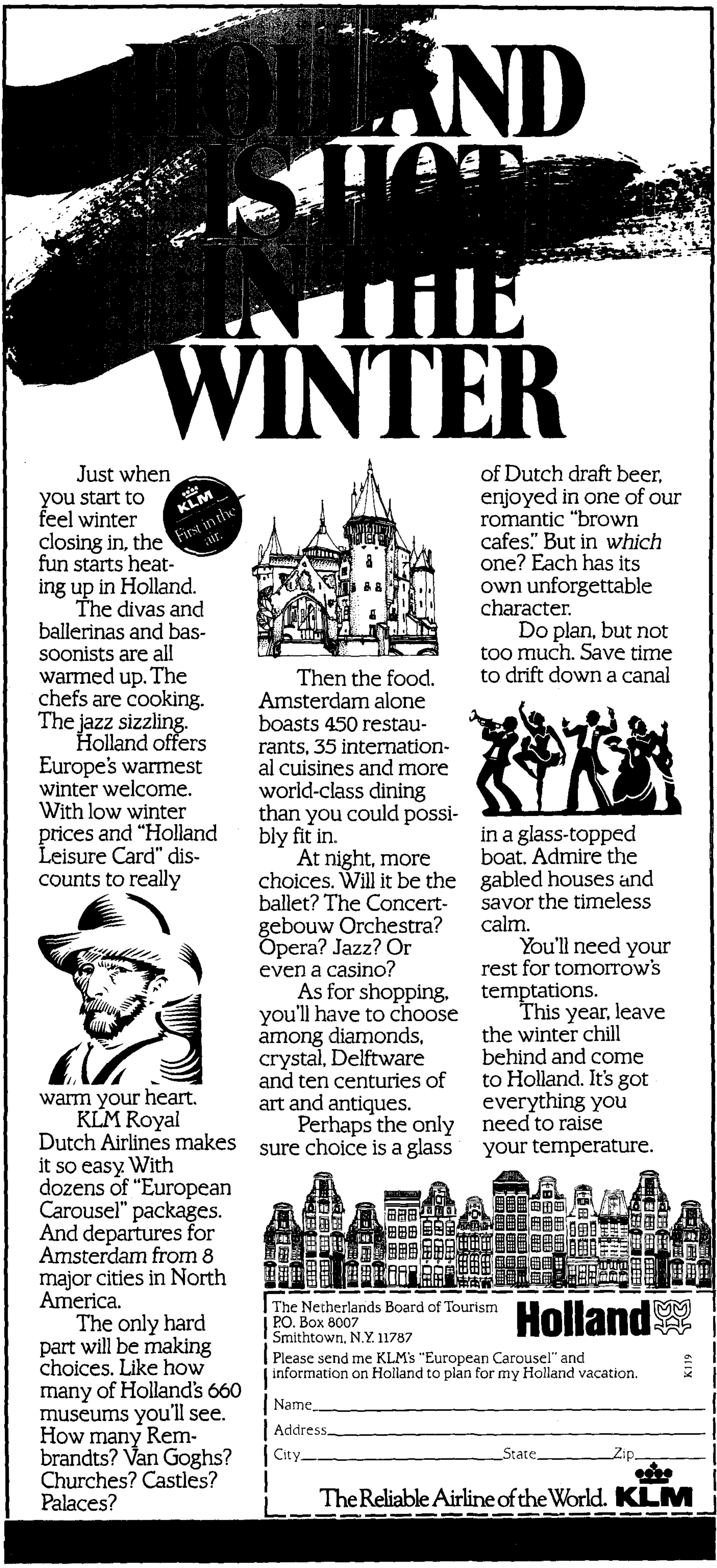

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established the concept, which was for a synoptic art-historical collection that is always moving forward in time and in which all schools and all nations and all artists are equilibrated according to our judgments of their quality and importance. On that idea there is an absolute identity between Alfred and me. On the question of the judgments within that concept, I think that, as a dwarf standing on a giant's shoulders, I can maybe see a little farther with respect to certain things, such as the relative importance of the Pollock generation. But the concept was Alfred's, and the hardest work was done by Alfred, and we will be profiting for years to come from his work."

Some people feel that Rubin has been too faithful to the founding concept. Robert Rosenblum, an exceptionally gifted art historian and teacher who also serves on MOMA's aquisitions committee for painting and sculpture, believes that a thoroughgoing revision of twentieth-century art history is long overdue. The modernist canon that Rosenblum and the rest of us learned in the galleries of the Museum of Modern Art must be broadened, he feels, to include such overlooked or underrepresented areas as turn-of-the-century Symbolism and realist painting between the two world wars. "The Modern is in danger of becoming a sort of Frick Collection, frozen in its period," Rosenblum said recently. "It is a modernist museum in the post-modern era."

The kind of historical revisionism that Rosenblum favors is not likely to occur there in the foreseeable future, however. At the ripe old age of fifty-six, MOMA still hews firmly to the synoptic gospel of modern art which Alfred Barr laid down and passed to his chosen successor—with more success than he might have thought possible. Revising the concept, as Rubin is well aware, could prove to be even harder than firing Alfred Barr.

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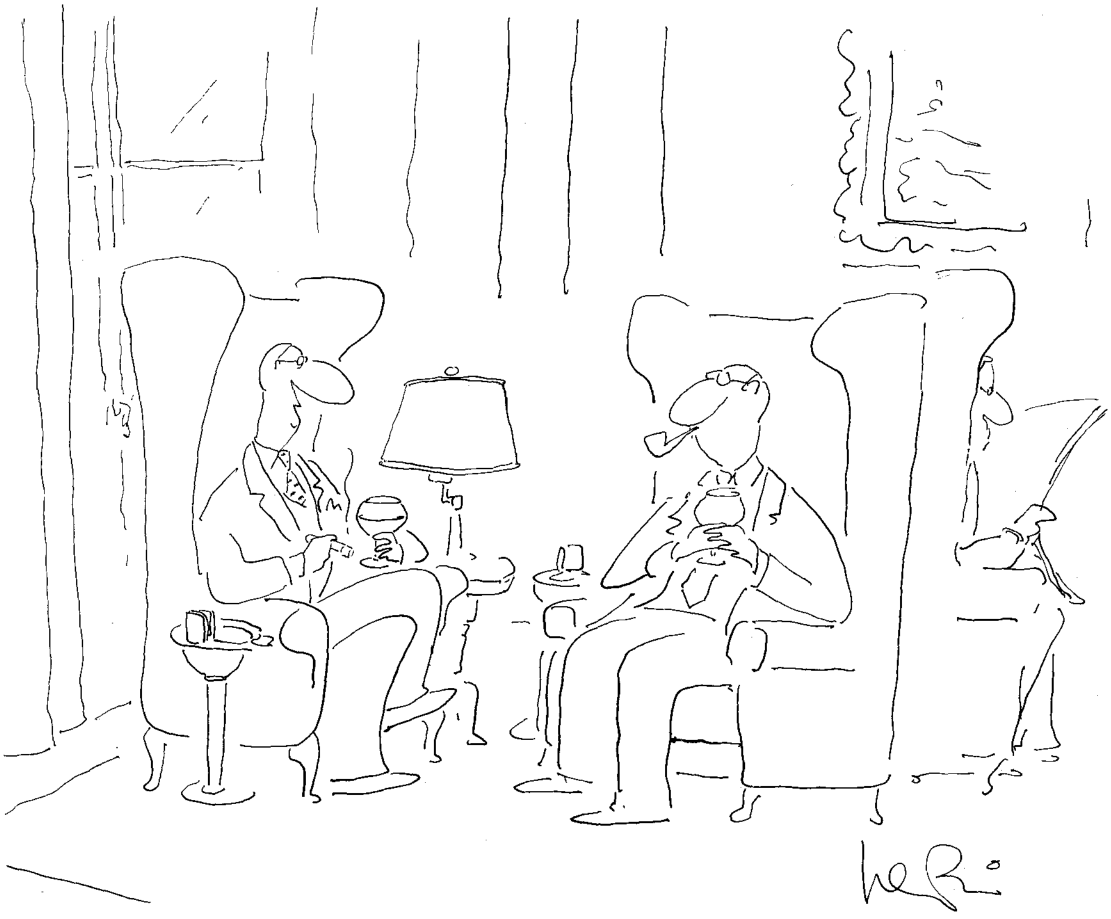
JAZZ

Cootie, Jo, and Philly Joe

WITHIN two weeks, near the end of the summer, Cootie Williams, Jo Jones, and Philly Joe Jones died. Williams was seventy-five, Jo Jones was seventy-three, and Philly Joe Jones was sixty-two. All are irreplaceable.

Cootie Williams spent twenty-three years with Duke Ellington. His first stint lasted from 1929 until 1940 and his second from 1962 until Ellington's death, in 1974. He became the first Ellington star. When Benny Goodman hired him away from Ellington in 1940 (with Ellington's blessings), the bandleader Raymond Scott recorded a number called "When Cootie Left the Duke." Williams was celebrated for his use of the plunger mute, and no one ever matched him, despite the beauties of such Ellington colleagues as Rex Stewart and Ray Nance. Bubber Miley, Williams' predecessor in the Ellington band, had picked up the technique from King Oliver, who pioneered it, and had passed it on to the trombonist Tricky Sam Nanton, who taught Williams. It is a curious technique—as specialized and delicate and arduous as lacemaking or truffle hunting. The trumpeter places a small metal mute in the bell of his horn and, with his free hand, manipulates a plumber's rubber plunger over the bell to achieve wa-was, trains-across-the-bayou moans, whinnyings, whoops, and all manner of intricate quasi-human vowel sounds. Some of these effects are done partly with the lip, and all depend on great lung power. Williams' open-horn playing was stately; he was an ebullient Louis Armstrong admirer, and he had an enormous, pushing tone. But when he took up his mutes he became shadowy and keening, he spoke in unearthly tongues. Williams' plunger-mute work was particularly effective on the blues. He would start a chorus tightly muted, and play a three-note phrase made up of a short note, a higher long note, and a short note that fell between the first and second notes. It was a secret sound that passed directly into the inner ear. He would repeat this phrase, making it louder and holding the second note a fraction longer, then go into a simple ascending phrase, opening and closing the plunger to achieve wa-was, which would be soft and would fall just behind the beat. He'd end the phrase with the plunger slightly ajar, and deliver a dying blue note. Next, he would start a growling sotto-voce note, gradually increase his volume, and slowly open his plunger. When the growling became almost unendurable, he would abruptly cut it off—an express that has just rocketed by. Using large intervals, he would lapse into laughing sounds, moving the mute rapidly from side to side, slip in a quick, tricky double-time phrase, and close the chorus with another tightly muted inner-ear note. The agility of these effects was startling, but Williams never lost track of what he was doing. The strange and beautiful sounds he made were always fastened to handsome underlying melodic statements. It was a "spoken" music that had never been heard before and has never been heard since, and it could be unutterably affecting.



"Sure, I went to college, but I really didn't need it."

Williams stayed with Goodman a year. Although he loved the band, it was not a profitable musical time for him. Ellington's backgrounds had supplied him with unfailingly handsome melodies against which to shine, but he sounded naked and somewhat primitive with Goodman—perhaps because of Eddie Sauter's arty, overpadded arrangements. During the next twenty years or so, he had a successful big band and a durable small band, which played at the Savoy Ballroom. He liked to hire young revolutionaries, and he helped bring along Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk. His plunger-mute work eventually fell into abeyance, and when he rejoined Ellington it had lost its swiftness and surprise. His open-horn work was still majestic; on a blues like "The Shepherd," he summoned up wind and darkness. Williams was medium-sized and straight-backed and barrel-chested. He had a dark, granitic face, and he looked like an emperor up in the trumpet section. (He could be over-

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weening. The drummer Elvin Jones once said of his own brief stay with the Ellington band, "I guess I didn't connect with the anchormen, because they complained about my playing to Duke. I don't know whether Cootie, who kept giving me the fisheye, wanted me to call him Mr. Williams and shine his shoes or what.") But he became highly animated when he moved front and center to solo. His face twisted with effort, his eyes closed, he would slowly lift his shoulders, drop them, and lift them again, lean to the right or left, and, when he paused to let someone else take eight bars, execute little dances and talk to himself. At the end of his solo, he'd bring his horn down smartly to his side, do an about-face, and march back to his chair. Williams made little of his consummate skills. He once said, "I laughed out loud at first when I heard those weird wa-wa-wa jungle sounds. Then it seemed to me since I'd been hired to take Bubber Miley's place, I better learn to play the mute like him. I never heard Bubber in person, so I learned from Tricky Sam Nanton. Duke didn't tell me I had to learn, I just did, and it didn't take very long."

JO JONES took the clutter out of jazz drumming. As part of the Count Basie rhythm section of the late thirties and early forties (Freddie Green was on guitar and Walter Page on bass), he helped demilitarize jazz rhythms. He brought the high hat to the fore, using it to propel ensembles and soloists, and, by playing irregular figures on it, to give the impression he was sliding back and forth under the band, like a sheepdog rounding up his charges. He made the beat even more fluid by continually changing his ride-cymbal patterns and by dropping in offbeats on his bass drum. His snare-drum accents did not frame and tint what he heard—they exploded. Jones' great peer Sidney Catlett used his snare accents to parse the solos he backed; Jones' accents were italics and exclamation points. Jones' wire-brush playing was clean and spare and ringing. His wire-brush solos danced and laughed; they had jubilation. But his solos with sticks tended to be agitated and abrupt. He disguised this by evolving a master solo based on one developed in the forties by Catlett. He was, like most of the older drummers, a consummate showman, an unabashed showoff. He twirled his sticks and crossed his arms and made windmill patterns. He was a handsome man, and

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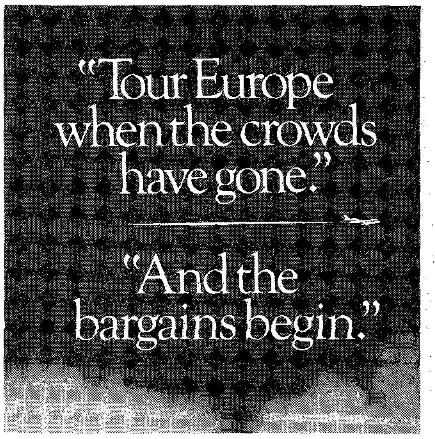
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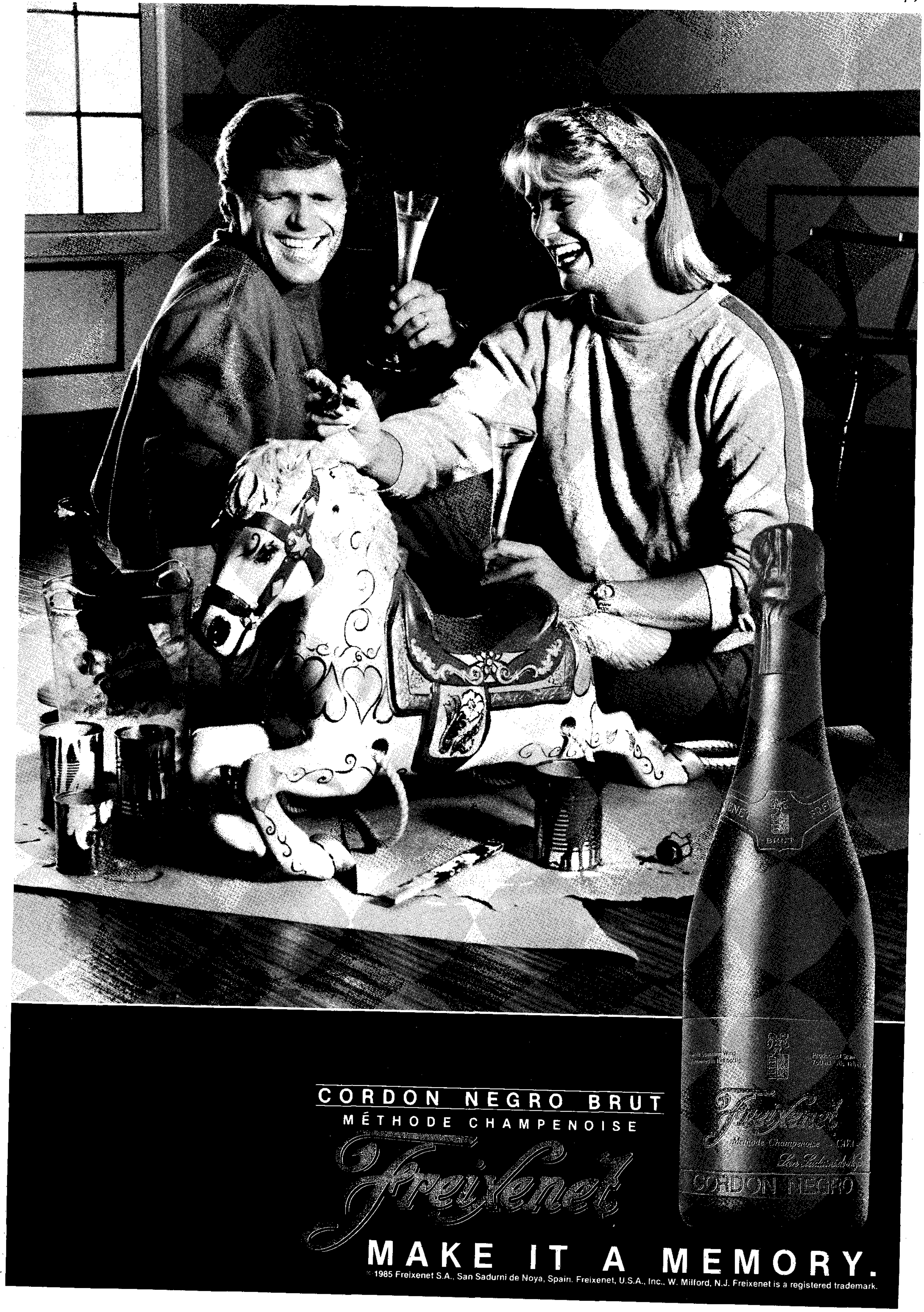
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he smiled continually when he played. When he wasn't playing, he talked. Primed by a single question, he would deliver several hours of uninterrupted stream-of-consciousness. He tended in these monologues to be arch and a bit of a blowhard. He called the musicians he mentioned Mr., and he made his listeners feel they were paying court. Toward the end of his life, his delicate style thickened, and occasionally he parodied himself or had unsteady time. But the next night everything would fall into place, and he would play with his old buoyancy and lyricism, and, with a rimshot or an exhilarating high-hat fill, suddenly take your breath away.

PHILLY JOE JONES (who was from Philadelphia and was not related to Jo Jones) was the wise rear guard who, moving in the wake of a revolution, restores the lines to the past, insuring that the revolution will work. He admired Max Roach and Kenny Clarke, but he also admired Dave Tough and Sid Catlett, and he studied with Cozy Cole. He superimposed Roach and Clarke on the older drummers, and the results were frequently dazzling. He played with enormous precision and clarity, but sometimes he played with such power that he overwhelmed everyone around him. (His oceanic drum solos often lasted more than half an hour.) When he worked with Miles Davis in the fifties, he became the axis about which the next wave of drummers rotated. Whether they know it or not, the best are plugged into the past.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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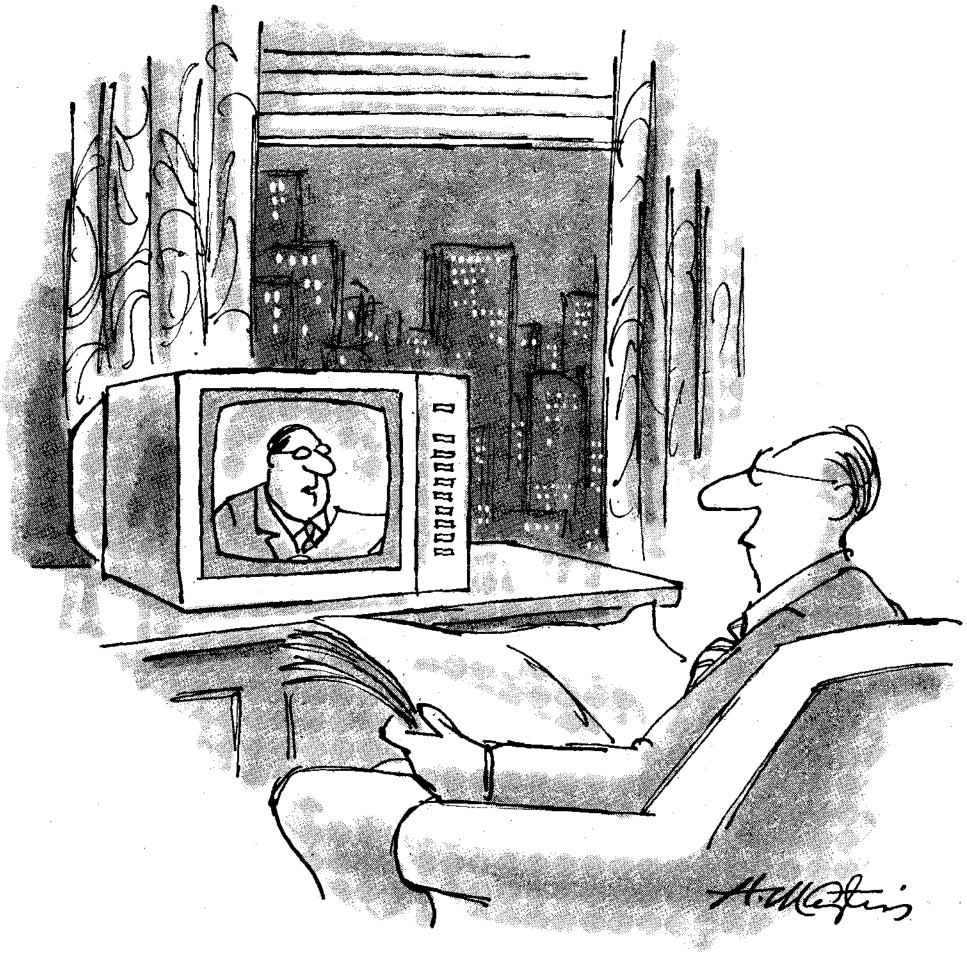
THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU

TIMBUKTU exists. When I tell people that I have recently been there, many of them—all except those few crossword-puzzle addicts who have correctly determined that "Mali" fits the definition "Land of Timbuktu"—are astonished; apparently, they thought that the place was merely part of the title of an old movie featuring Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and a Road. There is no conventional road to Timbuktu these days, though one can get there overland—over mainly sub-Saharan desert land—by four-wheel-drive vehicle from the central Malian city of Mopti, a hundred and fifty miles to the south. It is easier and quicker to fly up. One has to charter a plane, because Air Mali—sometimes snidely referred to along its flight paths as Air Maybe—gave up scheduled flights to Timbuktu last winter, after one of its Soviet-built aircraft crashed near the airport there. All but one of the plane's fifty-odd occupants were burned to death—in part, some said at the time, because nobody could start the motor of the only fire truck in the vicinity.

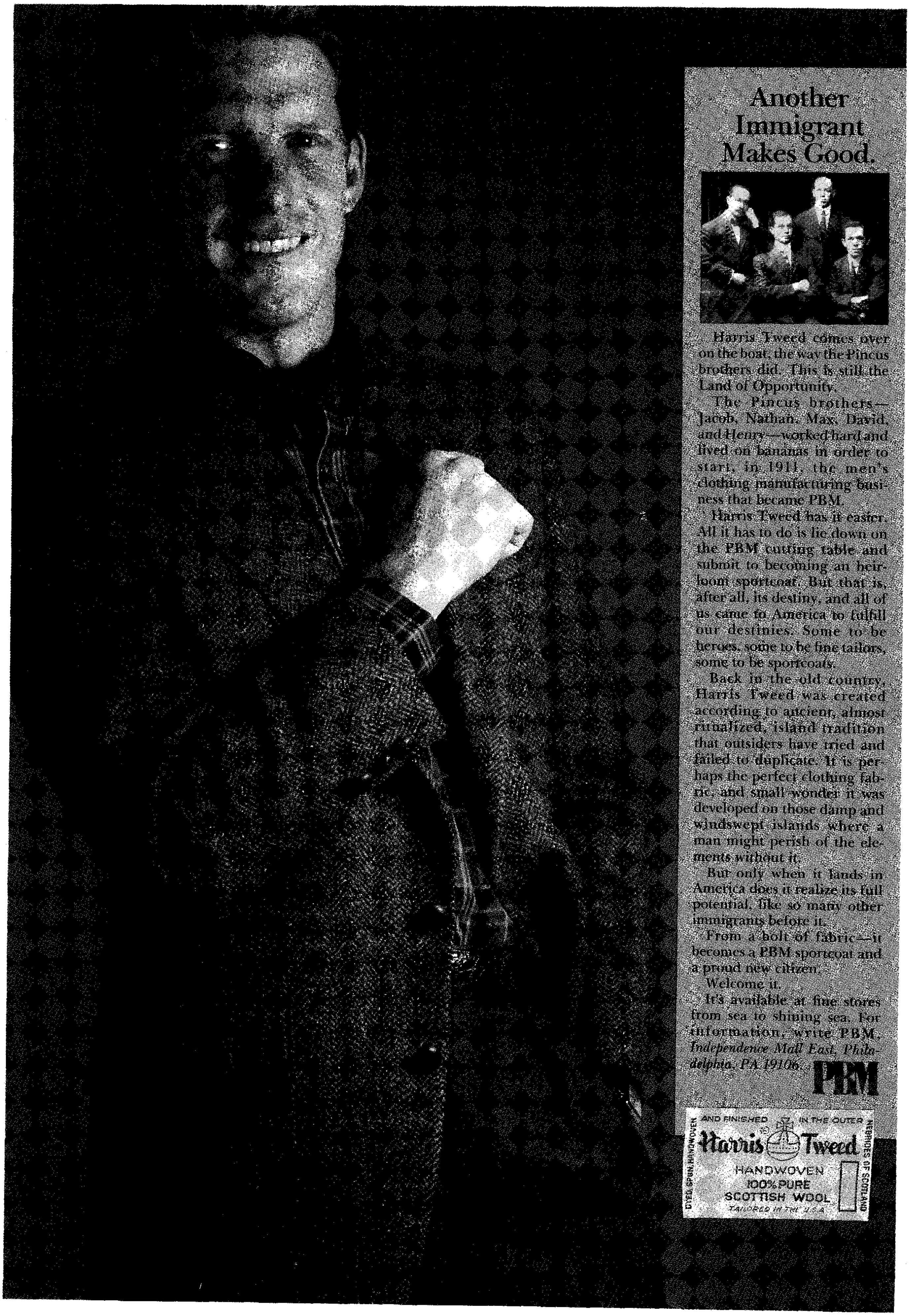
Most of the traffic of consequence that the Timbuktu airport has attracted lately consists of Algerian Air Force planes shuttling food to the city. Although there has been a gratifying amount of rainfall this autumn, Mali has been suffering from drought for more than five years. A good deal of what little food its citizens now consume is imported. Grain that is earmarked for Timbuktu often travels first by ship to Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, and is trucked north to Mopti from there. (The city lies at the confluence of the Niger and Bani Rivers. And because, when both rivers run full, Mopti is basically a cluster of islands connected by causeways it has acquired the sobriquet the Venice of Mali.) At Mopti, the Algerian aircrews take over the delivery of the food (their own pejorative cognomen for Air Mali is Air Inshallah; *inshallah* means "God willing"). They insisted when they first arrived in Mali that Timbuktu's ramshackle terminal be furnished with a fire engine that worked. Until the Algerians got another pesky matter straightened out, though, they had to abort their eleemosynary missions for a spell. It seemed that they'd been equipped merely with Shell credit cards, whereas the fuel distributor at Mopti (Timbuktu has no such amenity) was a Mobil dealer.



"And this just in: Lulu's back in town."

Brochures put out by travel agents in Bamako, Mali's capital, proclaim Timbuktu "the pearl of the desert," but these sere days the city, mud-gray and dusty, is sadly lacking in lustre. It has never lacked for allure. One legend has it that the place got its arresting name around the year 1050 A.D., when, at an oasis, or *tom*, some desert nomads chanced upon a woman named Bouctou and swapped some salt with her for gold. Ever since, Timbuktu, in one spelling or another, has stood for never-never land. Thus, William Makepeace Thackeray: ". . . somewhere, unknown to public view, a mighty city lies called Tumbuctoo." Thus, the 1933 popular American song "Two Buck Tim from Timbuctoo" (music by Al Goodhart and Al Hoffman, lyrics by Edward Heyman). The composers may have been uncertain about their geography; their title character was not a denizen of the desert but, rather, a love-'em-and-leave-'em seaman.

Timbuktu's normal population is about twenty thousand but has, by some estimates, lately doubled, and not because of any influx of sightseers. (The owner of the beguilingly named Timbuktu Travel Agency, on Cape Cod, has told me that she's sent just three people to Timbuktu in twelve years, and she can't remember when the last one went. "People come in and make jokes about going to Timbuktu," she said. "I've been to a hundred and fifty countries myself—travelling is my passion—and I have no desire to go to Timbuktu at all.") The newcomers are nomads who have drifted down from the drier-than-ever Sahara with the few animals they have left, and almost no other resources. At one Timbuktu feeding station, run by UNICEF and Médicins sans Frontières, I saw hundreds of women and chil-



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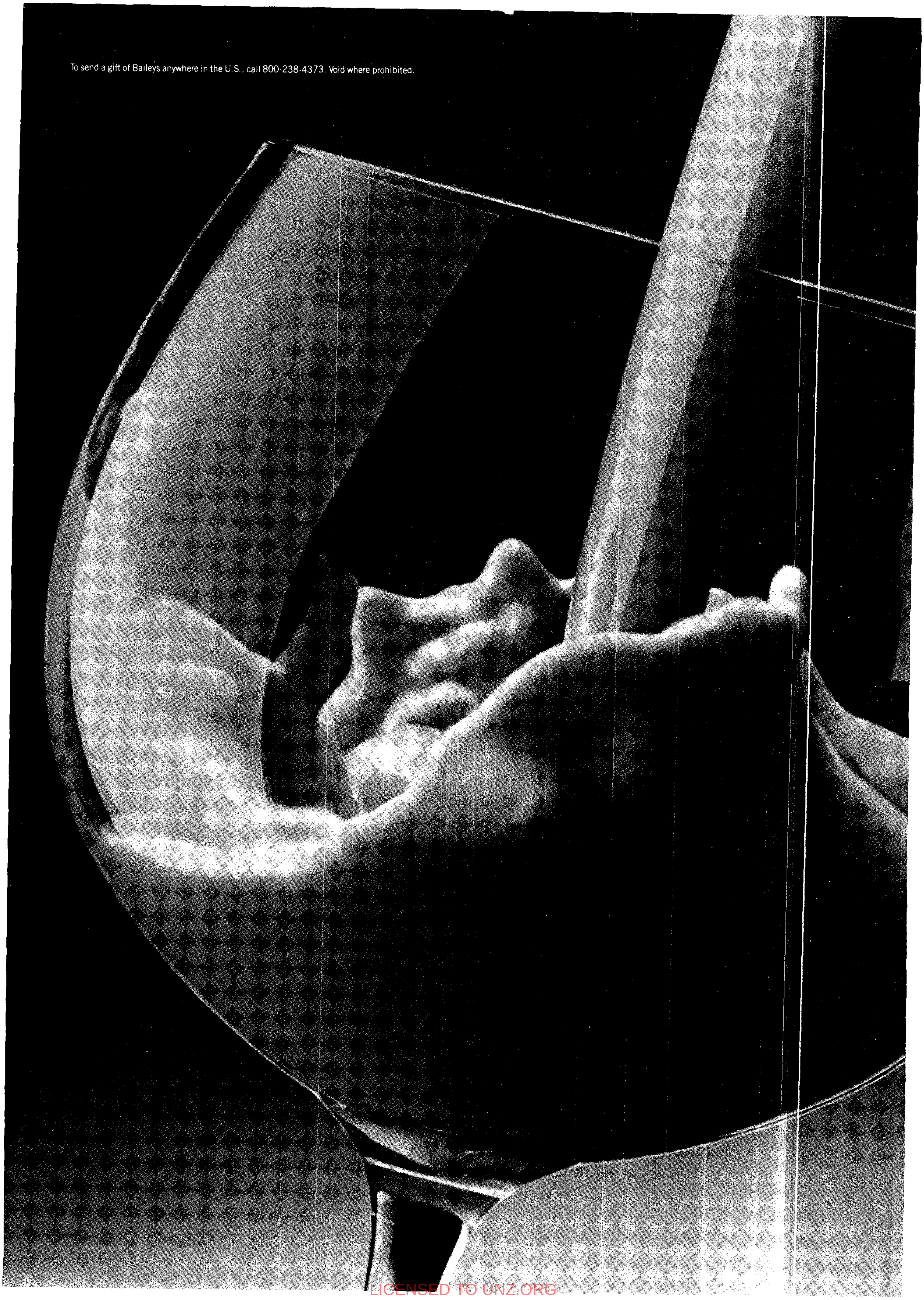

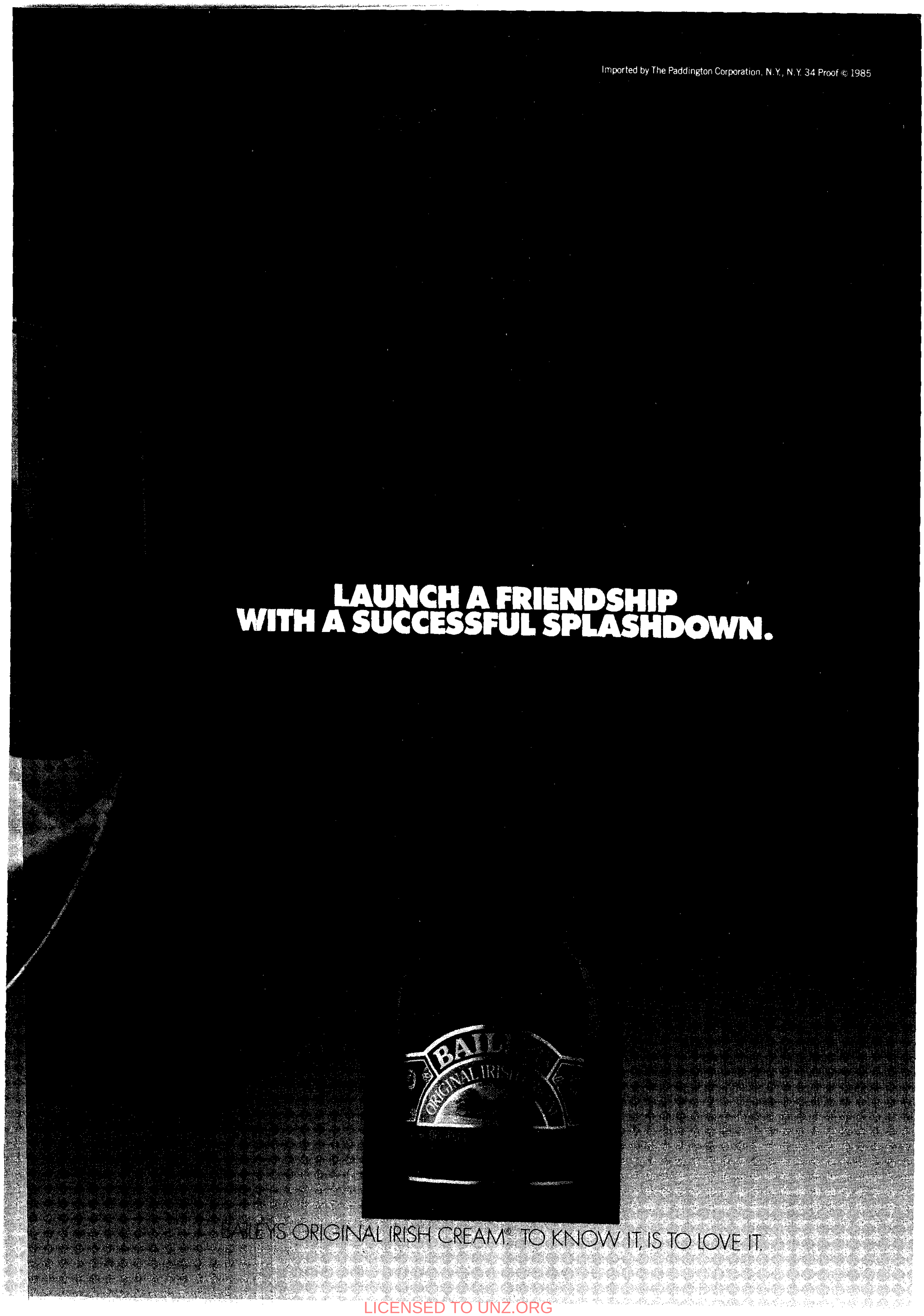
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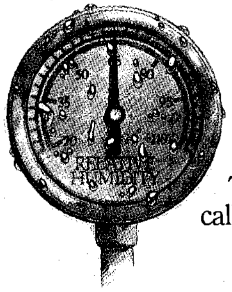

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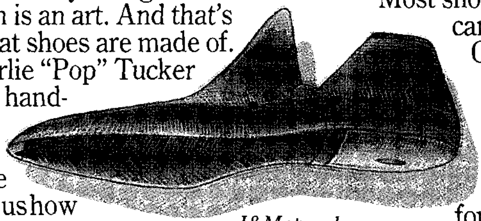

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dren, permanent residents as well as transients, waiting patiently for a ration of porridge made of rice, milk, sugar, and oil. One woman at the feeding station said, through an interpreter, that she had walked more than a hundred miles across the desert to Timbuktu with a donkey and five children but that the trek had been too arduous for three of the five, and they had died. Her surviving offspring, like many of the children around them, had some of the telltale signs of malnutrition—visible ribs and too visible bellies.

TIMBUKTU, which lies just south of the curving Niger River, has had its share of ups and downs. For a while, it was a shining city of the Empire of Mali, which early in the thirteenth century succeeded the Empire of Ghana as West Africa's paramount nation. One of the Mali Empire's legendary heroes was Sundiata, who was proclaimed king in about 1230. He had been sick as a boy, the story goes, and had been spared from execution by the neighboring king, who killed eleven of his brothers, because it was thought that he might die unassisted. Sundiata thereafter proceeded to teach himself first to walk and then to ride horses and camels, and eventually he met and conquered the rival who hadn't considered him worth dispatching in the first place. Sundiata died in 1255. Probably his most notable successor was Mansa Mūsā, who ascended the Malian throne in 1307 and, seventeen years later, astounded much of the rest of the world by organizing a pilgrimage to Mecca of prodigious proportions. He had sixty thousand people in his pious hajj, and they were accompanied by, among other supporting conveyances, eighty camels, each laden with three hundred pounds of gold. Going and returning, Mansa Mūsā so lavishly scattered the precious metal all over Egypt that he shook up the Cairo gold market. For a couple of centuries after his glittering reign, Timbuktu flourished as a trading center—dealing in salt, dried fish, livestock, peanuts, cotton, mangoes—and also as a hub of culture and learning. As late as the sixteenth century, the city, with a population of a hundred thousand, boasted two universities and was a magnet for scholars from as far away as Spain. But then, as colonial commerce began to bypass the region, it pretty much disappeared from public view for a couple of centuries. Nobody knows

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how many foreign explorers perished, over that stretch, trying to rediscover it. A mulatto American sailor who called himself Robert Adams maintained that he spent four months there—after being enslaved by Moors who captured his shipwrecked crewmates—in about 1811; scholarly Africanists haven't yet resolved an ongoing debate over whether he was telling the truth.

The Republic of Mali, which in colonial times was part of what was called French Sudan, is twice the size of France, and is the biggest country in West Africa—though, to be sure, much of it is desert. Mali is in the heart of the Sahel (an Arabic word for "shore;" i.e., the edge of the desert), which also includes Senegal, Mauritania, Burkina Faso (the former Upper Volta), Niger, and Chad. Even when conditions in Mali are good—and nowadays they emphatically are not—it is one of the most unblessed and unpromising nations on earth. Along with Ethiopia, Bangladesh, and Niger, it ranks at the very bottom of the international economic pecking order. The World Bank ascribes to Ethiopia a per-capita annual income of a hundred and twenty dollars; Bangladesh comes in at one-thirty, Nepal and Mali at one-sixty. Mali's inhabitants, of whom there are over seven million, are given a life expectancy of from forty-one to forty-four years, and their generally accepted average daily intake—in relatively good times—is about seventeen hundred calories, or thirty per cent below what the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization considers the minimum requirement. Mali's infant-mortality rate is one of the world's most distressing: among children under a year old, a hundred and fifty deaths per thousand. The literacy rate is fifteen per cent, and, doubtless partly for this reason, the country's only newspaper, run by the government, has a circulation of barely forty thousand.

Mali became independent in 1960, adopting as its motto "One People, One Goal, One Faith." That single official faith is Islam. The National Museum, at Bamako, asserts that there are only twenty thousand Christians in Mali, but it is doubtful if all the rest are devout Muslims. Driving out in the hinterland one morning, I stopped at a village whose most conspicuous structure was a Catholic church. The resident priest, who had settled there thirty years ago, did not seem discouraged that after all that time only one-fifth of the village population of two

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You don't need to come to Harry's Bar to enter. Mail your entry, if you must. But why hide from Life? An hour or two at Harry's with our Calamaretti Marinati or Scampi Grigliati or Coppa Gelato, and the words will come quick and clean and true.

The ante also rises.

This is The Big Ring. Our judges admire scholarship. They reward daring and grace. They are saddened by sloth. They obscenity on your un-Hemingway. If you don't know how Hemingway said things, wrote things, start an Imitation Harold Robbins contest.

We have talked enough, okay?

Now is the moment of truth. It is raining and that is good because without rain there would be no writing. You would sit at an outside table in the sun and talk and laugh and feed the little birds.

But the tables have been taken inside. The little birds are gone, and so is the sun.

Winter is coming. Fame is a bitch. Writing is Playing Hurt.

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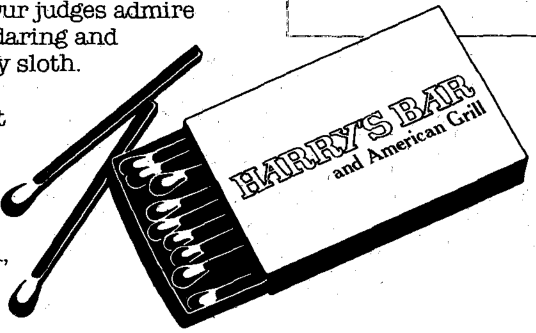
Entries must be postmarked by February 15, 1986. The decision of the judges will be final and will be announced before April 15, 1986. All entries become the property of Harry's Bar & Grill.



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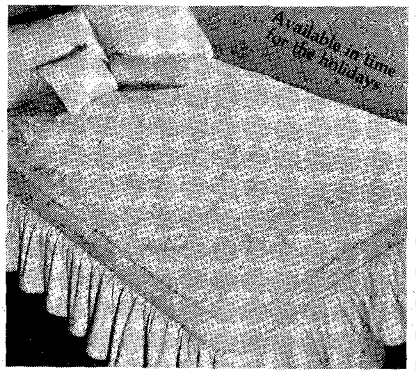

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thousand was Christian. He didn't have an organ in his church, but he did have a splendid set of African drums. Some Malians practice a rather relaxed brand of Islam. They will dutifully pray to Allah and then betake themselves to the nearest market to shop for lizard skins or money skulls or whatever other animistic good-luck charms they cherish. (Flying from Paris to Bamako, I chanced to sit next to a Malian Muslim who had studied at the University of Georgia, in Athens, and hoped someday to launch a private high school in Mali. I asked him how Muslims manage their prescribed prayers while pinned by a seat belt. "No problem," he said. "Muslim tradition says it's all right to pray without dismounting from your camel, and an airplane fits into the same category.") The comparatively few Shiite Muslims in Mali today are principally second- or third-generation shopkeepers or bartenders of Lebanese ancestry. (For a Muslim nation, liquor flows fairly freely.) In the old days, what is now Mali had relatively abundant rainfall. It also had an abundance of wildlife—elephants, crocodiles, wild buffalo, hippopotamuses. Aside from animals in game reserves and a zoo, and a single hippopotamus that hangs around the approach to a Niger River bridge at Bamako, just about the only wild animals left are boars—possibly because the Koran frowns on eating them.

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The coup that put President Traoré in the saddle had a leftist orientation, and for around a decade afterward Mali was pretty much in the Communist orbit. One downtown plaza in Bamako is called Lumumba Square. The

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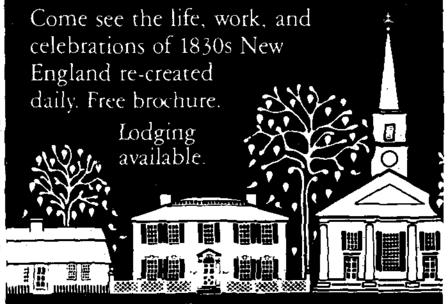

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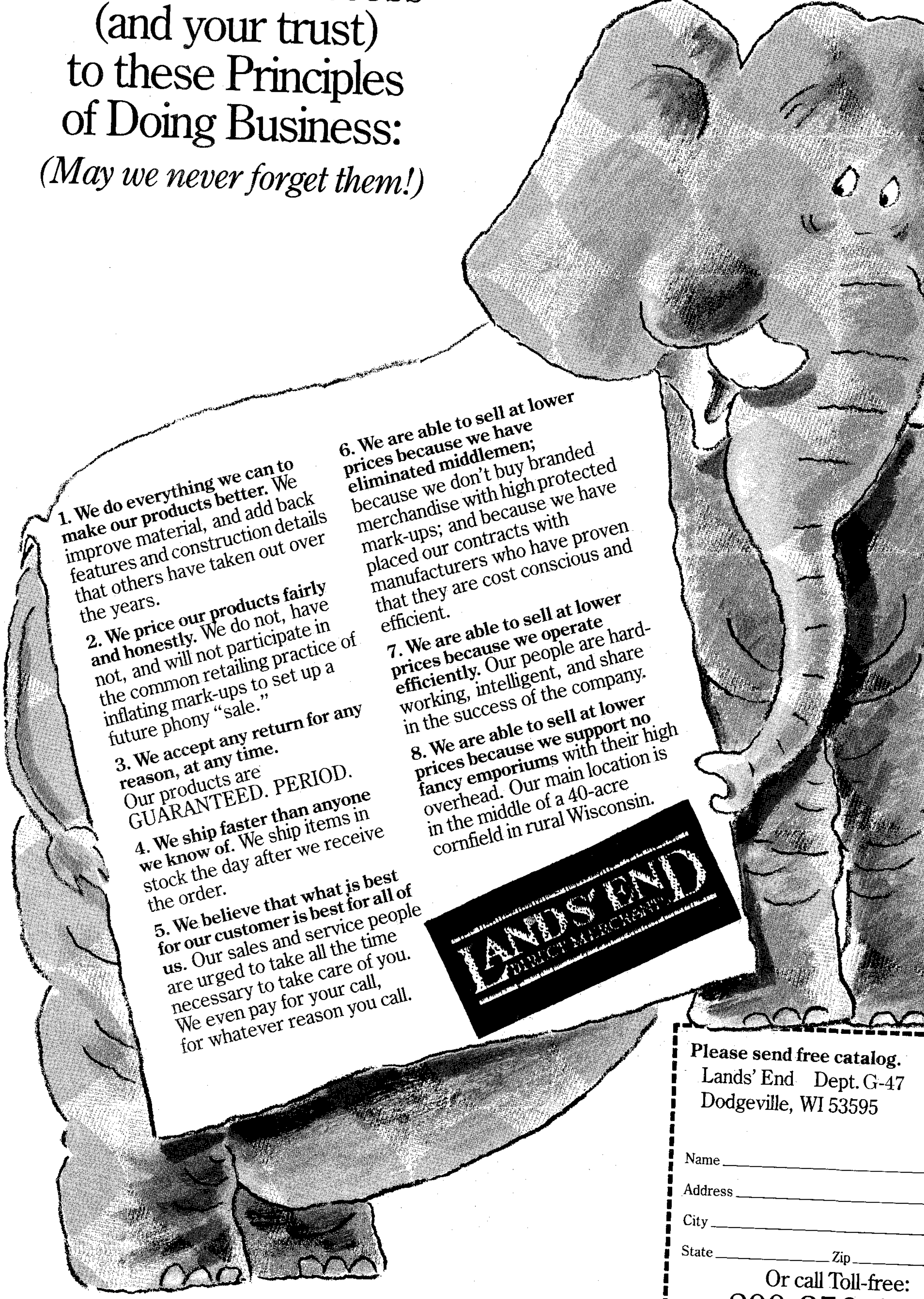

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Soviet Union's Embassy staff is said to be a thousand strong (the United States fields a mere nineteen foreign-service officers and perhaps a hundred other people), and every year a hundred or so promising Malians still get scholarships to pursue their studies in Russia. One day, I paid a call on a hydrogeologist, in the town of Bla, who I hoped could tell me something about the state of the nation's water supply. (I already knew that fewer than fifteen per cent of all Malians have regular access to what is usually considered safe water.) I was interested to hear that he had accumulated much of his expertise during six years of study in Leningrad. He was pleased to tell me that he and his associates in an organization called Mali-Aqua-Vita had in the past two years dug thirteen hundred new wells and had already supplied a thousand of these with foot pumps so simple that a five- or six-year-old child could operate them and the least skilled of blacksmiths could keep them in working order. (UNICEF estimated not long ago that the country as a whole needs nearly thirty thousand more wells than it has.) The hydrogeologist had one of the pumps in his back yard; he also had something quite unusual in a rural Malian home—an electric refrigerator. He said that in areas where his wells were in use there had been a marked falling off of dysentery and diarrhea. But there was a problem: so many Malians from distant northerly regions had heard about the new sources of clean water that they and their camels were converging upon the well sites in disturbing numbers. Why, that very day, for the first time in his thirty-seven years, he had seen—all these hundreds of miles down from the desert—a camel pulling a plow.

Mali is reputed to owe the Soviet Union more than a hundred million dollars for purchases of arms (I should add at once that one sees far fewer soldiers and policemen in Mali than in many Third World nations), and to help liquidate that robust debt it has given its creditor the concessions to its gold mines, in the southwest part of the country. The Soviet influence has been more humanely manifest in Bamako: the capital's principal hospital was largely funded by Russia, and some twenty Russian doctors form the core of the medical staff. They have been credited with, among other good deeds, saving the life of an American Marine with a severe skull injury. (A few Chinese doctors have instructed

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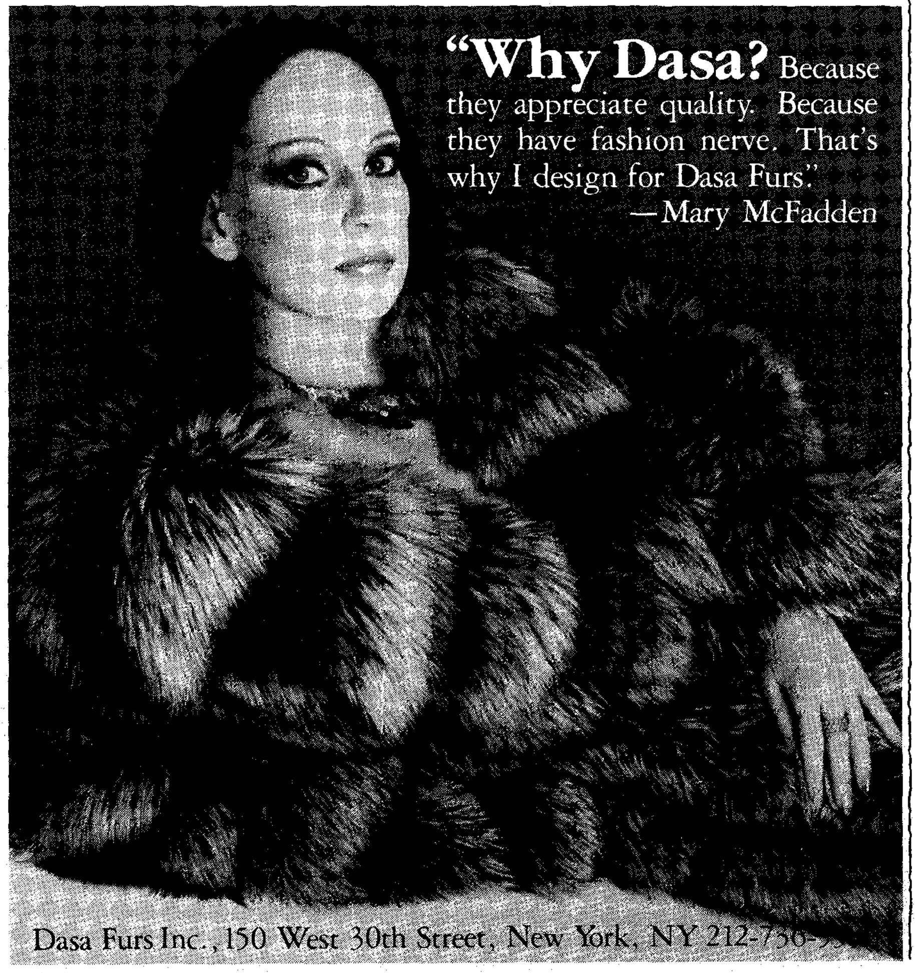
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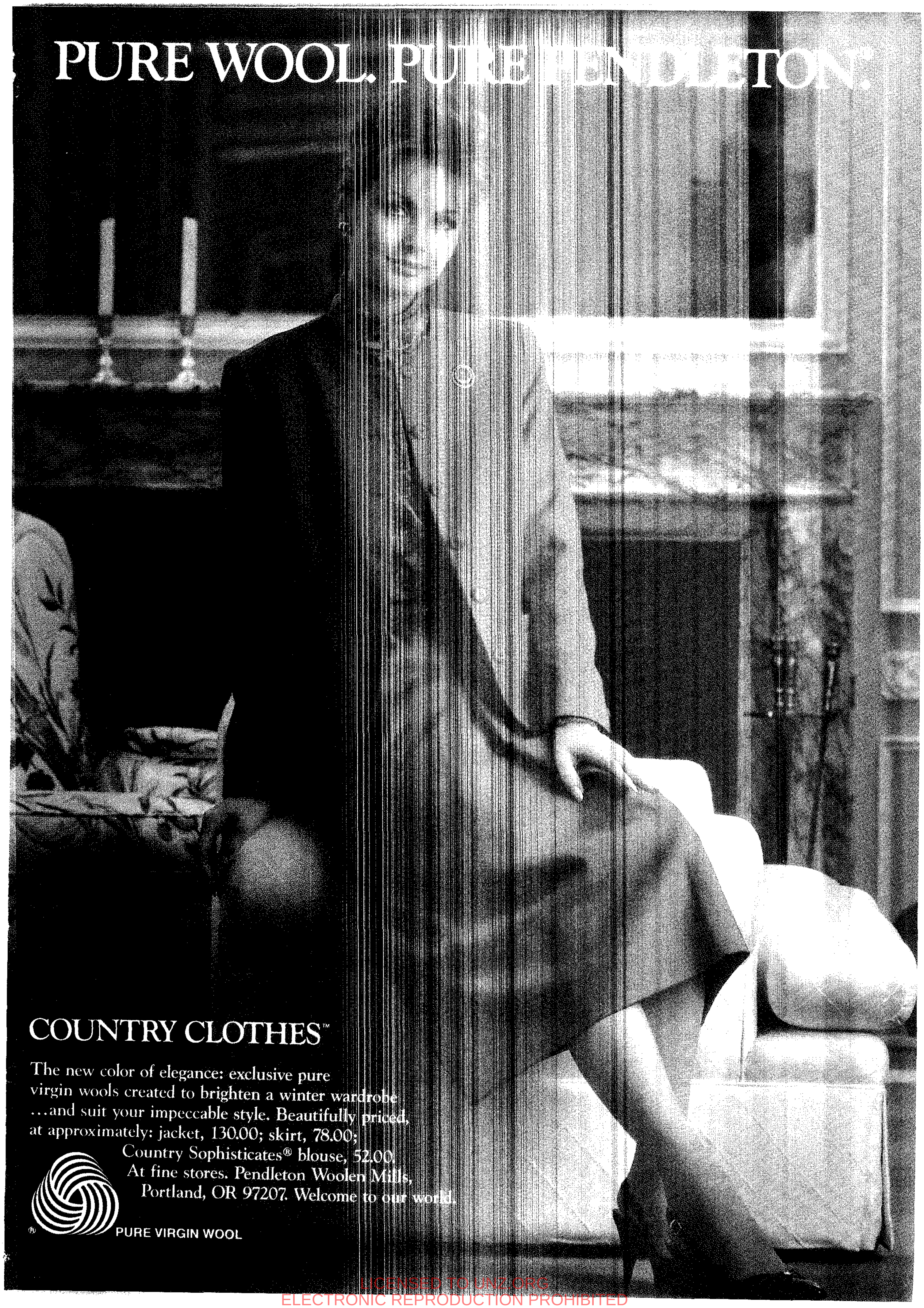

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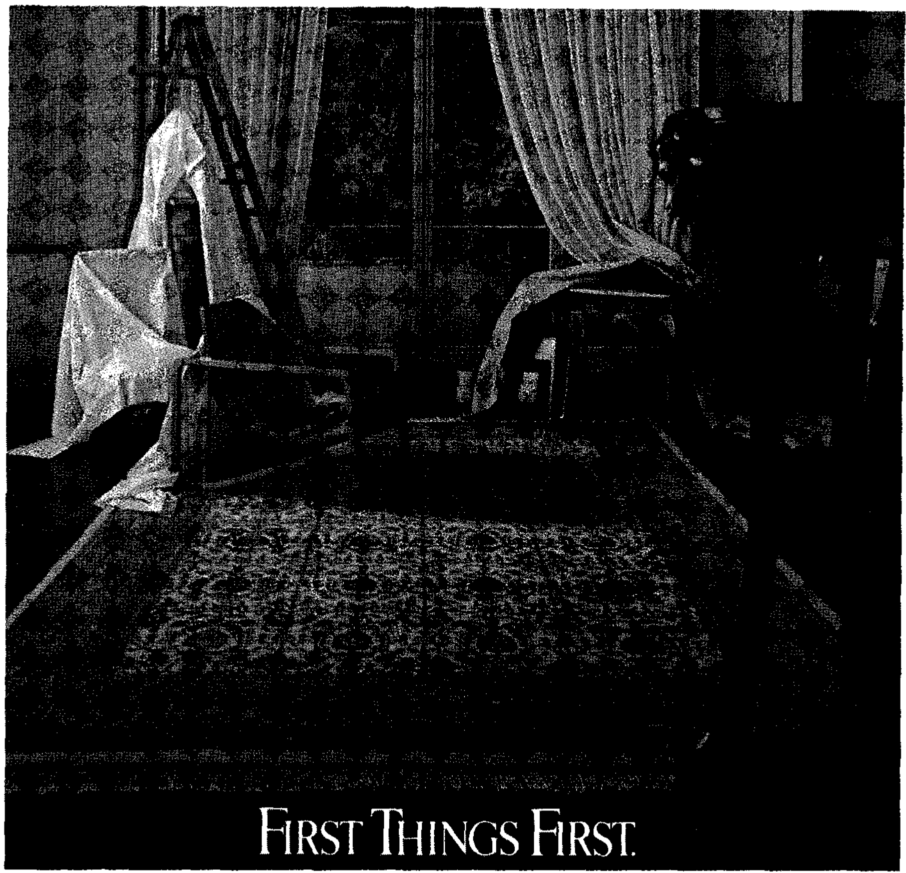

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Malian counterparts in acupuncture; some Cuban emissaries, for their part, have taught Malians the rumba.) There is only one Malian physician for every twenty-seven thousand Malian fellow-citizens, and most of the indigenous doctors elect to stay in the cities. Although Bamako, which in a 1980 census had six hundred thousand residents, has been so engulfed by refugees that its population may have reached a million, ninety per cent of all Malians remain in villages, and so have scarcely any access to what Westerners would deem adequate health care. A pregnant rural woman who has reason to fear a difficult delivery may have to travel twenty-four hours by donkey cart to the nearest place where she might find help, and, once there, may find nothing. Some country practitioners, who in China might be called barefoot doctors, literally have to get about on foot; most of them do not have motor vehicles to begin with, and those who do often can't afford any gasoline.

To make matters worse, Malians are afflicted with diseases—sometimes in epidemic proportions—that are relatively rare elsewhere: cholera, polio, meningitis, and measles. UNICEF ascertained that in the month of February, 1985, alone Mali had five thousand five hundred recorded cases of measles, and that two hundred and thirty-seven of these were fatal. UNICEF also calculated that simply to meet the cost of transporting vaccines and drugs to where they were needed in Mali in 1985 would require three hundred thousand dollars. Sanitation, moreover, is slipshod. A rural family will dig a hole in the dirt floor of its home, and through this its sewage flows outside. Flies are ubiquitous, and many cafés pass out cardboard coasters to put not under glasses but over them. When I stopped at a roadside inn in the course of a dusty drive—after a while, one hardly bothers to glance any longer at the dead cattle at the side of the road—a fly got into my Fanta before I could get any of the Fanta into me.

When Mali, as a fledgling republic, was taking advice from the Soviets, it established a number of national agencies to run the economy. There are sixty of these today, all but a handful operating at a loss. Sixty per cent of the Malian annual budget, of a hundred and sixty million dollars, goes for the salaries of bureaucrats, most of them comfortably sequestered in Bamako, where the flies are least troublesome. Until recently, anybody who finished high school was guaranteed a government job. Under pressure from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, on whose continuing largesse countries like Mali have become increasingly dependent, that custom is being phased out. (The World Bank has been urging Mali to shut down the agencies in charge of leather tanning, bookselling, and hotel management, for instance, and to let private industry assume those functions.) The shift has come as a nasty blow to young Malians who have returned from studies abroad. I ran into one man, twenty-eight years old, back from London, and fluent in English, Spanish, and French, who hadn't been able to find a job in seven months; he said his only hope was to be taken on by one of the international organizations engaged in emergency relief work. Some European observers of the contemporary Malian scene believe that one solution to the country's problems would be to have the place revert to colonialism, or, at any rate, neocolonialism—for it to invite French businessmen back to put the economy on its feet. (And with it, perhaps, the statue of Maréchal Lyautey, a French colonial administrator, which I discovered lying on its back in the weeds behind the National Museum.)

One change that is already under way, and is conceivably of real significance, has to do with the restructuring of the cereal markets, the idea being to give farmers a better return on their grain without unduly raising the cost to consumers. This legerdemain is being made possible by getting outside nations, the United States conspicuous among them, to donate enough grain so that when the Malian marketing agency, the Office des Produits Agricoles du Mali, or OPAM, sells it the proceeds can be used to increase the price paid to local producers. It is the hope of some donor nations, the United States again in the forefront, that eventually there can be a free cereal market, with no government controls at all; and last March no less a personage than George Bush touched down at Bamako to sing the praises of free enterprise. It was not there, however, but during his next stop, at Niamey, Niger, that the Vice-President delivered himself of one of the hoariest saws in the food-aid business, saying, "I have heard more than once from African leaders on this trip that to give a man a fish will feed him

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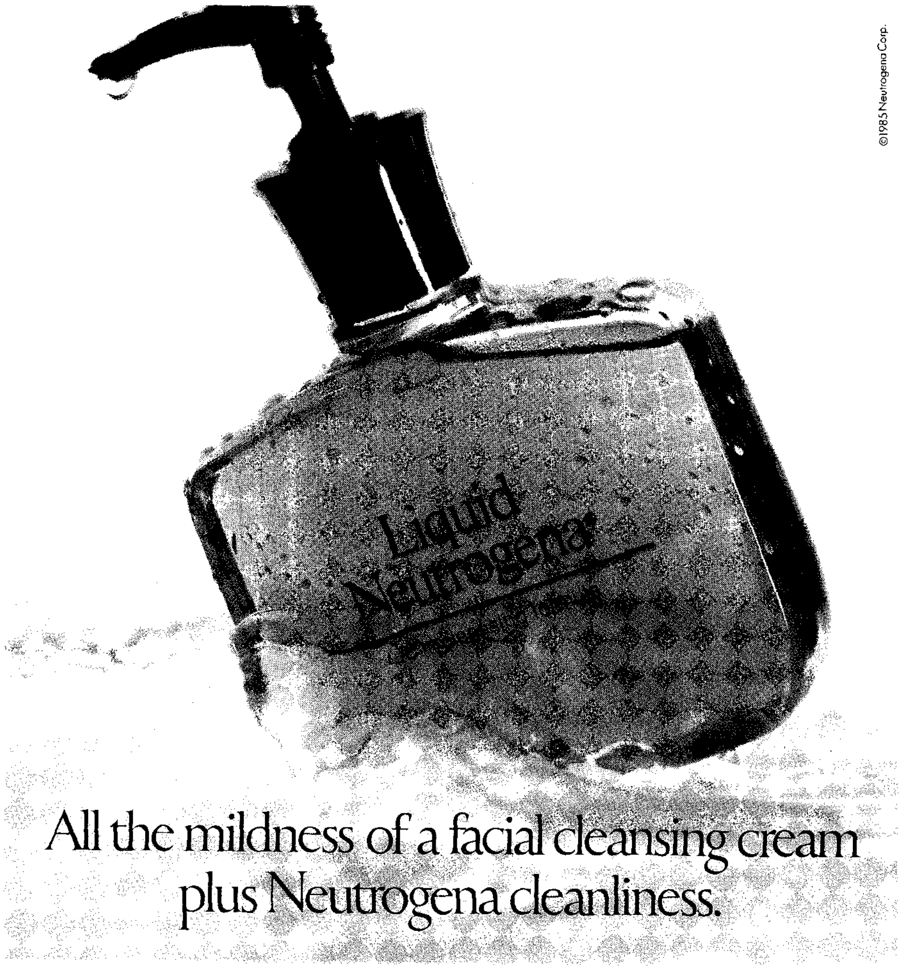

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for a day, but to teach him how to fish will make him self-sufficient for life." It is not known whether Mr. Bush had an opportunity during his brief Malian stay to chat with any members of the Bozo tribe, who have specialized in fishing for centuries but in the last year have had to sit forlornly idle on the banks of onetime streams that no longer flow, or even trickle.

AS a result of Mali's edging away from the Soviet sphere of influence and into relative nonalignment, its relations with the United States have improved notably. One reason for the shift may be that over a thirty-year stretch, starting in 1954, the Soviet Union and its Eastern European allies gave Mali, in loans and grants, and not counting military hardware, a hundred and forty-five million dollars all told, whereas in just one five-year stretch, starting in 1978, Mali's development-assistance funds from the United States, Canada, and Western Europe came to six hundred and fifty million. Bamako is one foreign capital where the American Ambassador—since last fall he has been Robert J. Ryan, Jr., a career foreign-service officer whose previous African experience includes tours in Rabat and Pretoria—can and does move about without a bodyguard.

By the end of 1985, the United States will in this single year have given or lent Mali more than eighty million dollars, part of which is to be allocated for an economic reform program aimed in part at reducing bureaucratic salary costs. A more cheerful American project took place this summer at Gao, a city on the Niger River east of Timbuktu, where the ferry had proved too frail to support thirty-ton food-aid trucks. Twenty United States Army Engineers were sent in from West Germany—except for a handful of Marine guards who are stationed at the Embassy in Bamako, they are the only members of the American armed forces who have ever been formally dispatched to Mali—and in forty-eight hours they had thrown together a sturdy pontoon raft, which they pushed back and forth across the river with three motorboats. In one day, the Engineers ferried thirty-six truckloads across the Niger. Since the raft became operational, fifteen thousand tons of donor grain have crossed the river. The Engineers were rewarded with profuse thanks and a chance to have their pictures taken on camelback.

Mali, though landlocked (it's surrounded by Algeria, Niger, Burkina Faso, the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Guinea, and Mauritania), is traversed by the waters of the Niger as it flows in a huge arc from Guinea to Nigeria. The Niger still has water in it, but at far below normal levels. The West Africa Rice Development Association, for instance, opened a research station near Mopti five years ago for the study of floating rice, but the Niger hasn't risen high enough since then to flood the paddy fields where the rice was supposed to float. When I was there, in midsummer, some of the Niger's tributaries could no longer float a leaf. The Bani River cuts across the principal approach to the ancient city of Djenné, which is three hundred miles southwest of Timbuktu and is celebrated for a massive mud-brick mosque. To get by automobile to Djenné, one used to have to depend on a ferry for a portage of several hundred watery yards. When I visited Djenné, it was possible to walk across the Bani without getting one's feet wet. Outside Djenné, where in better days paddy fields flourished, the only things sprouting from the parched landscape were termite mounds. The civil administrator of the town bemoaned the fact that cattle around there were dying from eating sand. One knowledgeable agriculturist has asserted that the Djenné area "has undergone a major and probably irreversible ecological change."

Even in the best of times, Malian soil, especially in the Sahel region, is worse than marginal. According to an expert who has been breeding plants in the Sahel for more than six years, if one were to assign to the rich soil of the United States corn belt a rating of sixty, on the same scale the most miserable soil in Arizona would be scored at twenty, and the average soil in Mali at between two and four. And the better grades of Malian soil, from colonial days down to the present, have often been devoted not to food grains but, rather, to cash crops—peanuts and cotton, largely—that can yield some export income.

DROUGHTS have been routine in African history, but never have they been as persistently damaging as over the last twenty years. Some maps of Mali have customarily been colored green and yellow—green for sections that are habitually vegetative, yellow for desert. Vast stretches of the country may have to be changed from green

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to yellow when the maps are next updated. To be sure, the rains have come this year, but much of the damage may be irrevocable. American development officials on the scene estimated this past spring that the current drought had already uprooted a hundred and sixty thousand Malians and that the way of life of more than a million others was threatened. In addition to any Malians who may have actually starved to death, the drought's toll includes malnourished children, for they are far more likely than well-fed ones to succumb to measles or some other disease. Physicians and nutritionists have also speculated that involuntary alterations in food-preparation practices—for instance, having to make porridge without bacteria-killing fermented milk, because of feebly lactating cattle—may have increased the incidence of cholera: three thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine cases, eight hundred and fifty-nine of them fatal, in the twelve months starting in July, 1984. There is a strong cultural tradition among Malian villagers not to admit to any prying outsider that they are hungry. And it is difficult to discuss causes of death with Muslims anywhere, because dying is, after all, something that is decided by Allah, and Allah alone.

One is sometimes at a loss to know quite what or whom to believe. A European doctor in Bamako told me that in the town of Koro, in eastern Mali, not far from the Burkina Faso border, some people had been living for five months on baobab leaves and whatever grains they could dig out of anthills. He said he'd been ashamed to drink a Coke in the Koro market, because there were so many beggars staring at him. In Koro a few days later, not only did I come across no evidence of leaf-eating but I ran into one man who had just bought a sack of cornmeal for his chickens and who said that the local warehouse was so full of grain that newly arriving sacks were being stored in the schoolhouse. He added hastily that he was talking about grain for sale, and that to people without money—nomads, for instance, migrating from the north—it made little difference how much food was around, since they had no way of buying any. For all he knew, someone in the bush somewhere might be living on leaves. Still, tree-planting was his job, and he hadn't noticed anybody eating any of *his* leaves. The Army captain in charge of the region, for his part, insisted that although local supplies of

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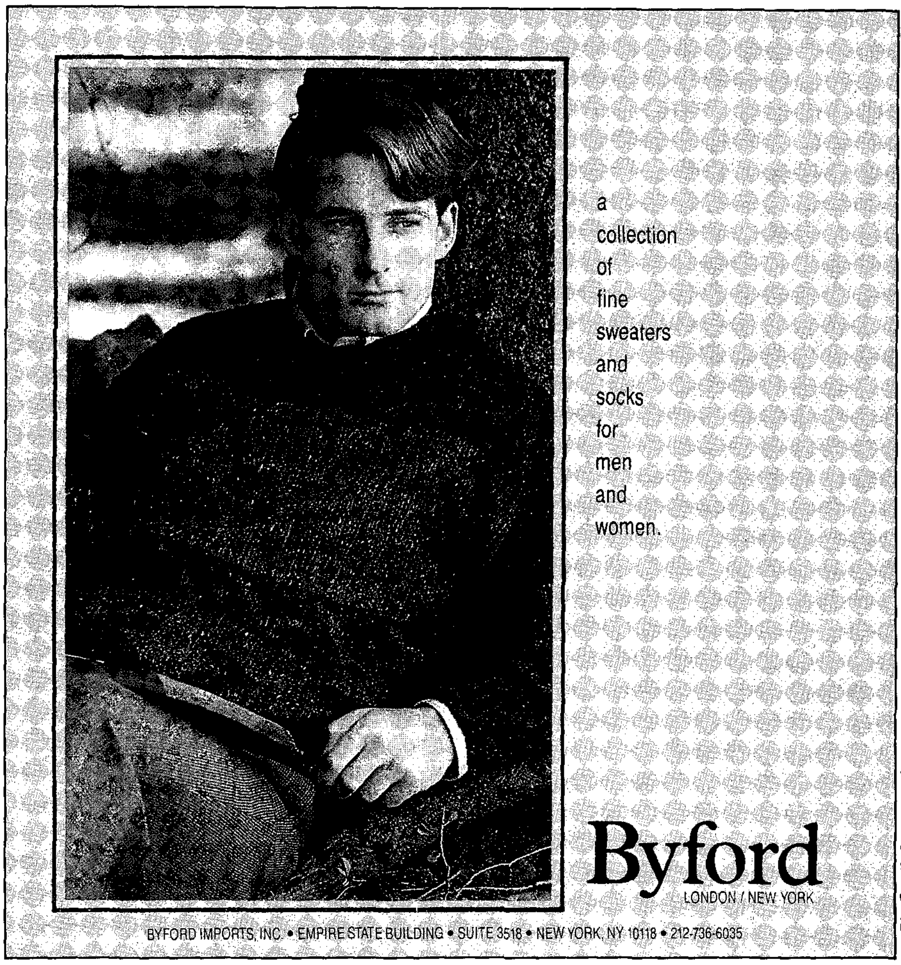
grain were, by his reckoning, considerably below normal, everybody within his jurisdiction was getting *something*. (Like the hydrogeologist at Bla, *le commandant* had been trained in the Soviet Union; he had a picture of Lenin on his desk and a Russian map of Africa on his office wall.) The only beggars I spotted in Koro were three women—grandmother, mother, and daughter, apparently—hanging around outside this captain's office. Later that day, when the car I was travelling in had a flat tire, a logistics specialist from Switzerland who was on assignment in Mali for the United Nations Disaster Relief Organization pulled over to see if he could offer any relief. He had been making a survey of conditions in and around Koro, he said, and he'd never heard of anyone living on leaves. The sorriest-off people he'd come across anywhere in Mali, he went on, confirming my own inexpert view, were the nomads huddled despairingly around makeshift dwellings on the sands on the outskirts of Timbuktu.

APPROXIMATELY ten per cent of the Malian population—seven hundred thousand-odd people—have always been nomadic herders; there are the Tuaregs and the Bellas, the latter standing in near-slavish relation to the former. The desert folk have never been accustomed to having much water, or much of anything else, but for centuries they've managed to get by, provided they could find enough pasturage for their animals—in normal times, a collective herd of some ten million cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, and camels. Some of the nomads, I was told by more than one worried Western observer, have lately been facing the possibility that they may have to stop being roving herders and become settled agriculturists, or even urban residents. Of their animals that have survived, many are so weak and scrawny—one can worriedly observe that for oneself—that they fetch only about a fifth of the price they commanded three years ago. Some international relief agencies—the Save the Children Federation, in particular—have been buying cattle at above-market prices, butchering them, drying the meat, and returning both the meat and the animals' skins to the previous owners.

Nomadic Malians have traditionally moved south in dry seasons and back north in rainy ones. Similarly, male Malians from agricultural areas have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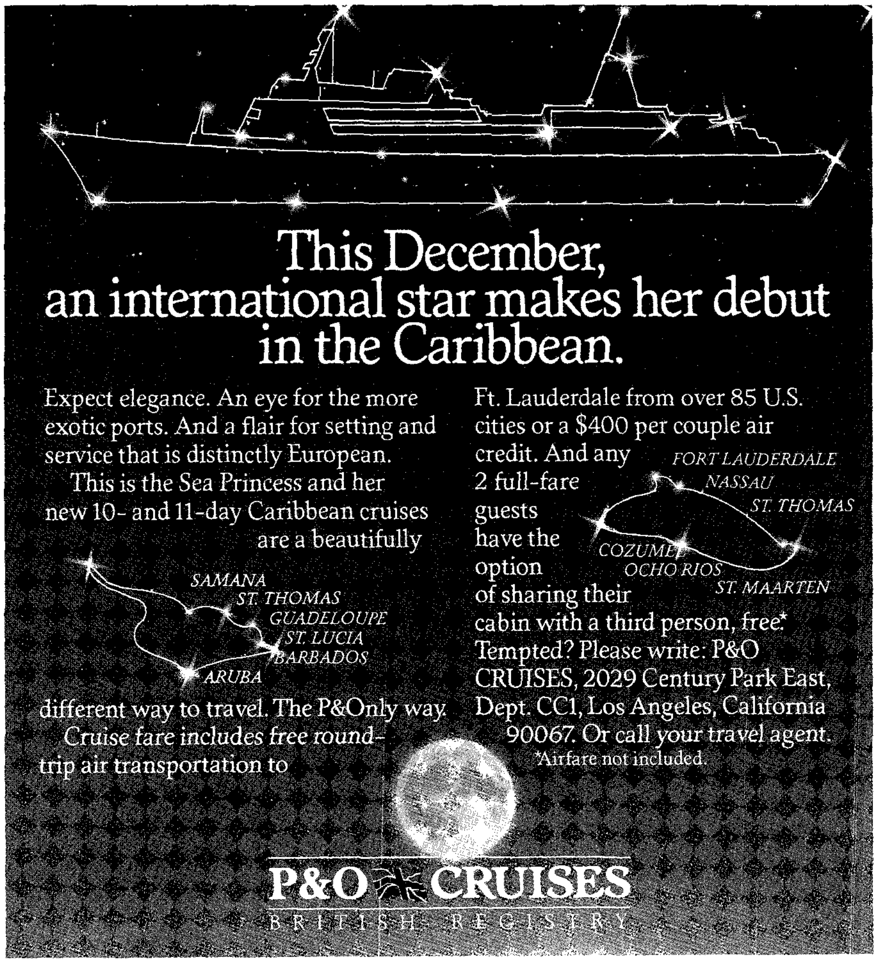
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often left home to work in Burkina Faso or the Ivory Coast and come back to help with planting and harvesting at the appropriate times of year. Now the migratory patterns are shifting. There are permanently displaced persons from the desert drifting about the rest of the country; they are known as *la population flottante*, and are not universally welcomed. And lately the men who go off to work have not always returned. Family life in Mali has been gravely, perhaps irrevocably, disrupted. In bygone days, the extended family was the societal core group. A unit consisted of three or four brothers, the eldest with three or four wives and thirty or forty children. The other brothers each had one wife and a proportionately large number of children. In all, a family might include as many as a hundred individuals. The oldest brother was the unchallenged head of the group, and would supervise the doling out of food for cooking at mealtimes. Since the drought, obtaining enough food to sustain a large family has been too heavy a burden for most village elders to attempt to shoulder, and it is all the heavier when the ranks of the family's males have been depleted by desertion. The upshot is that extended families are giving way to nuclear ones, which are often headed by women. The woman heading such a family may be a villager who for want of food or water in the countryside has moved to a city in the hope of finding work there as a bureaucrat's domestic. But an employer is expected to feed a servant's offspring as well as the servant herself, and a woman with four or five children (Mali's average is 7.7) is not an especially appealing prospect.

An American art historian, Sarah Brett-Smith, whose Mali-inspired Ph.D. dissertation at Yale was titled "Iron Skin: The Symbolism of Bamana Mud Cloth," felt it necessary not long ago to shelve another research project. Brett-Smith had been asking Malian village sculptors how and why they worked, and had been rewarding her informants, as anthropologists do, with food; she felt constrained to quit because it didn't seem right to her that in villages where one skimpy meal a day was often supplanting four full ones she should be giving sustenance to some people, and not to others. "Distribution of free food may give some people the physical strength to walk out of the area," she wrote in one report on her field work, "but it will not alter the village-level

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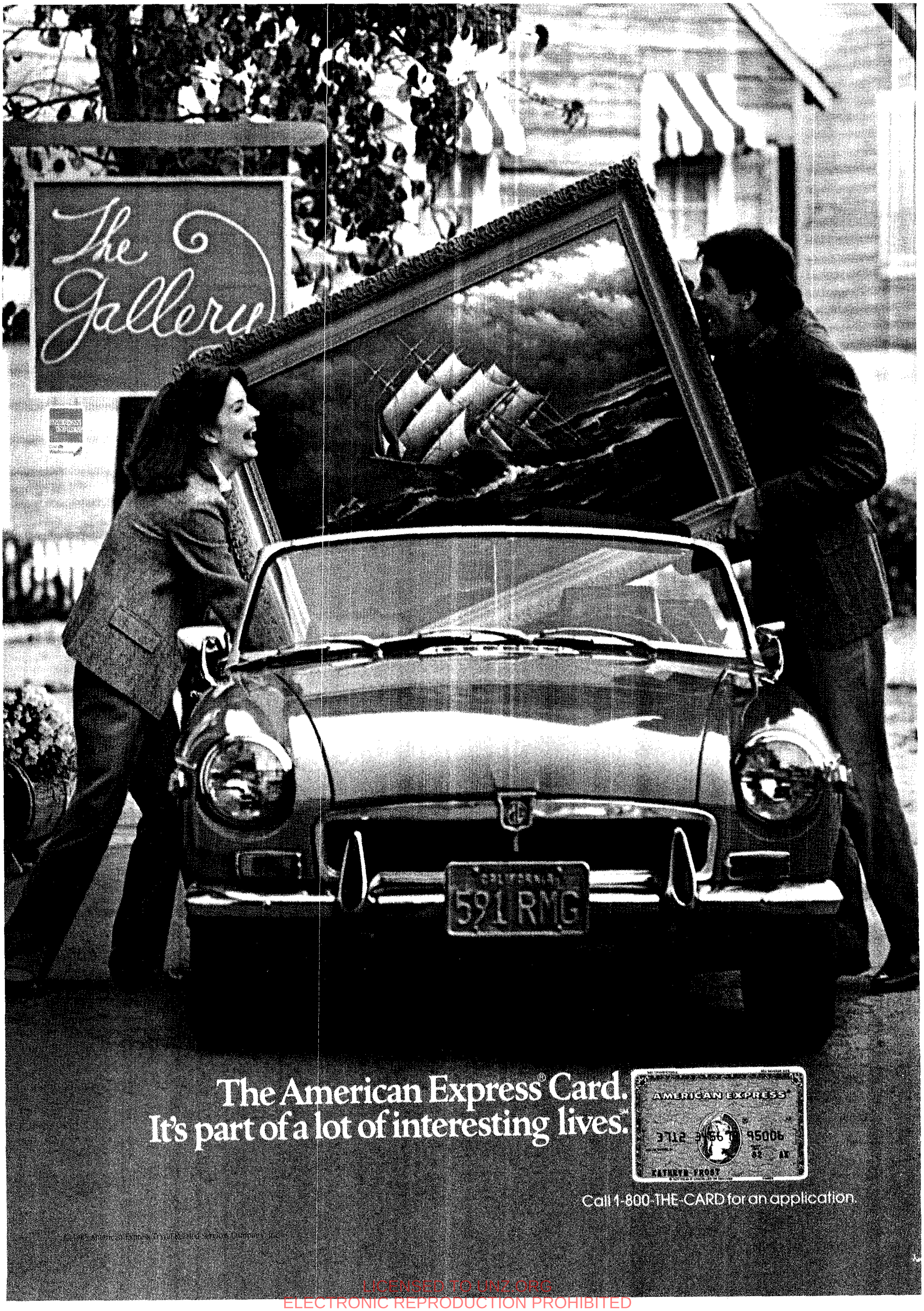
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decisions to abandon the area for farming and therefore for living." In the villages in that sector, she went on, there had been a near-total failure of the 1984 harvest, and she wrote, "They no longer believe that either well digging, artificial irrigation, or an increase in rain will enable them to produce grain. They have given up hope."

OF all cereal grains, millet and sorghum adapt best to areas where water is scarce. They—especially millet—are Mali's crucial crops. John F. Scheuring, an American plant breeder with a Ph.D. from Texas A. & M., has been affiliated for the last nine years with the International Crops Research Institute for the Semi-Arid Tropics, based in Hyderabad, India; since 1980 he has been stationed at Bamako, trying to improve the breeds of both millet and sorghum. It could be ten or twenty years more, he has resignedly said, before any appreciable increase in yields might result from endeavors such as his. And even then there is no assurance that Malians would accept whatever new varieties might be available to them. People anywhere, even very hungry people, can be finicky in their likes and dislikes. A standard Malian concoction is a paste called *tô*, which is shaped into a ball and dipped into a meat or vegetable sauce. *Tô* comes in many colors, depending on what cereal it's fashioned from. Most Malians prefer it to be made from corn and to be yellowish. Scheuring and some of his associates have described what happened to a shipment of food aid from the United States that consisted mainly of reddish sorghum. Malians don't like red *tô*, and they wouldn't serve it until after dark, when their children couldn't see what they were eating.

With the food aid coming into Mali nowadays, the general practice is for

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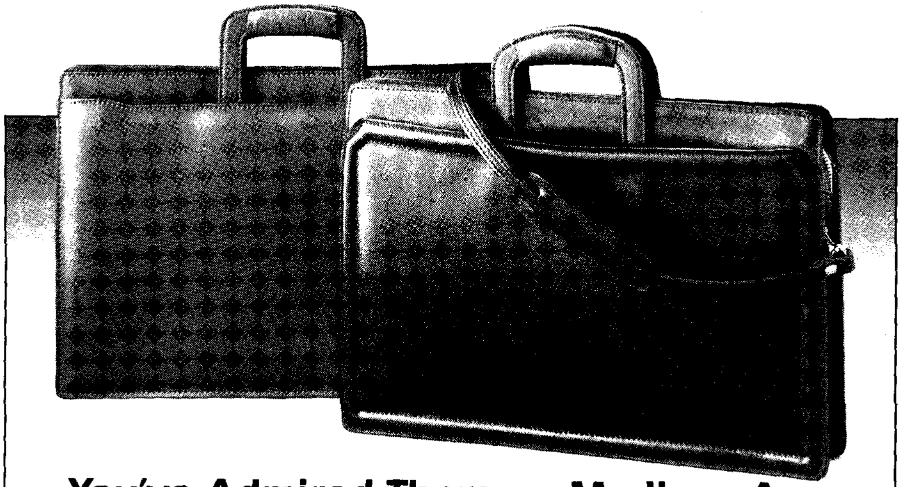
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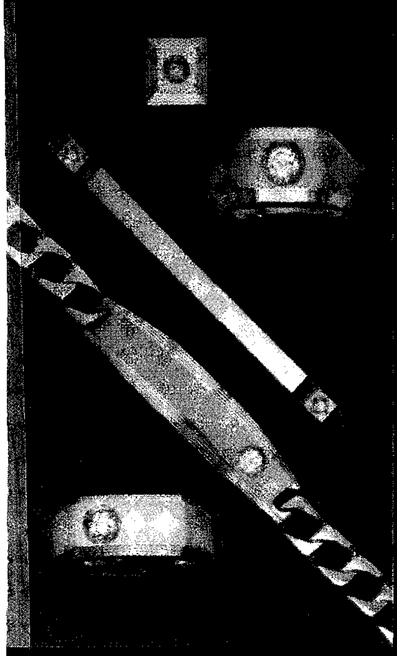

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corn to be distributed free and rice to be sold, and for part of the proceeds from the rice sales to be used to pay part of the costs of transporting and distributing the corn. It would be all but impossible to get any food to many of the people who need it most if it were not for the concerted efforts of a whole slew of N.G.O.s and P.V.O.s—non-governmental organizations and private voluntary organizations—from the outside world. Indeed, one of the few unexceptionably heartening things a visitor to Mali learns is how many nations have got together there to succor, one way or another, this tiny nation that, in a geopolitical or commercial sense, is practically irrelevant. Kuwaitis and West Germans work together to improve the Mopti-Gao road. At the Gao airport, the only piece of machinery capable of hoisting some of the components flown in for the American Army Engineers' ferry was a Soviet crane. At the Mopti airport sits a Japanese truck that has come up from Abidjan with a cargo of grain; it has "COOPERATION" painted on the driver's door, and also "MALI-JAPON" and the flags of both countries.

Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, British, Canadians, Italians, French, Americans—they and probably some others I wasn't apprised of are all on the scene, some representing their governments, some working for N.G.O.s or P.V.O.s, all engaged in the crucial and sometimes excruciating business of translating philanthropy into practicality. The Red Cross is present, and CARE, and World Relief, and World Vision, and Oxfam; so are the Southern Baptists, the Seventh-Day Adventists, and the Stromme Foundation, named after a Norwegian missionary to Africa. I flew to Timbuktu in a plane belonging to the Mission Aviation Fellowship, a fundamentalist group that began functioning around the globe right after the Second World War. The missionary who flew me had no co-pilot—though I suppose in the circumstances God could legitimately be considered to have filled that slot. The pilot seemed nervous, and he explained why: in twenty years or so of airtime all over the earth, he had weathered his share of windstorms and rainstorms and hailstorms, but the *harmattan*—a sandstorm off the Sahara—was something else again, to be avoided at all costs. He adjured his passengers to keep in close touch with him on arrival, because whenever he

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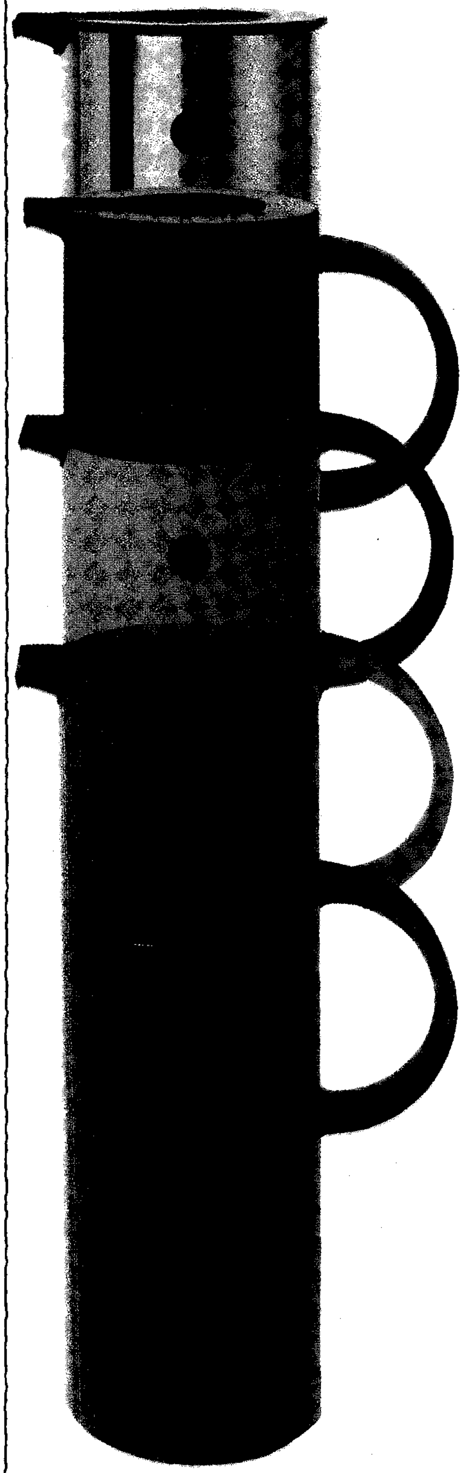

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decided that it behooved him to fly back they had better be ready. At the Timbuktu airport, we passengers found a taxi, and the pilot instructed the driver to take us to a hotel. So much sand had drifted over the hotel driveway that the cab got stuck, and we had to walk the last few yards. It turned out to be a poor choice of hotels anyway; its generator was on the blink. We trudged across a hot stretch of sand to another hotel, escorted now by a retinue of salesmen who had materialized and were urging us to buy a rooster or an egg or a dagger or a bracelet or a rug or a camel or the one object I did acquire—a leather amulet that I was assured would instill uncommon endurance in anybody lucky enough to own it. There is usually an element of sport in bargaining with Third World salespeople, but somehow it didn't seem like fun at Timbuktu; you had the feeling that these people were peddling some of their most precious possessions, simply so they could feed themselves. The second hotel had run out of Coca-Cola; that made me suspect that I had truly reached the end of the earth.

An Englishman I chatted with in Timbuktu—he was there on a one-year contract with the United Nations Disaster Relief Organization—said he had previously been stationed in Bangladesh, and that it was even worse off than Mali. "They've reached the stage there where half an acre has to support ten people," he said. "And if their population—already well over a hundred million—doubles, as it well may in the next ten years . . ." He stopped and shook his head. "You know," he continued, "there was an unfortunate population explosion of sorts here in Mali in the nineteen-sixties. It actually rained hard for a while then, and the nomads happily let their herds increase—probably, as it turned out, by far too much. Now the herds have been decimated, and the nomads are having to rethink their entire existence. I don't know what's going to happen to them, but I can tell you what I think is going to happen to Timbuktu. After all these centuries of struggling to survive, it's just going to disappear into the sand."

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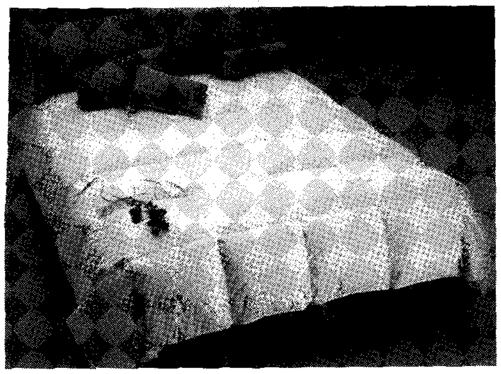

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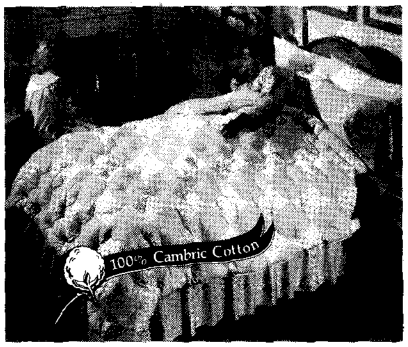

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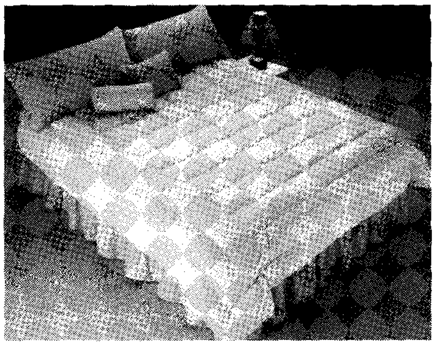

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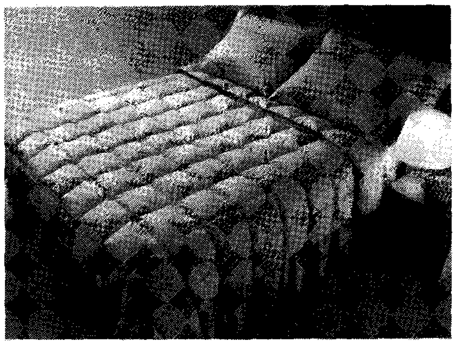

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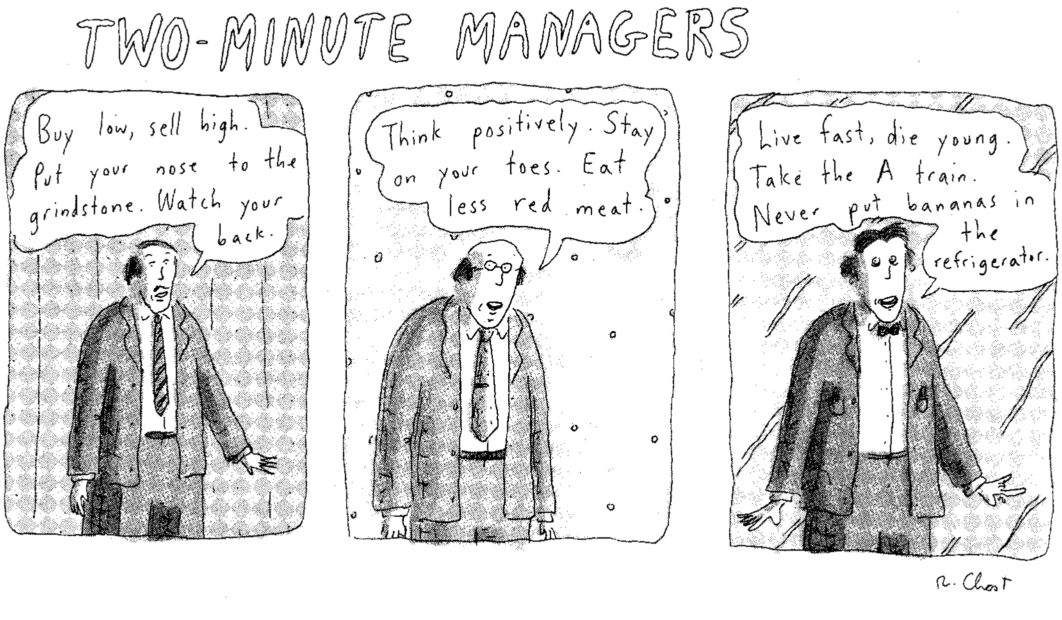
EARLY last month, speaking of the mayor of a large American city who was up for reëlection, a black county-commission chairman from that city told a Washington *Post* reporter, "No one's running against him, because he can't be beaten. He's a political superstar." Actually, the mayor had four opponents, but none of them were given the faintest chance of pulling an upset. The fact that he had been allowed to run virtually unopposed was particularly noteworthy, a local white member of Congress assured the reporter, because the city was blessed with "extraordinary political talent . . . both black and white." Some residents complained, however, that the mayor paid little attention to blacks and to the poor, that he had allied himself with—and was beholden to—the city's rich real-estate developers, that his policies had caused "tremendous polarization" in the community, and that he travelled abroad too much. A black politician, a supporter of the Reverend Jesse Jackson in the 1984 Presidential campaign, who had considered a mayoral race but had thought better of it said of the mayor that he was "kind of like Ronald Reagan" in the sense that he had "that Teflon kind of protective shield around him," adding, "He can be terrible, but the people still like him." Although almost identical observations have been made about the man who is at the top of the ticket in the 1985 municipal election in this city, the mayor who was being written about in the Washington *Post* was not Edward Koch but Andrew Young, to whom Atlantans, when they went to the polls in a nonpartisan contest on October 8th, gave eighty-four per cent of their vote—a record that Koch will be happy if he can match in the general election here on November 5th.

The similarities between the complaints about Andrew Young from his fellow-blacks in Atlanta and those levelled at Koch by many blacks and their sympathizers here lend support to the theory, popular at New York's City Hall, that race may have little to do with the differences between Koch and his critics, even though, in and out of election years, in connection with almost every issue that arises, he is routinely accused of being "insensitive to the concerns of local minority groups," with some complainants going further and defining the alleged insensitivity as racism, thereby routinely setting off countercharges from City Hall that those who call the Mayor racist are themselves racists: the kind of exchange that often passes for political discourse in this town. On the other hand, some New York black leaders—including Basil Paterson, a prominent member of that group—would agree with Benjamin Ward, New York's black police commissioner, that racism is "as American as apple pie," or, certainly, that it continues to be a staple on the political menu here. Paterson, a highly respected former state senator and former secretary of state in Albany, who supported Jesse Jackson in 1984, had been expected to be the standard-bearer of a local version of Jackson's Rainbow Coalition which planned to try to defeat Koch this year. "We will be live—real live—in 1985 . . . New York, your time has come," Jackson assured a jubilant Harlem crowd in April, 1984, the night he came in second in the city in the Democratic Presidential primary, beating out Colorado Senator Gary Hart, and third in the state, only a point behind Hart. "Every issue in the city has racial overtones: affirmative action, busing, crime, housing, the homeless, even mass transit," Paterson said early this summer, many months after he had announced that he would not be a candidate against Koch after all.

Perhaps the big-vote-getting mayors of Atlanta and New York will discuss the racial politics of their two cities during their next meal together, but they did not meet the last time Young was in New York. The weekend after his triumphal reëlection, he came here to join Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter for the dedication of the six-story shell of a tenement on the lower East Side, at 742 East Sixth Street, between Avenues C and D, that is being rebuilt by a Georgia-based organization called Habitat for Humanity to house nineteen low-income families, many of them now homeless—the building where the former President and his wife worked as carpenters during the summers of 1984 and 1985. A few days before the local Democratic mayoral primary, on September 10th, which Koch won with just under sixty-four per cent of the vote, Young had made a point of having breakfast with Koch at Gracie Mansion. His presence was not to be considered an endorsement, he said—he just wanted to express his appreciation for Mayor Koch's recent strong denunciations of the apartheid regime in South Africa. The photo opportunity would hardly have made a difference in Koch's chances of winning the primary; any possibility that he would be considered anything but unbeatable had vanished as a result of campaign miscalculations and mismanagement by his major opponents. The Mayor, however, was commendably anxious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to demonstrate that he represented—and was the favorite of—all New Yorkers, and thus to confound the many black and Hispanic leaders who were arguing to the contrary. From the September 10th returns, it did not appear that the joint appearance substantially boosted Koch's vote among blacks. The Mayor took thirty-seven per cent of that vote, although local newspaper polls had reported his approval rating among blacks as about twenty points higher. Herman (Denny) Farrell—a Manhattan state assemblyman little known to most New Yorkers, black or white, who, five months after Paterson pulled out, took over Paterson's role as a primary candidate against Koch—had a different explanation for the discrepancy. "The pollsters just haven't figured out how to poll blacks," he said a few weeks ago. Apparently, they have learned how to poll Hispanics, whom polls listed as awarding Koch an approval rating in the high sixties: in the primary, he won seventy per cent of the Latino voters. In the future, when critics mention that local minority groups believe the Mayor to be insensitive to their concerns he may fairly ask which minority group the critic has in mind.

Whether or not the news that the two mayors, Koch and Young, had congenially broken bread at Gracie Mansion influenced the primary results, it caused some bemusement among those who remembered that in 1980 Koch denounced his breakfast guest as one of a "gang of four"—a quartet of Carter Administration figures in the State Department and at the United Nations whom he described as "Arabists," and as "Third World-oriented and viciously anti-Israel." The inclusion of Young among the four had been somewhat gratuitous, for he was no longer part of the Carter Administration, having resigned as Ambassador to the United Nations seven months earlier, after it was revealed that he had met in an upper East Side apartment with the Palestine Liberation Organization's observer to the United Nations to search for ways to ease hostile relations in the Middle East.

MAYOR YOUNG's most recent trip to this city, to join his old Washington boss at the Habitat for Humanity dedication, occurred the same week that Minister Louis Farrakhan, head of the Nation of Islam, returned to what were, in a sense, his roots (he was born Louis Wolcott in the Bronx) by finishing up a national speaking tour with an appearance at Madison Square Garden. An S.R.O. crowd of twenty-five thousand New Yorkers, most of them black and many of them apparently middle class, turned out for the event—to the distress, and, indeed, alarm, of many other New Yorkers—and hundreds of blacks milled about outside. Inside the Garden, the spectators stamped their feet and cheered the minister's message—thunderously, according to those present. Some local black leaders had explained ahead of time that what they respected Farrakhan for was his program to increase blacks' economic self-reliance. Much of his time at the Garden, however, was occupied with denunciations of the evil influence of Jews in American life. In response to Koch's view, expressed a few days earlier, that he should burn in hell, Farrakhan said, "Dear Mr. Koch—the black people of New York City live in hell." (Wild cheers from the crowd.) The minister's harshest criticism was directed not at the Mayor but at a fellow-black, City Clerk David Dinkins, who—assuming the local tradition prevails that victory in the

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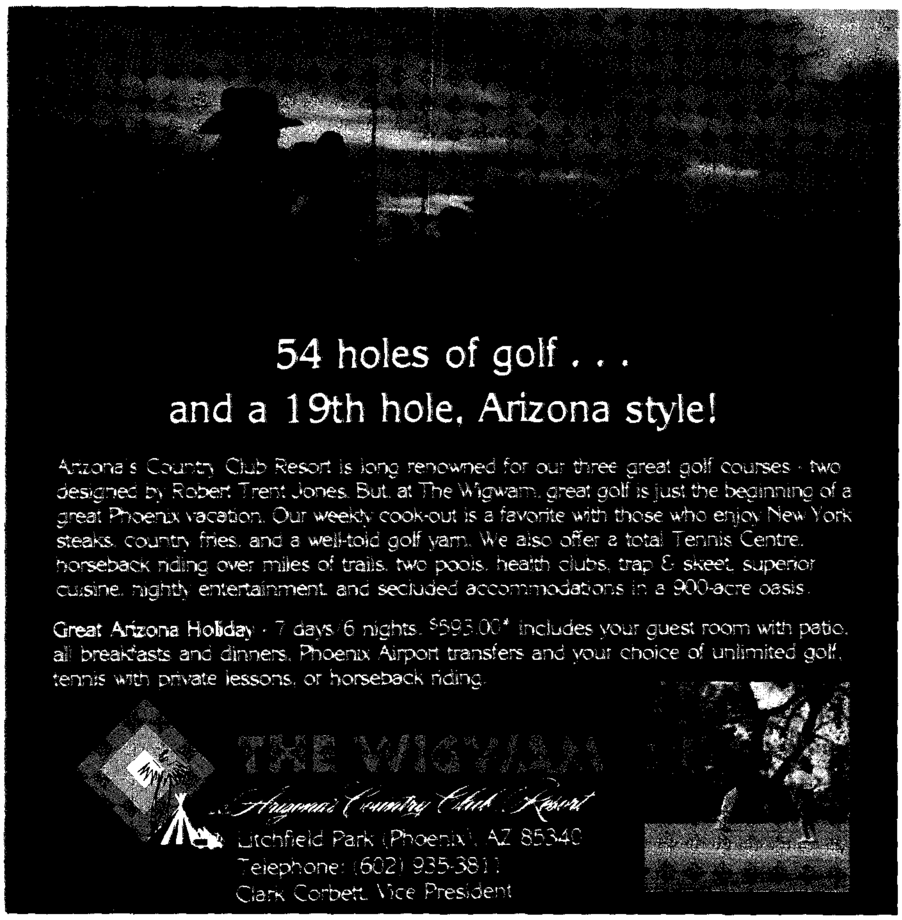
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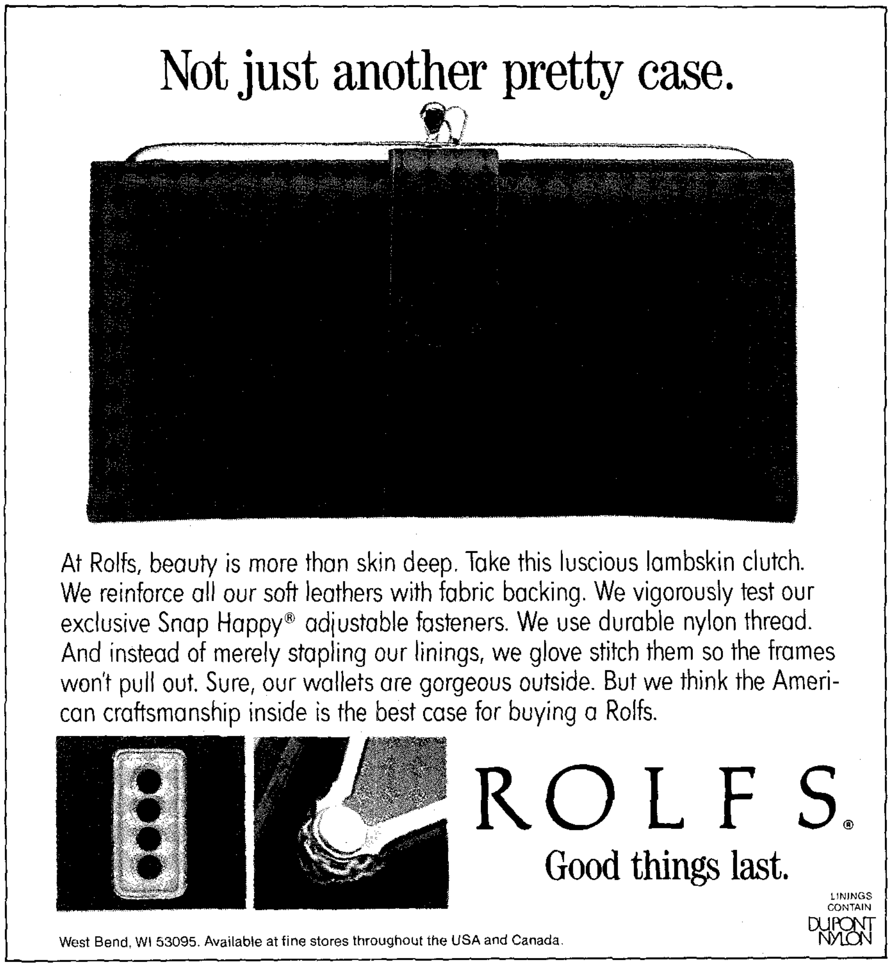
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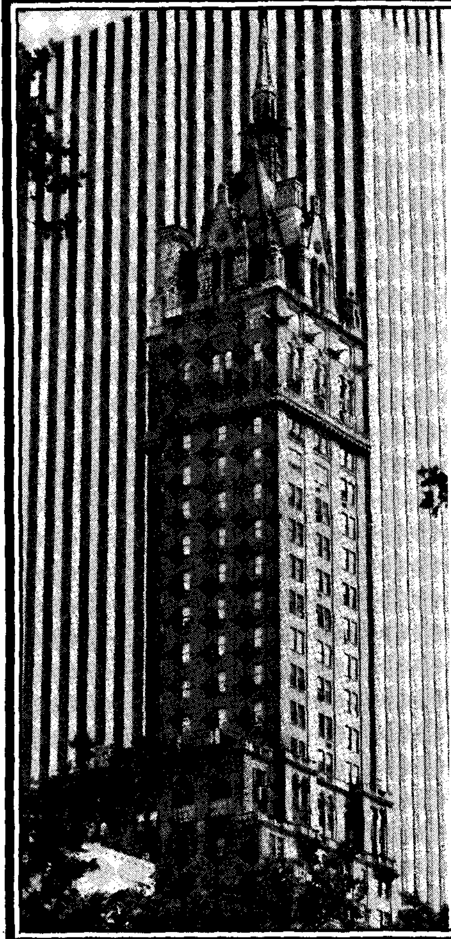
Democratic primary assures a win in the general election—will be sworn in on January 1st as the borough president of Manhattan. This will entitle him to a seat on the city's powerful Board of Estimate, on which local minorities have been unrepresented since 1977. For blacks here, Dinkins' victory was the only primary result that offered any comfort—Farrell, along with Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, having been swamped in the Koch landslide. Andrew Young, who knew Dinkins at Howard University, endorsed him, as did Governor Mario Cuomo, and both men helped him raise campaign funds. It is a prominent item on local blacks' long litany of complaints against Koch that he did not support Dinkins—or, for that matter, any black or Hispanic candidate who, as part of the movement to enlarge the meagre minority political influence in the city, ran in the primary against a white incumbent. Nevertheless, four days before the Farrakhan appearance the Mayor and Dinkins appeared side by side at a rally to denounce the racial views of the Nation of Islam's leader. Dinkins, who had run Jesse Jackson's Presidential campaign in Manhattan (though he had deplored Jackson's reference to "Hymies"), said of Farrakhan, "I find his blatantly anti-Semitic remarks offensive and I condemn them." At the Garden, after mentioning what he called Dinkins' "sellout," and referring to "silly Toms," the minister asked, "Do you think the leader should sell you out, and then *live?*" ("No!" shouted the crowd.) A few days later, Police Commissioner Ward, having listened to a tape of the speech at Koch's request, assigned Dinkins a police guard.

As it happens, the article in the Washington *Post* about Andrew Young was written by Milton Coleman, who for a time was also given police protection as a result of Farrakhan threats. Coleman is probably resigned to the fact that, no matter how brilliant his future journalistic achievements may be, part of his permanent identification will be that of having been the black reporter who, in an episode that caused Farrakhan to ask in public whether Coleman might be another person who did not deserve to live, told a Washington *Post* colleague early in the 1984 Presidential campaign that Jackson was in the habit of using the word "Hymietown," by which he did not mean Atlanta. Curiously, after the news stories about this appeared, few New Yorkers seemed to recall ever having used or been the target of the term "Hymie" as a slurring reference to Jews. There was speculation here that it might be indigenous to Chicago, Jackson's political home base. It does not appear in most of the standard slang dictionaries, with one exception: the Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo lists it as a hobo word for sexual intercourse. If the Reverend Mr. Jackson had known of this and had thought fast, he might have insisted that this was what he had in mind when he referred to New York as Hymietown—an explanation that in some local circles might not have been considered entirely uncomplimentary. The only reference to "Hymie" in William Safire's Political Dictionary is "Hymie's ferryboat," which has to do with the response made by Hymie Schorenstein, a Brooklyn Democratic district leader in the nineteen-twenties, to a complaint by one of his constituents, a candidate for some minor local office, that the Democrats were spending too much money on the man at the top of the ticket—Mayor Jimmy Walker, as the story often has it. "You ever watch the ferries come in from Staten Island?" Schorenstein supposedly asked the complainer. When a big ferry sails into the ferry slip, the district leader went on, it "drags in all the crap from the harbor behind it." As the man at the top of the ticket in the Democratic primary, Koch could presumably take credit for the fact that, although they would surely resist the old district leader's metaphor for them, every one of the members of the City Council and the Board of Estimate who ran for reëlection, all of them Democrats, came out ahead on Primary Day. On the other hand, in an era when political clubhouses are less powerful and candidates are expected to raise much of their own money, these winners may owe their success even more to the tradition that incumbents nearly always prevail. In fact, when the Mayor ventured to try to drag a couple of individual candidates through the political currents this year the mighty ferryboat did them no good at all. He actively opposed—and sponsored candidates against—two members of the City Council whom he has said he personally dislikes: Miriam Friedlander, who represents the lower East Side, and Ruth Messinger, from the upper West Side, both of them frequent critics of Koch priorities, partic-



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ularly where they concern attention to less affluent New Yorkers. "I scared the hell out of them, and I think that will be on their consciousness," Koch told a reporter afterward, with a chuckle. Actually, such mayoral bluster had been less effective in this case than he later proclaimed it to be in that of Hurricane Gloria, of which Koch said, the day after it had largely bypassed the city, "We scared the hell out of the hurricane, and it went elsewhere." Miss Friedlander defeated her Koch-endorsed opponent by a solid ten points—about the same margin by which she won the last time, when he also supported a candidate against her. As for Miss Messinger, she turned out to be a formidable vessel in her own right: while Koch won fifty-five per cent of the vote in her district, she took seventy-five per cent.

"I NEVER give advice to people who run against me. I let them commit as many errors as they possibly can," the Mayor said early last month. Surely the 1985 election has been gratifying to him in this regard. One of his two major primary opponents, Carol Bellamy, in an effort to turn the primary into a one-on-one race between herself and Koch (which she considered would be her only chance of winning), challenged the validity of the petition signatures that had qualified Koch's other major opponent, Farrell, to have his name on the ballot—signatures that were indeed in rather ragtag condition. Roger Stone, regional director of Ronald Reagan's campaigns in 1980 and 1984, called the move "bold and courageous," but it did not work, and, in the end, only made it possible for the Mayor to announce several times a day that Miss Bellamy had proved herself to be hostile to blacks. Even without Koch's pronouncements, the move to weaken Farrell antagonized blacks who might otherwise have voted for her as a plausible alternative to Koch. It also attracted attention to Farrell, who had previously been, as he put it, "a nothingness." ("Thank you, Carol," he said of her action.) Eventually, however, the question of whether his name was on or off the ballot turned out to be the only issue that most voters associated with him. Before Farrell announced that he was available, it had been expected that the Rainbow Coalition candidate would be Herman Badillo, probably the best-known local Hispanic figure; a former member of the House of Representatives from the

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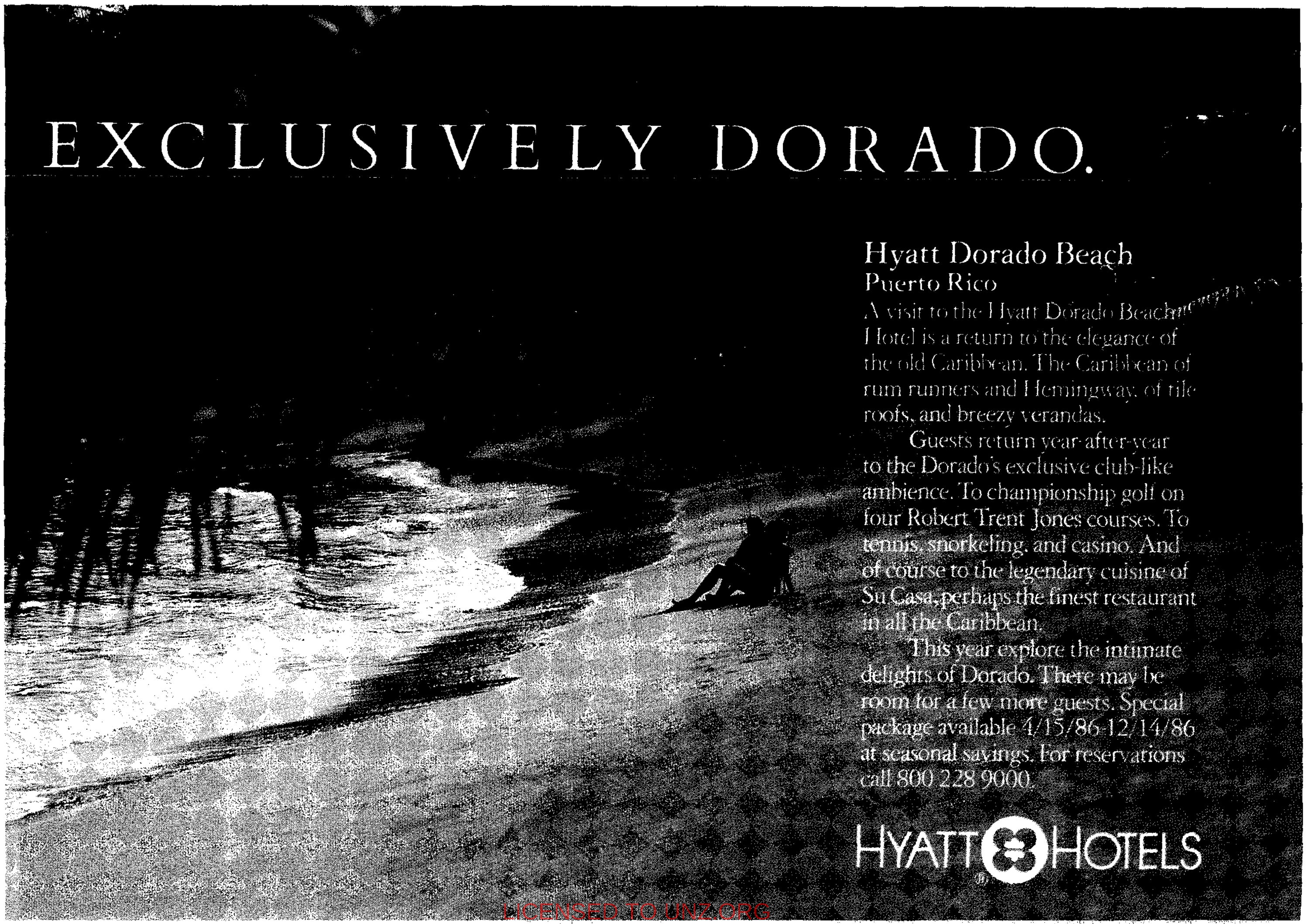
Bronx, he had attracted many black votes when he ran for mayor in 1973. The choice of Farrell was pushed through the designating coalition by Farrell's fellow black politicians from Manhattan, led by Paterson, Dinkins, and Representative Charles Rangel, whom Badillo denounced, along with Farrell, as a "gang of four." This preëmptive move also angered Brooklyn black leaders, who did not go out of their way to be helpful to Farrell in the primary; he didn't carry a single assembly district in Brooklyn, which has the largest black population of any of the boroughs. In protest, Badillo later endorsed Miss Bellamy over Farrell, and Assemblyman Jerrold Nadler over Dinkins in the race for Manhattan borough president; he also rejected three Hispanic candidates for president of the City Council in favor of former Deputy Mayor Kenneth Lipper. Every candidate he endorsed was a loser, but then so was every Hispanic running for city office who was not an incumbent.

EVEN the Republicans made a terrible mess of things this year, to the benefit of the Mayor. In recent years, in a city where the registration is more than five to one Democratic, and not a single Republican holds executive or legislative office, the assigned role of a Republican candidate for mayor has been to get through the election season with as much rueful dignity as possible. This is what State Senator John Marchi did in 1973 and what State Senator Roy Goodman did in 1977. Goodman, however, won only a mortifying five per cent of the vote that year. (The Conservative Party candidate took about four per cent, while Cuomo, running on the Liberal Party line—which Miss Bellamy has in this year's general election—divided ninety-one per cent with Koch, the decisive winner.) In 1981, the Republicans abdicated entirely: Koch received their nomination along with that of his own Democratic Party. Later, Republican State Chairman George Clark insisted that part of the deal had been a promise by Koch not to run for governor in 1982, when he could bullyrag his Republican opponent with the reminder that he himself had had the G.O.P. seal of approval the year before. Clark had thought he was safe enough, because a few months earlier Koch, during one of his trips to Israel, had gone to the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and vowed there never to run for any office other than mayor. When he went ahead and ran for governor anyhow, Clark denounced him as a traitor. As the 1982 gubernatorial primary returns came in, showing that Koch was losing to Cuomo, Clark shouted at the television screen, "That'll teach him to lie to me!"—adding, after some thought, "*And* to God." This year, Clark was determined that the G.O.P. nomination would not again go to Koch, who had sought it. After a sounding out of numerous local Republican politicians, none of whom showed any interest in being what nearly all news reports on the subject called "the sacrificial lamb," the honor was given to Diane McGrath, the wife of a local lawyer active in Republican politics, and mother of two ("I'm pushing family," she said after she was chosen—aware, no doubt, that two of her opponents, Koch and Miss Bellamy, are single), whose government experience consisted of some years of service as a member of the State Crime Victims Board, to which she had been designated by the majority leader of the State Senate.

As far as details of municipal gov-



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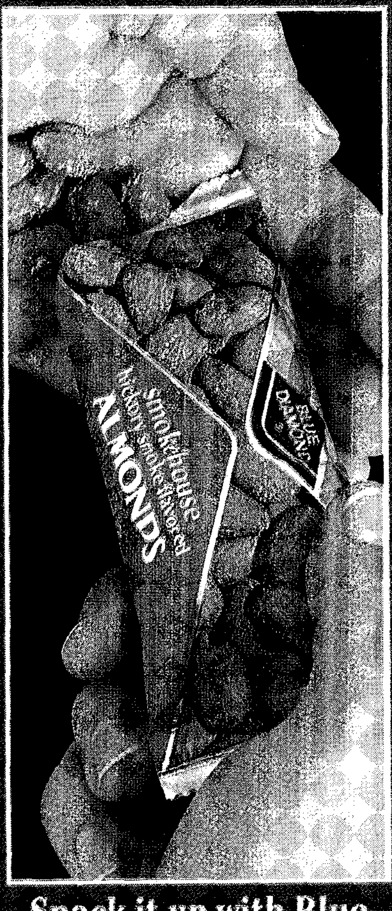

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ernment were concerned, Mrs. McGrath, a comely, fair-haired woman of forty-two, proved to be a slow study. During one television interview, it was evident that she had confused the Board of Estimate with the Board of Education. She called for the closing, as "élitist," of the Bronx High School of Science and other specialized high schools, which many educators believe are among the few bright spots in the city school system. She said that if she was elected she would fire Commissioner Ward and the city's schools chancellor, Nathan Quinones, who is Hispanic. She also attacked the lack of height standards in the Police Department, saying that if she were being mugged she would not want to have to run to "a four-foot-nine cop." This led the Republican and Conservative candidate for president of the City Council, Eva Guardarramas, who is five feet one, to accuse her mayoral running mate, who is five feet seven, of "heightism." On October 16th, Miss Guardarramas came to the steps of City Hall and endorsed Mayor Koch over Mrs. McGrath. The Mayor appeared on the steps with her, wearing a big smile. He did not endorse her in return, but he said he did not rule out the possibility that in the future there might be a job for Mrs. Guardarramas in the Koch administration. Mrs. McGrath's comment was "I'm truly convinced that if my mother was for sale, Ed Koch would try to buy my mother." The campaign staff of Mrs. Guardarramas, who is the first Hispanic ever to be nominated for citywide office by a major party, put out a press release the next day, saying, "We are pleased that Diane McGrath is taking steps to distance herself from our campaign, although they do seem to be somewhat mellow dramatic."

At his victory party on Primary Night, the Mayor said he planned in the next months to reach out to the Hispanic community and do everything in his power to improve the lot of needy members of that group. *Newsday* later noted in an editorial that he had made no similar commitment to black New Yorkers, who hadn't voted for him in such large numbers. It appeared that one consequence of this year's election would be that the theory that the city's blacks and Hispanics have common political interests would be badly shaken, which could only benefit nonminority politicians, by making it easier for them to play one group off against the other in the future. A few days after the primary, in a piece in the New York *Post* that ran under the headline "WHEN LIBERALS CAN'T CARRY NEW YORK," the columnist Ben Wattenberg congratulated Koch, "the neoconservative," on having won a landslide in "liberalism's capital city" even though his opponents had attacked "all his alleged neoconservative hard-line sins," among them being too tough on crime, too insensitive to minority and women's issues, and polarizing the city. Quoting the election analyst Richard Scammon, he said that what Koch had done, as he said was demonstrated by the Mayor's popularity among all ethnic groups, was put together "a neoconservative Rainbow Coalition."

Some New Yorkers get the impression that Koch is campaigning almost around the clock despite what is considered to be certain victory in the general election, but he often points out during City Hall photo opportunities that municipal government doesn't stop just because there's a political race going on. For example, he will now have to help decide what to do about a replacement for Westway, the proposed giant highway along the lower West Side of Manhattan that, despite strong support from the Governor and the Mayor, was done in this September by the courts and by congressional opposition. Koch has made it clear that he will not soon forgive those who he believes helped bring about the highway's defeat, including four local members of Congress—Guy Molinari, Stephen Solarz, Ted Weiss, and Rangel (whose position as third-ranking member of the House Ways and Means Committee makes him New York's highest-ranking black in elective office). "KOCH DENOUNCES GANG OF 4" was the *News* headline after the decision. He described them as "the four members of the Apocalypse"—that is, the fabled horsemen who represented pestilence, war, famine, and death. It is assumed that he continues to campaign to the limit of his energies out of eagerness to top his record in 1981, when, running on both the Republican and Democratic lines, he took three-quarters of the vote. Since that exhilarating occasion, he often asks visiting mayors from foreign cities

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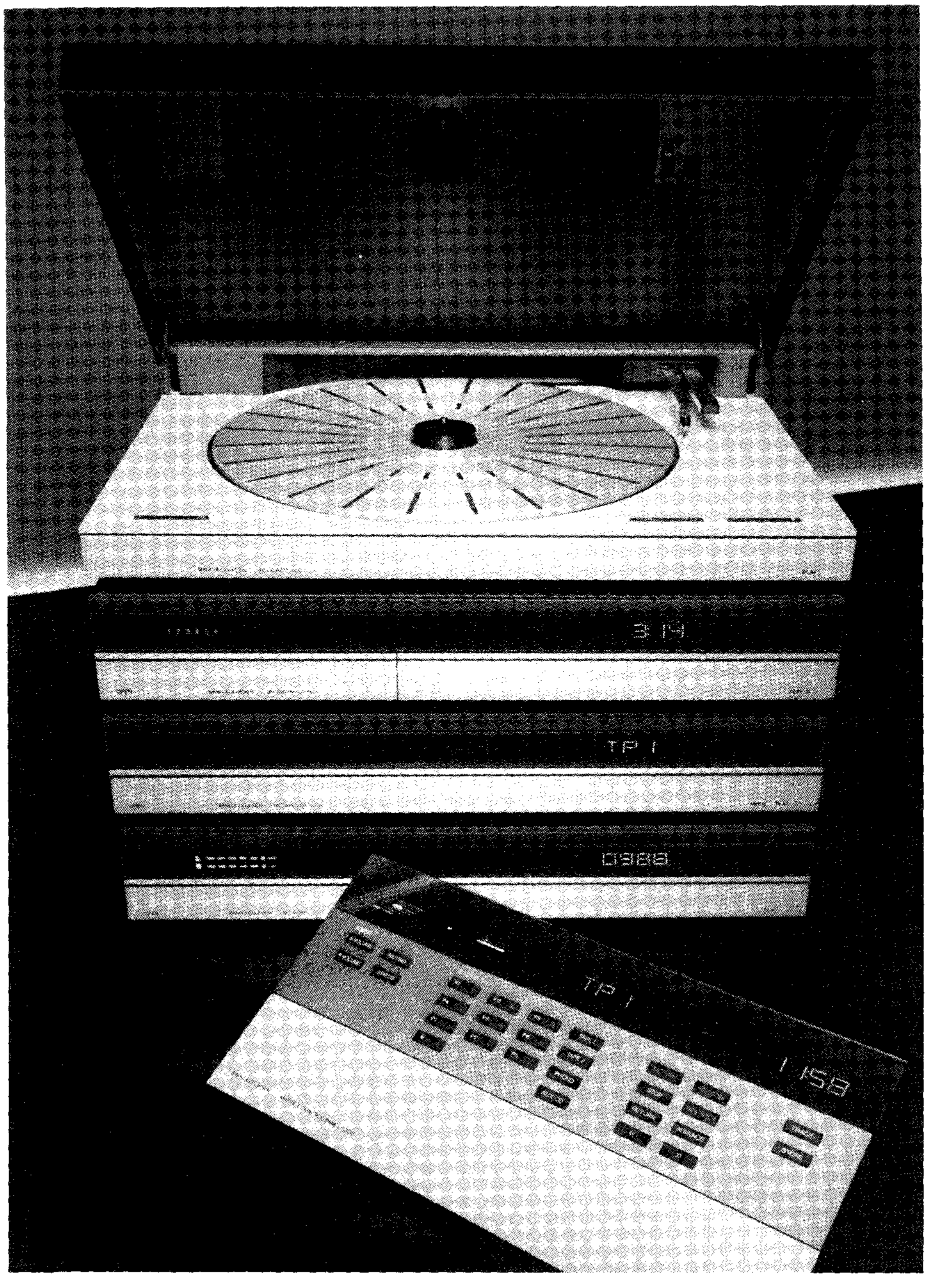

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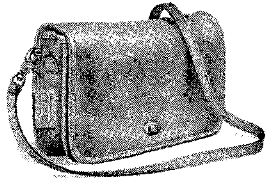

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what *their* winning percentage was. The answer is usually something like fifty-five or sixty per cent. Koch then points out that his last time out he won by seventy-five per cent, a number that brings forth oohs and ahs from his guests. Because Peking is New York's sister city, the Mayor receives occasional visits from delegations from the People's Republic of China, whom he often boldly asks about the health of members of the original Gang of Four, the political plotters whose appellation by Peking revisionists marked the origin of the term. During a call paid on him a few weeks after this year's primary by Peking's deputy mayor and half a dozen of his colleagues, Koch apparently forgot what kind of government they represented and asked what the Peking mayor's winning percentage had been. Ninety-nine per cent, said the interpreter, after a hurried consultation with the other visitors. Koch looked crestfallen. "How many opponents?" he asked. "No rivals," said the interpreter enigmatically, and New York's Mayor let it go at that.

THE Mayor was not on hand when Andrew Young and the Carters met for the dedication of the tenement that Habitat for Humanity had been rebuilding. Koch and Carter are not on particularly good terms; a few weeks after the 1980 election, when Koch saw a picture of Carter with his arm in a sling as the result of a biking accident, his comment was "Now his arm goes with his rear end." In any event, the Mayor was busy that afternoon, marching in the Hispanic Columbus Day Parade, on Fifth Avenue. The Habitat dedication was preceded by an hour-and-a-half-long march from Brooklyn across the Brooklyn Bridge and up the lower East Side to East Sixth Street by two hundred representatives from the hundred and seventeen Habitat for Humanity chapters all over the country. The parade started from St. James Cathedral, the seat of the Brooklyn Roman Catholic diocese, whose congregation, along with those of several other city churches, had put the visitors up. The marchers stepped along smartly to the music of the drum corps of St. Gerard Majella Roman Catholic Church, in Hollis, Queens. They carried Habitat for Humanity balloons, and banners that identified them as Habitat members from such places as Sacramento; Colorado Springs; Syracuse; Transylvania, North Carolina;

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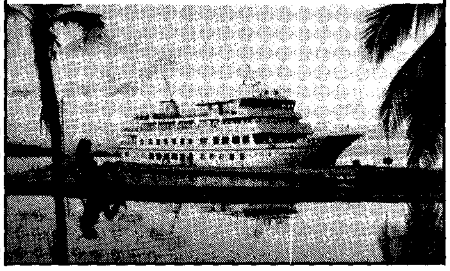

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Columbus, Georgia; and, of course, Americus, Georgia, where Habitat was begun nine years ago by a Baptist minister, and where it has its headquarters today. The marchers' destination was only a few blocks northeast of Leon Klinghoffer's hardware-and-appliance store and only a few blocks southeast of the Tenth Street apartment where, that afternoon, his family awaited word of what had really happened to him. All week long, the papers had been full of tragic stories about violent consequences of the apparently irreconcilable hatreds in the Middle East, which Carter once thought that his Administration had gone some way toward resolving. For a few hours, however, those associated with Habitat, including the former President, could concentrate on happier developments.

The Carters joined the parade near East Sixth Street and Avenue C, and led the marchers east toward No. 742, all of them singing chorus after chorus of "Amazing Grace." The building in front of which they gathered for the dedication was nowhere near finished, although one apartment on the first floor was ready, complete with hastily laid carpet. It had been assigned to Roosevelt Williams, a black man who had previously lived nearby in a tent pitched on an acre or so of rubble, on which the city hopes soon to begin building low-income housing. Though unfinished, No. 742 stood as an oasis in an area dominated by abandoned buildings, whose gaping windows stared blankly down on the festive dedication scene. The front of the building was hung with balloons and a huge banner that said "HABITAT: WHERE ALL THINGS COME TOGETHER." On an improvised stage, white, black, and Hispanic members of Daytop, a drug-treatment center, sang "We Are the World" many, many times while the crowd swayed and tapped its feet. At one point, the former President went over and kissed the lead singer. Soon after the arrival of Andrew Young—who, like Carter, is a member of the Habitat international board of directors, and who had joined in the march from Brooklyn—David Rowe, the Habitat official who was presiding over the ceremony, suggested that everyone hug the person next to him, and Young put his arm around the shoulders of Carter, whom a few years back he had described affectionately as "white trash made good." In his speech, Carter mentioned the importance of "welcoming someone who might be quite different to a close embrace." He also said that "some Southerners don't think of New Yorkers in terms of hospitality" but that in his experience many of them were "more hospitable than the folks down South." Perhaps as a reminder that such good will couldn't always be counted upon, three police sharpshooters appeared at this point on the roof of a nearby building, possibly summoned by a watchful Secret Service man, but after looking around for a while they withdrew. There was a Scripture reading from Isaiah 61, which included the line "And they shall repair the ruined cities." The Habitat members were asked to remember the many homeless people they had passed on their march through one of the world's richest cities. Speaker after speaker described the challenge that had faced Habitat at the start: how every floor in the building had been three feet deep in debris; how there had been no staircase and the workers had had to move from floor to floor by way of the fire escapes, from which balloons now fluttered; how often they had had to call on God and

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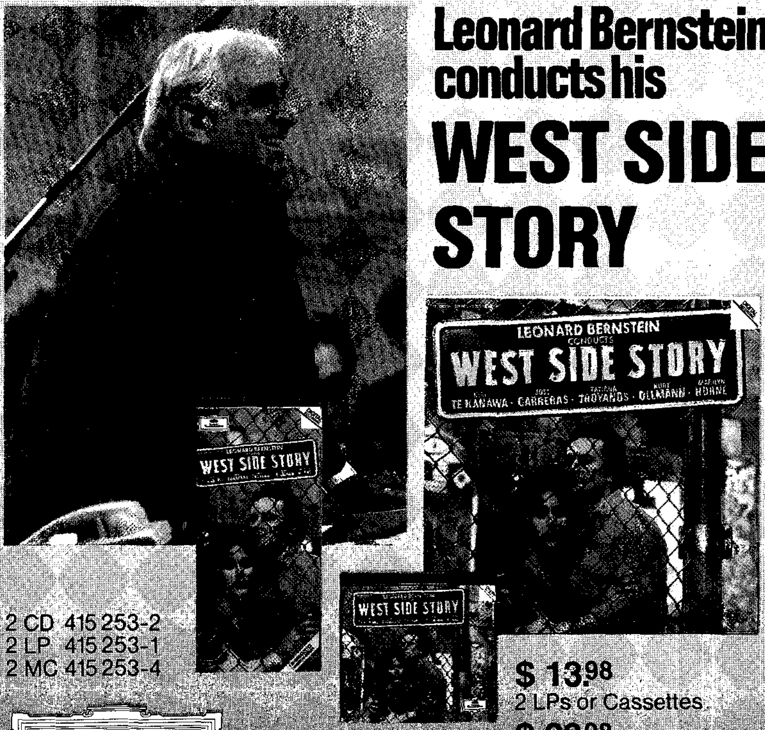
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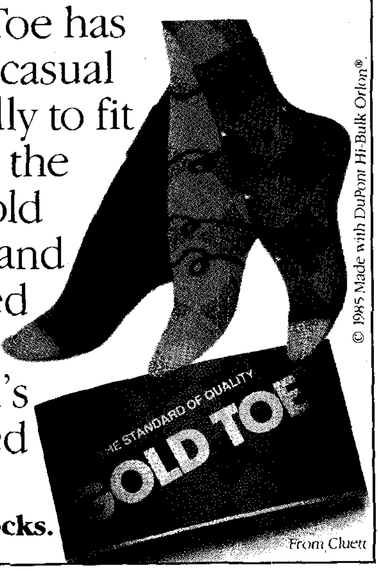


on Christian fortitude; how the city government had been full of doubters but had finally agreed to sell them the building for nineteen thousand dollars. The work, paid and volunteer, had been directed by Habitat with help from the carpenters' union, the Drywall Contractors Association, and local banks and corporations that Carter, among others, had approached. In keeping with the Habitat mode of operation, some of the work on the building was being done by the homesteaders selected for the nineteen apartments.

Toward the end of the ceremony, each homesteading family was introduced and given a Bible for inspiration and guidance. One after the other, the families, in many cases including children, trooped across the stage. There were single mothers and single fathers in the rainbow procession. There were white couples, black couples, Hispanic couples, and an Oriental couple. There was a black homesteader with a white wife. As each family appeared, there were loud cheers from the Habitat visitors from Colorado and upstate New York and Georgia. One of the homesteaders spoke on the subject of "What This Building Means to Me." A tenor from New Jersey sang "The Impossible Dream." The only elected official there was the City Council member Miriam Friedlander, whose message, delivered with fist raised, was "It can be done!" Though Koch was not on hand, the head of his Housing Preservation and Development department, Anthony Gliedman, had come to explain that he had been a doubter but was now a believer, and that, across the river, Brooklyn's Bishop Francis Mugavero was wondering if Habitat could do something there—an alliance that would surely have startled Americans fifty-seven years ago, when many blamed New York Governor Al Smith's loss of the Presidential election on Southern voters' mistrust of a Roman Catholic. David Rowe recalled that "down South we used to wonder whether we could take on New York—and now we're talking about *Brooklyn*." At the end of the ceremony, all the people holding balloons set them free, leaving them to drift off over the ruined landscape. The visiting members of Habitat then crowded into the building to see for themselves how much had been done at No. 742 and how much remained to be done, visitors and new settlers alike breaking into one more chorus of "Amazing Grace." —ANDY LOGAN

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Knife, Bike, and Book

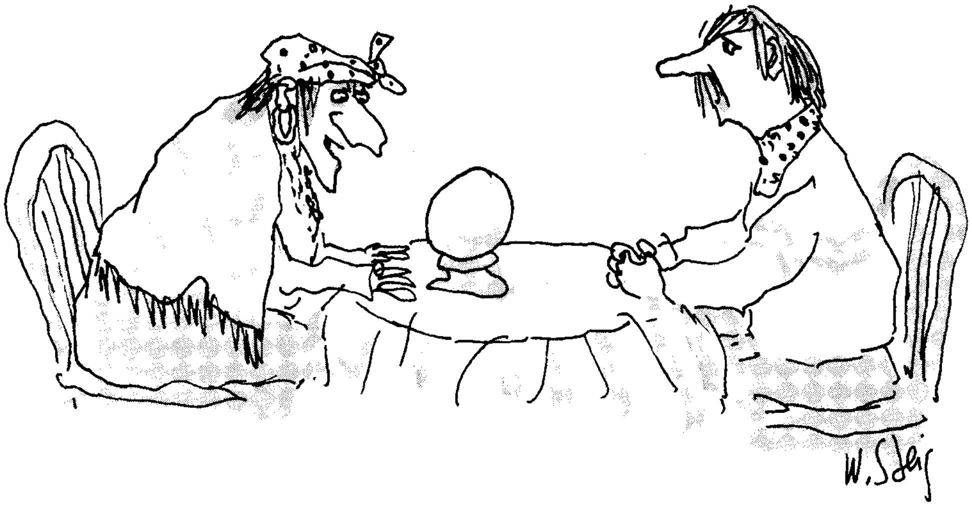
THE thriller "Jagged Edge" doesn't offer the pleasures of style; it's a remarkably unimaginative piece of moviemaking, considering that it does the job. It catches you in a vise—it's scary, and when it's over you feel a little shaken. The *title* refers to the serrated hunting knife used in the murder of a wealthy San Francisco woman—she owns the city's leading newspaper—and her maid. The title has a possible wider meaning, too: the border between morality and immorality is very rough in the prosecution of the rich woman's husband (Jeff Bridges) by a less than scrupulous district attorney (Peter Coyote), and in the defense by a woman attorney (Glenn Close) who used to be an assistant to the D.A. and knows his predatory tricks. The script that Joe Eszterhas wrote for this courtroom suspense movie is smart, pared down, efficient—a no-frills script, except for Robert Loggia's role as the profane, hard-drinking private investigator who tracks down witnesses for the defense. The few puckish curlicues granted to Loggia are about the only nonessentials that the director, Richard Marquand, permits himself, but the characters are distinctively pungent, the way they sometimes were in the thrillers of the forties.

As the lawyer, who falls in love with the man she's defending, Glenn Close is the star, and her strong face makes the movie seem more substantial than the high-tech mechanics of the script might suggest. This lawyer—a radiantly blond divorcée with two children—isn't just another imperilled woman. She has an aura of intelligence and moral convictions—she stands for something. Disgusted by the scumminess she encountered in the D.A.'s office, she has been living as if being unsullied in her profession were the highest goal in life. Now, tired of her own cautiousness, she's eager to believe in her client—her new lover. This smart, likable woman isn't timid. She has scheming bright-blue eyes. She likes the tense cat-and-mouse games she plays in the courtroom, and we feel an immediate, empathic connection with her excitement, her point-by-point victories. Good thrillers have an electric current running through them; here it runs through Glenn Close's performance, and then charges the film's last section.

Jeff Bridges and Peter Coyote do their jobs, too. There's no trace of the affable, bearlike Bridges this time. As the astute publisher and editor of his murdered wife's newspaper, he's quick-witted and attractive, a sportsman and sexual athlete—yet there's something off. His physical movements have nothing instinctive about them; they suggest a monitoring system—a regulator in the conscious mind. He's controlled, hooded. He tilts his head so that his eyes are hidden, and when he makes love to his sexy lawyer we don't have a clue to his emotions. He passes a polygraph test, but he's never at ease, never quite trustworthy. Bridges is a different man here; this is some of the best work he has done. And, as the ruthless D.A., Peter Coyote has a tight, slightly twisted mouth. This D.A. once suppressed evidence in a case that his blond assistant was prosecuting, and an innocent man went to prison. She quit working for him because of it; she knows he plays dirty, and that he has every reason to be vindictive toward the publisher, whose paper has opposed his political ambitions. Coyote gives us the suggestion of something rancid about this handsome D.A.; his scorn for people starts with himself. There is also a series of sharp smaller performances. Among those called to testify, Leigh Taylor-Young is especially entertaining as a shallow, debauched rich bitch—the murdered wife's best friend—who gets caught in a stupid lie.

"Jagged Edge" has its negligent side: the lighting in the homes and in the courtroom is mediocre, and, despite a well-planned wardrobe for Glenn Close, she wears one disastrous too tight beige dress that emphasizes her tummy and makes her look broad-hipped. But the film moves along, setting up the situations and delivering the payoffs, and it would be a good scary, trashy thriller that you could have fun chewing over with friends if it weren't for the quiet, creepy way the murderer's sawtooth mutilation of his victims is described in evocative clinical detail by a final, surprise witness (Karen Austin), who survived an attack the year before. In a movie like this, which is all shrewd manipulation, with virtually every component calculated to draw you into the mystery, quicken your pulse, and give you a kick, it seems too cheap and easy to jack up the horror in this suddenly serious way. The scene is intense—it works—but it has a porno queasiness about it. I was grateful that Loggia, who walks off with his scenes, turned up again at the end; his four-letter words sounded sweet and sane.

PEE-WEE HERMAN wakes in the morning in a bedroom full of candy-colored toys and knickknacks. Model airplanes hang from the ceiling, along with balloons, birds, and marionettes, and trucks and plastic dinosaurs line the shelves—the room is like a set for a children's ballet. Pee-Wee starts the day fully dressed in his crisp gray polyester suit that's short in the sleeves and skintight in the legs. He betrays no recognition that he has outgrown it; he feels dapper in his wrinkle-free suit and in the red bow tie and gleaming-white shoes that are color coördinates of his lipsticked mouth and smooth, pale (though rouged) face. Pleased with himself and



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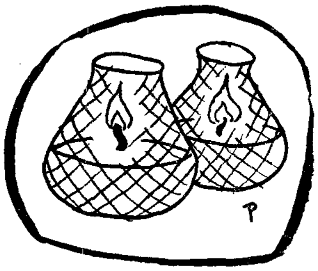
all the possessions in his Hansel-and-Gretel cottage, he coos and squeals and laughs with a bark, and he's always grimacing—twisting his bright-red mouth in a half leer or sticking his tongue out. When he tries to discourage his girl friend Dottie (Elizabeth Daily) from making advances to him, his voice is a nasal whine—he doesn't like that lovey-dovey stuff. Perky and squeaky-clean, he stands before us: the grown-up male as prepubescent. He may sound off-putting, but "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" has been playing for a couple of months now, and it isn't hard to see why: it's funny. Directed by the twenty-six-year-old Tim Burton, who was already a veteran of the animation department at Disney, this slapstick fantasy has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It seems to be taking place in an alternate world—L.A. as a playground. And it's set in a period of its own—a fifties-eighties *Twilight Zone*, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk.



The love of Pee-Wee's life is his red-and-white bicycle—a custom-designed two-wheeler that's as covered with ornaments and accessories as his home. But Pee-Wee has a rival—Francis (Mark Holton), a fat, rich braggart who bathes like a Roman emperor and suggests an overgrown version of the stinky nasties in the "Our Gang" comedies. Francis is as infantile as Pee-Wee (they seem to be on the same wavelength), and knows how much that bike means to him. Out of sheer malice, Francis masterminds its theft. The story—a debased variant of "The Bicycle Thief"—is about Pee-Wee's search for his stolen treasure, which takes him all the way to Texas, to the Alamo, and back. He hitches rides, and encounters a series of American-movie archetypes: an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, hoboes, rodeo riders, and a mean, wild motorcycle gang—Satan's Helpers. It's when Pee-Wee gets on the road that Tim Burton shows his flair for the silly-surreal. The L.A. sets are a little fussy and confining, but there's an untrammelled giddiness about the incidents in Texas and along the way.

The people Pee-Wee meets are all much nuttier than he is, and the men are such big, slobby, hairy brutes that you can see why the waitress, who longs for a little refinement, [illegible] a shine to him. The movie is full of scroungy bearded giants—they make you think of Paul Bunyan or Bluto—and you see them from Pee-Wee's point of view. He looks at the dirty, uncouth, threatening men and would rather remain a ten-year-old. Pee-Wee is polite and neat and varnished; dirt couldn't stick to him. In the single sequence that has any sexual overtones, Pee-Wee saves the escaped convict (big, deep-voiced Judd Omen) from the police by pretending to be his girl; when the police are gone, the convict looks at him appreciatively—and speculatively.

Some of the best moments involve cartoon-style tricks: a woman trucker, Large Marge (Alice Nunn, who suggests Beatrice Arthur carried to the ultimate), goes through a physical transformation, with Pee-Wee watching; Pee-Wee is in a car that flies off a road at night, and we see nothing but his spooked eyes travelling across the black screen; he snaps on a light in the darkness of the desert and sees that he is surrounded by wild animals. The film has its limp moments, especially toward the end, and it has an excruciatingly fancy dream sequence featuring clowns (always a mistake). But each time you think it's running out of steam it comes up with something new and totally out of nowhere. Jan Hooks has a juicy comedy routine as a smiling, cheerfully officious tour guide at the Alamo, who won't let Pee-Wee interrupt her spiel. (It's a bit like some of the all-American-girl scenes in Michael Ritchie's "Smile.") Pee-Wee triumphs in the gag involving a chorus of Texans clapping when he sings "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and in the funky scene at the Apache Bar, the hangout of Satan's Helpers, where he climbs on the bar top and performs a dance to "Tequila." He's wearing huge high-heeled cowboy boots, and he dances on the toes. He has a commanding intensity in this scene; he has to distract the bikers, who mean to kill him, or, at least, beat him up, and he puts all his instinct for self-preservation into the number. If the movie audience hadn't been won over to him

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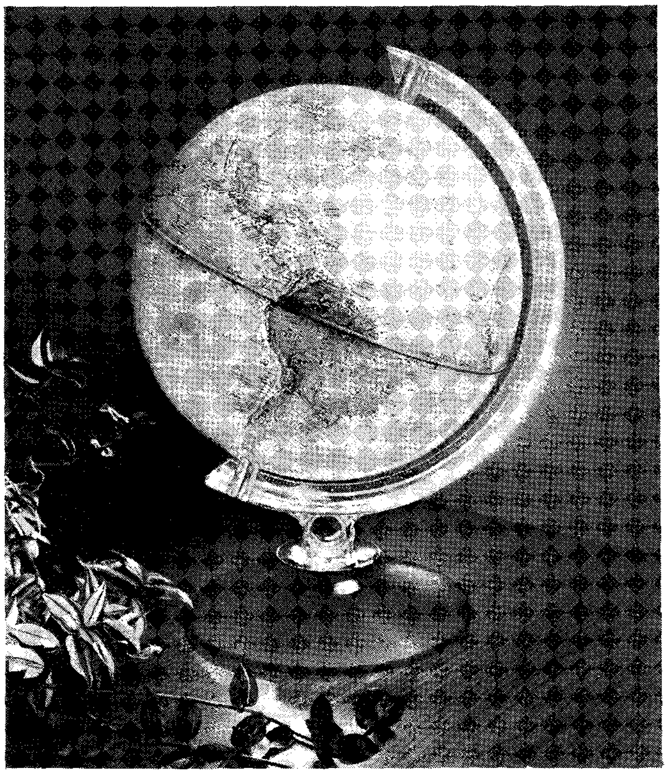

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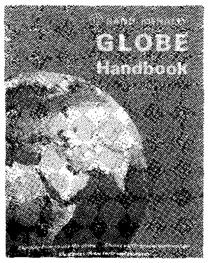

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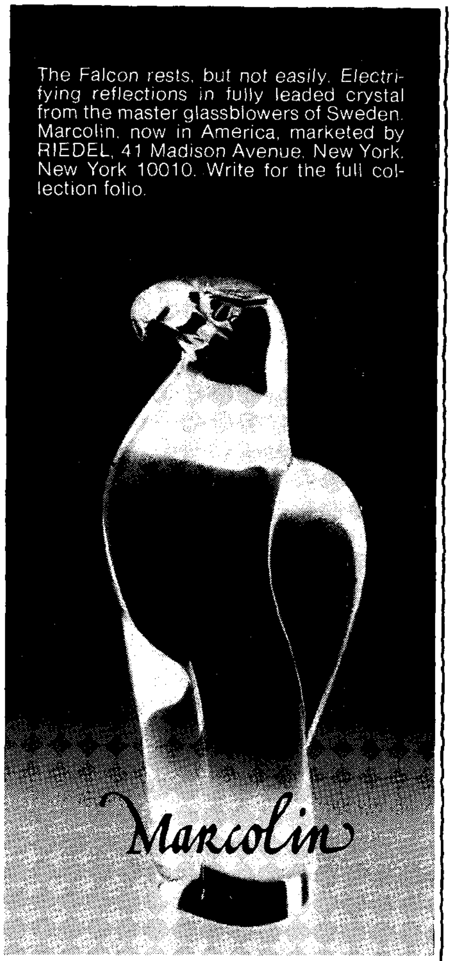
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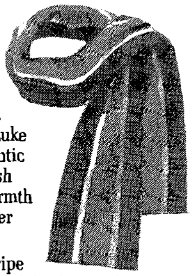

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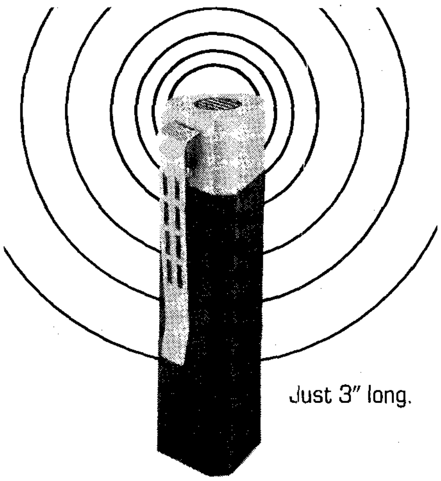
long before, this spaz dance would do it.

Pee-Wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens. He's a thirty-two-year-old actor who began as a kid in summer stock, and later worked with the L.A. improv troupe the Groundlings, where he first tried out the bratty Pee-Wee character; he developed it in rock clubs and TV appearances. He prefers to stay in the character in his public appearances now, and in the movie he never relents: he's never not Pee-Wee. He never tips us to what he would like us to see in the character, either. But as the movie goes on there's something touching in his petulant weirdness, and sometimes, when his makeup isn't quite as thick and stylized as usual, you may feel that you can perceive a sensitivity, a gentleness, in him.

As a character, Pee-Wee Herman doesn't fit any pattern of behavior, yet the actor has the sureness of touch to make you accept the contradictory things he does—the infantile ones and the sophisticated ones—and see them all as facets of Pee-Wee. It could be said that he appeals to young audiences because he represents the confusions of a boy who refuses to grow up—that he's a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era or a male equivalent of the young ballerinas who ward off physical maturity by becoming anorexic. But there's another element in the character: like a lot of teen-age consumers, he's hooked on American kitsch. And, with its peppermint-stripe storefronts and polka-dot décor, the movie is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it. Pee-Wee himself plays to the audience like a cartoon version of the host of a kiddie show (the character he worked out in his club shows), and he's as manically good-natured as a TV pitchman.

"Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" seems no more than a slapstick novelty, but Pee-Wee is part of a—perhaps warped—tradition. The heavily lipsticked, masklike face recalls the god-awful stage makeup on the silent-screen comics of the twenties and also evokes Marcel Marceau in all his preciousness. Pee-Wee is like a dangling marionette, with just his tippy-toes touching the floor. Whether he's twirling in pleasure because some new toy or gizmo has come into his life, or his face is lighting up because an idea just hit him, his whole body is involved. He moves with the precision and imagination of a gifted mime. (At one



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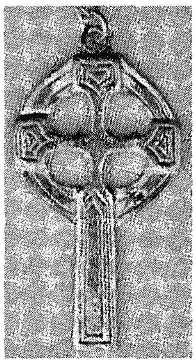

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point, he makes a glorious dive onto a freight train.) What saves him from being cloying is that he uses his skills without trying to tell us that he's an artist. He gives everything he's got to gags such as the one in which he breaks into a pet shop that's on fire and rescues each species—wanting to pass over the snakes, but finally, his face turned away in revulsion, carrying them out on his arms. I liked the movie's unimportance. It isn't *saying* anything.

READING Paul Coates' essays on movies, "The Story of the Lost Reflection" (Verso/Schocken Books; $25 hardcover, $9.95 paperback), I envied him the freedom he seizes to range over the films of such directors as Truffaut, Altman, Godard, Buñuel, Coppola, Bertolucci, Antonioni, Rosi, Tarkovsky, and Herzog, offering perceptions, summary judgments, poetic flashes, leap-in-the-dark insights. Coates doesn't go through the chore of explaining what's in the films he writes about; he assumes that his readers will be familiar with at least a fair number of the key works of these directors—enough of them to respond to the speculative, visionary connections he makes. I think he's right: there is by now a body of modern work in movies which literate people can be assumed to share, even if in fact they don't. Coates recognizes that the film critic "cannot rely on his readership having seen the films he needs to quote in order to convey his argument," but he goes ahead anyway. And I admire the audacity that this young Englishman shows. He leaves the dross out of criticism and goes right for the gold: the intellectual ecstasy (and sheer fun) of participating in the creative process, taking it further.

The kind of criticism that Coates practices wasn't possible until the sixties, when social changes spurred public acceptance of new kinds of moviemaking, and the films themselves became more ambiguous, disconnected, and puzzling. As he puts it, "Whereas the masterpieces of the past are more or less 'readable,' being evidently inscribed within a certain realist or non-realist tradition, those of the present tend to be only semi-readable." And to Coates, who was born in 1953, these films of the sixties and seventies are basic texts, comparable to the works of fiction he writes about. Movies are only one of his fields. In his book "The Realist Fantasy," published in 1983, he ranges over fiction—Kafka,

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Proust, Dickens, Poe, Hawthorne, Henry James, Goethe, Musil, Pynchon, D. H. Lawrence, Büchner, Richardson—and he has a book called "Words After Speech: A Comparative Study of Romanticism and Symbolism" coming out early next year. There's no doubt that his interests cross-pollinate each other, and he must be maddening to academic grinds, because he's so quick. In the film essays, he heads into the major theoretical issues, says what he has to say in a few glittering paragraphs, and moves on to the next thing that interests him—the differences between American and European films, the breakdown of film narrative, the comparative possibilities of opera and movies as total art works, and so on. In passing, he may tweak the grinds in the blandest of deadpan statements, such as "The recent efflorescence of theory is a reflex of the academic institutionalization of film studies. A knowledge of film theories can be imparted to students who have as yet seen too few films to be able to practise criticism."

Coates' applications of Freud and Marx sometimes suggest the eager graduate student, and a few of his sociological observations are rigid and lifeless. And novelists or scriptwriters who read him will be dismayed that he doesn't treat the films' source materials; after acknowledging the difficulty of ascribing credit, he sticks to the finished films. But he's as clear and straight an analytic thinker as anyone I've ever read on movies, and, perhaps because he takes up many of the liveliest issues and the liveliest directors, he's one of the most pleasurable theoretician-critics to read. There's none of the kind of inflation that's common in film books now; he doesn't enshrine the artists, making a fetish of everything they've done. It's elegant, pithy writing. I regret a certain highbrowism in his tone (and in his interests, too), and the title essay (the title is from E. T. A. Hoffmann) is a touch too labyrinthine for my taste. (Coates spins theories so ingeniously that he may get caught in them—become their prisoner.) But if you start by reading about the directors you're particularly interested in you're very likely to be held by the way Coates' mind works. The best thing about him is that his poetic shimmers aren't soft or ornamental; they're not like the mannered flourishes of Frenchy critics—they come out of some close reasoning. At a certain point, he simply takes flight,

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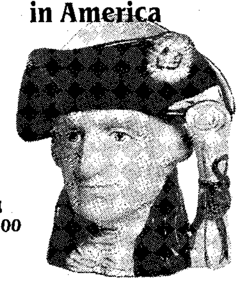

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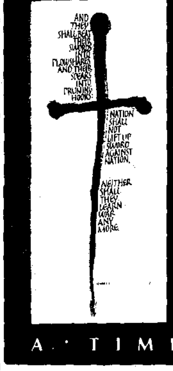
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and everything he has been getting at zooms up in an image.

Here are some of his throwaways and observations:

The first silent films gravitated so readily towards expressionism because the silence of beings so akin to ourselves is absurd and frightening.

Antonioni's characters move like the drowned under water.

One reason why Godard enjoys such critical favour is because his films are machines for transforming viewers into critics.

Where the American star is a mover of the world, the European is the still point round which it turns.

Surrealism sought to dissolve the Victorian antithesis between the higher and the lower animal functions. Nevertheless, there was in Buñuel a pornographic delight in the juxtaposition of the two that stemmed from seeing the two areas as genuinely separate, and that linked him in his prurience with provincial Spanish matrons and with the Victorians themselves.

It was perhaps the very virtues of [Truffaut's] first films—their desperate and incandescent gentleness—that rendered inevitable the end of his revolt.

When identifying the *auteur*, the critic's task should . . . be to distinguish him or her from a mendacious double: Fellini from "Fellini," "Nights of Cabiria" from "Orchestra Rehearsal."

The depressive indifferentism of [Fassbinder's] films renders them virtually impossible to sit through. . . . The mute unprotesting audience does not feel it deserves any better.

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The Cohen songs in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" come from the inner voice to which the characters alone attend: even on the frontier, people walked around with headphones on.

Julie Christie lights her opium pipe in the golden undersea cave of her brothel room whilst Warren Beatty, nervously extrovert, struggles with roles like a man trying to hold a map straight in the wind. The fragile romance parodies our expectations and underlines with casual irony—so casual as to be melancholy to the point of blankness—the fact that not even the strongest power on earth (the mutual magnetism of Hollywood stars) can subvert isolation.

Cinema is the dream of an after-life from which to comprehend this one.

—PAULINE KAEL

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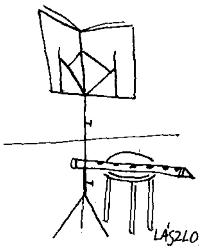
MUSICAL EVENTS

Troubled Times

MUSSORGSKY'S "Khovanshchina," a sombre, beautiful opera, has returned to the Met after an absence of thirty-five years. Its matter is the political and religious turmoil in late-seventeenth-century Russia which preceded Peter the Great's assumption of authority. Mussorgsky began the piece after completing "Boris Godunov," which deals with Russia at the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He contemplated a third historical opera, "Pugachevshchina," dealing with the late-eighteenth-century peasant revolt led by Emelian Pugachev against Catherine the Great; it was to be tackled once "Khovanshchina" had been finished. But the composer, in his last decade a drunken and disorderly genius, died without finishing "Khovanshchina." Most of it was set down in piano score; only Martha's song and a chorus in Act III were orchestrated. Rimsky-Korsakov prepared the opera for performance. He supplied the missing conclusions to Acts II and V. He orchestrated the whole in glowing colors. By generous cutting, he tidied up the action. He also tidied up music in which he discerned (as he records in his memoirs, writing of Mussorgsky's manuscript legacy in general) "clumsy, incoherent harmonies, shocking part-writing, amazingly illogical modulations or long stretches without any modulation at all, bad scoring in the works that were scored, in general a bold, self-conceited amateurishness, some moments of technical dexterity and skill but more of technical impotence." Nevertheless, he concluded, the publication of works "so fine, original, and live" was imperative, and what was needed was a practical performing edition "designed for the revelation of Mussorgsky's genius, not the study of his idiosyncrasies and artistic blunders." "Khovanshchina," reworked by Rimsky, had its première in 1886, five years after Mussorgsky's death, and in that form—particularly after Diaghilev's 1913 production, seen in Paris and London (which had further orchestrations by Ravel and Stravinsky)—the opera made its way around the world. Most people who have examined Mussorgsky's score and Rimsky's recension agree that the latter went too far in regularizing strange originality. But the fact that the examination is possible justifies Rimsky's claim that he destroyed nothing, that he was not like a restorer who paints out old frescoes forever: Mussorgsky's manuscripts remained, and once the music entered the public domain "every publisher will be free to bring out archeologically correct editions." Pavel Lamm brought out an archeologically correct piano score of "Khovanshchina" in 1932, and in 1958 Shostakovich orchestrated it. His score was used for a 1959 film, was performed at the Kirov in 1960, and was published in 1963. Since then, both scores, Rimsky's and Shostakovich's, have been current. In 1950, the Met used Rimsky, and today it uses Shostakovich. In 1963, I heard the Shostakovich version at Covent Garden and, three days later, the Rimsky version in Florence, with Bolshoi singers. As late as 1973, a new edition of the Rimsky version was published in Russia.



The "Khovanshchina" case is not quite parallel to that of "Boris Godunov," where the choice is effectively between Mussorgsky's own orchestration and Rimsky's rewriting. Some alien hand must intervene before "Khovanshchina" can be played. And Shostakovich did not simply essay Mussorgsky pastiche. He scored in his own manner. (Back in 1940, he had reorchestrated "Boris" and had presented it, as Edward Reilly puts it in his pamphlet tracing the mazes of Mussorgsky editions, "in a new coloristic guise that is as far removed—perhaps even farther—from the composer's own as is that of Rimsky-Korsakov.") But Shostakovich did, for the most part, respect Mussorgsky's idiosyncrasies of melody, harmony, and rhythm, and he didn't cut. He did, however, introduce what the preface to his score calls "minor, purely technical changes, made imperative for the sake of clarity by the considerations of texture or compass," and by those "clarifications" he smoothed some peculiarly plangent part-writing. Until some new orchestrator steeped in Mussorgskian sonorities comes along, the Shostakovich "Khovanshchina" must be counted the closer to the original of the available versions. What the "Boris" and "Khovanshchina" cases do have in common is that the Rimsky recension is easier to bring off successfully—being shorter, dramatically trimmer, more "effectively" scored, and altogether more "practical." The original "Boris" and the Shostakovich "Khovanshchina" offer a greater challenge—and greater rewards when their demands are nobly met.

"Boris Godunov," based largely on a play by Pushkin, has a protagonist and a plot. "Khovanshchina" is a set of six tableaux freely fashioned from history by Mussorgsky under the direction of V. V. Stassov, scenarist and mentor to the Russian nationalist composers. The action has a visionary rather than any narrative coherence. Stassov wrote of a drama dominated by "the majestic figure of Dositheus, the head of the Old Believers, a strong, energetic man . . . a deep spirit . . . who, like a powerful spring, directs the actions of the two princes—Khovansky, who represents ancient, fanatical, deep, dark, unfathomable Russia, and Golitsin, the representative of the West, which some, even in the party of the Princess Sophia [Peter's half sister, Regent during his minority], had begun to understand and value." Stassov proposed contrasts between orderly life in Moscow's German settlement, the home of the Lutheran Pastor and his daughter Emma, and riotous life in the quarter of the Streltsy, the drunken, savage army led by Khovansky; between the bluff, violent, feudal Khovansky and his foolish, ambitious son, Andrew, consumed with love for Emma; between the urbane Golitsin, Sophia's Foreign Minister, and the ruthless (but, in the opera, movingly patriotic) Shaklovity, in charge of domestic affairs. (Golitsin seeks alliance with, and Shaklovity is determined to destroy, both Khovansky and the Old Believers.) Stassov supplied the composer with character sketches of the heroine, Martha, of the wily Scribe, of the boastful, handsome young Strelyets Kuzka, and of the bewildered, unhappy people, victims of forces too strong for them. Mussorgsky embraced the subject. The completion of "Boris" had induced in him a state that his biographer M. D. Calvocoressi calls "mystic confidence." The success of "Boris" at the Maryinsky induced what Rimsky-Korsakov, in his memoirs, calls "a certain mysteriousness, even arrogance. . . . His self-conceit grew enormously, and his obscure, involved manner of expressing himself (which had been characteristic even before) now increased enormously." In 1872, to Stassov, Mussorgsky wrote of the rapture that reading Darwin had brought him; of poetry's two giants, "the crude Homer and the subtle Shakespeare;" of music's two giants, "the meditator Beethoven and the ultra-meditator Berlioz;" of the Russian giants Glinka, Dargomizhsky, Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Gogol, and Gogol again. And he continued:

> Darwin has finally confirmed me in my innermost idea (about which I once felt rather foolishly shy), that the artistic representation of mere beauty in its material manifestation is crude, immature, art in an infantile stage. The subtlest traits of human nature, manifest in individuals and in the masses—exploring and conquering these little-known regions—that is the artist's true mission. "To new shores!" [a motto of the Mussorgsky-Stassov creed] Boldly, through storms, shoals, and hidden reefs, to new shores! Man is a social creature and cannot be otherwise; masses, like individuals, always possess subtle, elusive traits that no one has touched upon. To note them, to study them, to read, observe, and conjecture, to dedicate one's entire being to their study, to offer the result to humanity as a nourishing food it has never before tasted—that is the task, the joy of joys! That is what we shall try to do in our "Khovanshchina"—not so, my dear Oracle?

Performers and listeners alike must approach "Khovanshchina" attuned to its composer's lofty aims and tolerant of the fact that by any common-sense canons of dramatic construction the work is a mess. Mussorgsky's almost mystic pursuit of "truth" led him to write wonderfully penetrating, unconventional, uncompromising music—great music that can help modern audiences to understand the motivations of leaders impelled by conflicting ideologies, the tugs of patriotism and lust for personal power, and faith that leads to martyrdom and mass suicide. But the whole opera he and Stassov envisaged was not written. Transcendentalism and what Mussorgsky and his cronies called "to trans-cognac oneself" became confused. Rimsky recalls, "None of us knew the real subject and plan of 'Khovanshchina,' and from Mussorgsky's accounts, flowery, affected, and involved (as was his style of expression then), it was hard to grasp the subject as something whole and consecutive. . . . Flashes of powerful creativeness continued for a long time, but his mental logic was growing dim. . . . He composed more slowly, by fits and starts, lost the connection between separate movements, and jumped from one subject to another." Between 1874 and his death, in 1881, he worked alternately on "Khovanshchina" and the unfinished Gogol opera "Sorochintsy Fair." The flashes of powerful creativeness also brought forth "Pictures at an Exhibition" and the song cycles "Sunless" and "Songs and Dances of Death."

"Khovanshchina" as we know it has several loose ends. The scene in the German settlement (which Mussorgsky had sketched in a "quasi-Mozartian" style) is missing, and what remains of Emma and of the Pastor is abrupt, oblique, and hard to understand. (The Met, following Rimsky, simply cuts the Pastor scene.) So is what remains of the Old Believer Susanna, who once had a larger role. "In the present version," Rimsky observed, "she is an unnecessary character." (The Met, concurring, removes her altogether.) Yet the grand design can be grasped—just—if one does some homework on Russian history, notes the foreshortening and simplifications of it that Stassov and Mussorgsky introduced, and reads Stassov-Mussorgsky correspondence to discover what they had in mind in addition to what actually got set down. The information in the Met program is not unhelpful; it could be enhanced by the Isaiah Berlin essay on "Khovanshchina" with which Covent Garden and San Francisco introduced their productions of the opera. The Met performance is sung in Russian. An English translation is on sale. Prepared by Christopher Hunt for the San Francisco production, it is incomplete, but it includes some passages that the Met omits. What is needed is an annotated libretto that will explain, for example, what Golitsin and Khovansky refer to when they trade taunts in Act II. "Khovanshchina" is an opera worth taking trouble over.

ALL this may make "Khovanshchina" sound difficult of access. It's not that, but merely puzzling, and a little drab at times if there are singers without vivid personalities and beautiful voices in long, looping monologues that need to be followed in verbal detail. But the general sense of the scenes is unmistakable; and although the subject matter is unorthodox—an opera without heroes or villains, an impartial yet passionate study of political forces embodied in personalities—Mussorgsky cast the work in grand-opera form. There are arias, duets, big choruses, an incantation scene, a *romanza*, a *preghiera*, a ballet, a spectacular finale during which the heroine, Norma-like, leads her errant lover to the pyre.

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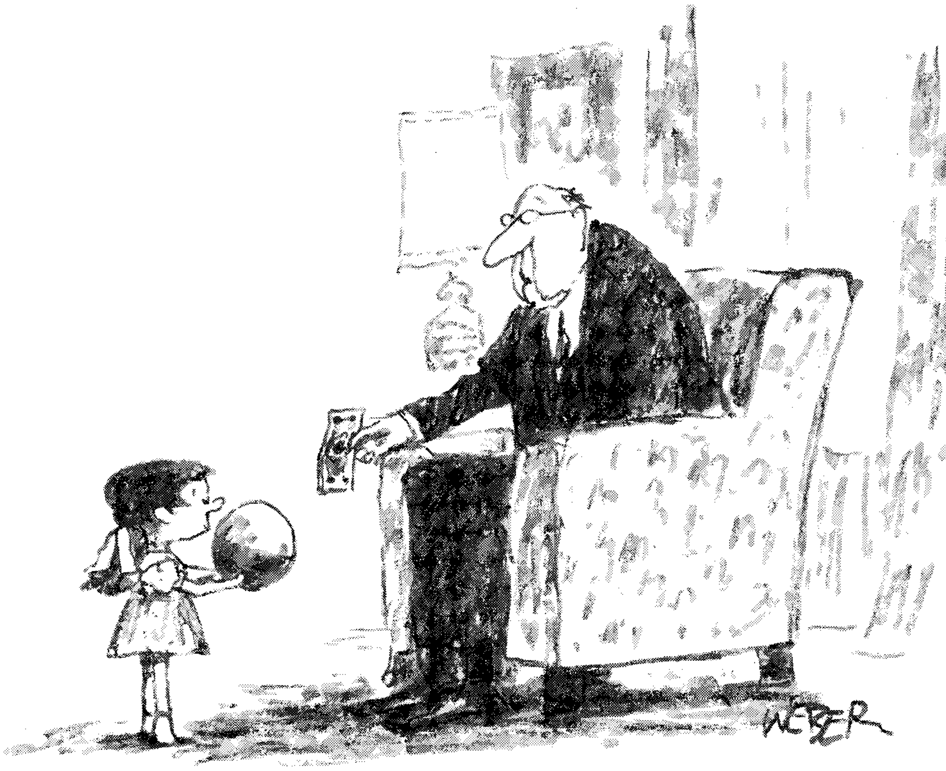

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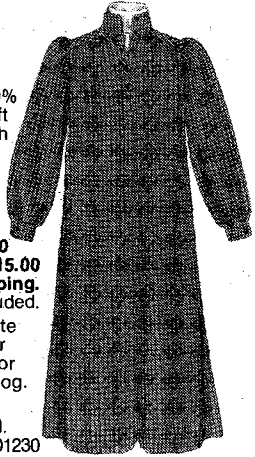

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of the drama meet and cross, tearing against the central fact of her life, her love for Prince Andrew. (Mussorgsky intended to end Act II with a quintet for Martha, Golitsin, Shaklovity, Khovansky, and Dositheus.) It is a complex role and—especially in Mussorgsky's and Shostakovich's keys—a very difficult one, calling for stamina and power at the extremes of both contralto and mezzo ranges. Martha is a sorceress, a prophetess, an ardent woman racked by love, jealousy, and religious anguish. She must be Ulrica, Cassandra, and Donna Elvira in one. She is the soul of suffering Russia become incarnate and at the same time an individual. Chaliapin, a famous Dositheus, devotes two pages of his book "Man and Mask" to Martha's song in Act III:

> She sings an artless strain . . . and all the time she is thinking not of the past but of the future. . . . Martha's song must be sung so that the listeners can realize her secret soul; they must be aware not of the rosary of her *memories* but of the *underlying* emotion that her surface thoughts disguise. . . . If Martha's secret thoughts are not visible, then there will be no Martha on the stage, but a lady of more or less stout proportions who sings more or less adequately words devoid of all meaning.

In Act V, by sheer intensity of will—sensual and sacred emotions fused in ecstasy—she hypnotizes her lover to follow her into the fire. In this great role, Helga Dernesch—replacing the mezzo originally announced—made her Met début. She is an intense, intelligent, dignified, and potent artist—formerly an Isolde and Brünnhilde, now a striking Fricka, Waltraute, and Erda—and her Martha was wonderfully moving, aflame with tenderness, grief, mystic force (in the divination scene), resistless fascination. I've heard more opulent voices in the role, but none more sharply focussed on the sense of the phrases. Chaliapin would surely have approved. One thing I missed, but the fault was mine: Miss Dernesch always makes much effect by her charged utterance of words, and while her Russian may be as fluent as her German and English are, mine isn't.

No one else was quite on this level. Martti Talvela's Dositheus had a generalized solemnity and majesty, but not the variety of inflection that—whether one can understand the words or not—makes one attentive to each phrase. Aage Haugland's Khovansky was big and bold but similarly undetailed. (Is he the first Khovansky who joins in the dance of his Persian

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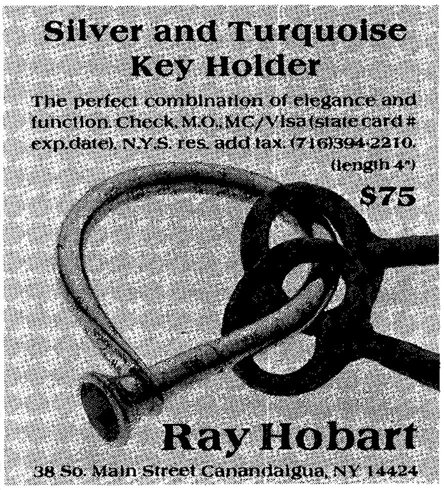

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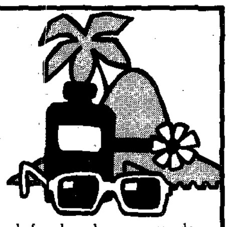

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slaves? This ballet was lewdly choreographed by David Toguri.) Wieslaw Ochman's Golitsin seemed just to be sung, not subtly felt and enacted. And Allan Monk's Shaklovity did not sustain interest through his long aria of rolling rhetorical questions and supplications. I attended the first night. The performance may by now have gained confidence and character. Neeme Järvi, who conducted altogether too plainly, may now be bringing more fire and life to the music. August Everding's production, in scenery by Ming Cho Lee, was curious. The crowd scenes seemed to be little more than blocking, and there was a good deal of unmotivated activity—people scurrying across the stage for no discernible reason. (It began during the prelude, which was treated as a pantomime, not the gradually brightening dawn picture that the composer specifies.) The scenery is simple, largely colorless, deliberately unromantic; Everding is said to have wanted no sense of period or pageantry. Golitsin's summer house was so sparsely furnished that his harpsichord had to double as a serving table, and his guests had nowhere to put their drinks but on the floor. A strange trench, serving no apparent purpose, spanned the forestage during the crowd scenes, and people hopped in and out of it.

I found it hard to determine what Everding and his team were aiming at, beyond the removal of all grand-opera allure, and hard to respond very keenly to anything but Miss Dernesch's Martha. It was the sort of modest staging that would perhaps be better served by performance in an English translation. (The Met used English in 1950.) Of course, "Khovanshchina" does sound better in Russian. The paradox of music closely tied to speech inflections—Monteverdi's, Mussorgsky's, Janáček's—is that the text at once needs to be understood in detail and proves especially resistant to singable translation. (I see no great objection to macaronic performances, in which each artist uses whatever tongue he or she finds most communicative. Amid the conventions that make up opera, one more is easily accepted.) It will be interesting to discover how this "Khovanshchina" develops: whether the missing scenes are restored; whether grand new artists—Yevgeny Nesterenko, as Khovansky, is one I'm eager to hear—illumine the drama in different ways.

—Andrew Porter

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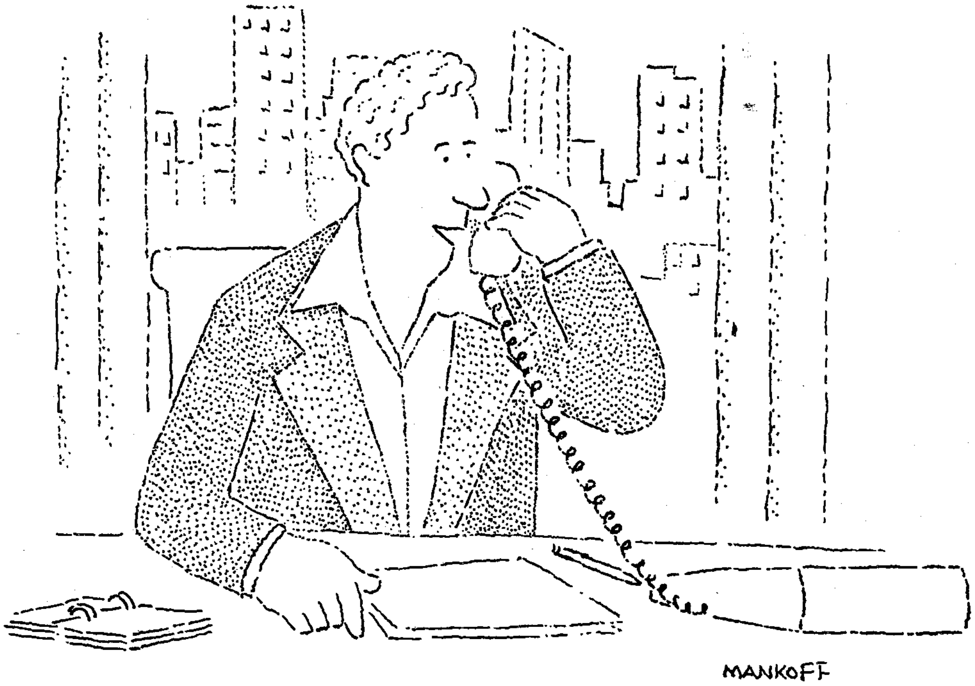
"AUNT DAN AND LEMON" (at the Public) is the most robust and tantalizing play that Wallace Shawn has written. It has a bizarre story to tell, which we acquire by bits and pieces in the course of the evening; at the end of the play, which doesn't trouble itself with an intermission, we perceive that its theme is a sort of Sermon on the Mount in reverse—a Thurberian beatitude that reads, "Blessed are the meek, but watch out, for they are bullies and, like all bullies, shall inherit the earth." Not a cheerful view of the human predicament, and not necessarily that of the playwright himself, who, having caused his two leading characters to speculate at length and with relish on the nature of good and evil, takes care, in a fashion as much Shavian as Shawnian, to give the Devil the best lines. The play's title, which I find far from ingratiating, serves to identify these characters: one is a pretty young Englishwoman called Lemon (a name I have yet to encounter among pretty young Englishwomen), and the other is Lemon's honorific Aunt Dan, the oddity of whose appellation at least hints strongly at her sexual ambiguity.

In the opening scene, Lemon addresses the audience directly, welcoming us to her modest London flat. She strikes us as frail and exquisite, speaking with the hesitant diffidence that in England is supposed to signify good breeding, and mopping her brow and cheeks with an invalid's gallantry. We are put in mind of Laura in "The Glass Menagerie," though in place of the little glass animals that Laura takes such pride in Lemon takes pride in a many-colored collection of glass bottles, mostly filled with soft drinks. She is slender to the point of anorexia, and our sympathy at once goes out to her; how wrong we are to let it do so emerges as from one scene to the next we discover that she is as strong and resilient as a steel blade and possibly just as dangerous. It isn't Laura that she resembles but Lucrezia Borgia. Everything that has befallen her in life is, of course, her version of that life as she chooses to recollect it. We meet her abrasive father, an American working in England and proud of the hardship involved in succeeding in business there; her mother, who wishes kindness and love to have some measurable effect on the world, if not to rule it, and is abashed to discover that her arguments in favor of the conventional virtues appear not merely inapplicable but also, even to her, inept; and Aunt Dan, who we are invited to believe corrupted Lemon by befriending her in childhood. There is a case to be made for that belief, but there is an equally strong case to be made for the likelihood that Lemon was able to achieve corruption on her own—if, indeed, we dare to call their opinions corrupt, since to Lemon and Aunt Dan they amount to ordinary clearheadedness. Whether consciously or unconsciously, the pair are disciples of the Robert Ardrey hypothesis that man from his earliest beginnings has been an armed killer, killing not only because it is necessary for his survival but because it gives him pleasure; to Lemon and Aunt Dan, bullies are our natural masters (sometimes they are Nazis exterminating European Jews, sometimes they are Americans in Vietnam), and compassion is a nonsense word, which reasonable people are careful not to employ.

Much of "Aunt Dan and Lemon" consists of conversations, but the conversations are contests as well, as in Shawn's movie "My Dinner with André," in which his bedraggled little David defeats the suave and overconfident, spellbinding Goliath of André Gregory. And there is melodrama in the play, and also what the weather forecasts in England like to describe, on days of gloomy rain, as "bright patches." It is true that four people die in the course of "Aunt Dan," one of them by garrotting; on the other hand, the author, playing three radically different characters, manages to introduce a good deal of comedy into his portrayals of them. Kathryn Pogson is sensationally convincing as Lemon, and Linda Hunt brings an air of sturdy bravado to the role of the wicked Aunt Dan. Linda Bassett is touching as the mother, who, having expected so much of life when she was an Oxford undergraduate, has found so little of value in it since her marriage, and Lynsey Baxter is a fetchingly amoral vixen, eager to perform any service, legal or illegal, on a strictly cash basis. Admirable in small parts are Larry Pine and Mario Arrambide. The ingenious and attractive set is by Peter Hartwell, the costumes are by Jennifer Cook, and the lighting is by Christopher Toulmin and Gerard P. Bourcier. The direction, which gives every scene its just weight and duration, is by Max Stafford-Clark.

—BRENDAN GILL



"Love ya, Al, but something big just came up, so let's undo lunch."

THE best that can be said of Stephen MacDonald's "Not About Heroes," at the Lucille Lortel, is that it affords us the opportunity of seeing a stunning performance by Edward Herrmann as Siegfried Sassoon and a very good one by Dylan Baker, here making his New York début, as Wilfred Owen. The play—or, more exactly, the script—is concerned with the brief, passionate friendship of the two poets, a friendship that began in 1917 in a mental hospital in Scotland, where each of them had been sent with what during the First World War was generally called shell shock. Sassoon had written an angry, accusing public statement about the conduct of the war; instead of the court-martial he had hoped for, he received a diagnosis of nervous breakdown. Owen's apparent cowardice on the battlefield was diagnosed as neurasthenia. Sassoon was already an established poet, Owen a beginner. In the play, they meet when Owen brings to Sassoon's room a stack of volumes to be autographed. Sassoon, testy at first, soon becomes sympathetic and helpful and obviously deeply attracted to the younger man, who, just as obviously, worships him. As scene follows scene, the men discuss poetry and recite their poems, and Owen reads selections from the enthusiastic letters he has written to his mother at home. There is no evidence of an actual love affair between the two poets (Sassoon is a model of self-control); there is not much evidence of a play, either. Nevertheless, the poems by both poets, exposing the horrors of trench warfare, are still so effective, and the acting is of such quality, that our attention is held throughout the evening. Dianne Wiest directed.

“TOMORROW'S MONDAY” was written by Paul Osborn in 1936, for a theatre in Vermont. It has never been done in New York before and is now being presented at Circle Rep in tandem with “Talley & Son,” by Lanford Wilson, a revised version of his “A Tale Told.” “Tomorrow's Monday” is set in a small, dowdy house in the Middle West and is about a family reunion of sorts, the occasion being the illness of the elderly mother—a bout of indigestion that her spinster daughter and young son mistake for a heart attack. An older son, who has been living in New York, is summoned, along with his rich wife. The play, a mild work (to put it as kindly as possible), explores in one colloquy after another various aspects of family life. What story there is deals with the future of the younger son, a restless sophomore at some local college. His brother offers to finance the youth's tuition at a university, but

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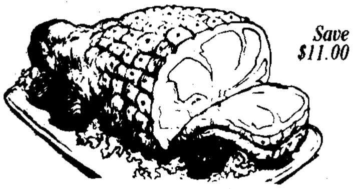

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his sister-in-law, an independent soul (and a born troublemaker), suggests that he drop everything and come to New York with her and her husband. Mother thinks that this might be a good idea, but spinster sister, a routine possessive neurotic (speaking of troublemakers), does all she can to short-circuit it, and on and on and on.

All the parts are nicely acted. Helen Stenborg gives a brisk, refreshing performance as the mother; Richard Backus, his natty appearance belying disappointment within, is the older son; the beautiful Diane Venora, fascinating and unintelligible as ever, is his rich wife; Trish Hawkins is the neurotic spinster; Robert Macnaughton is the younger son; and Amy Epstein is his girlfriend. The depressing setting, by John Lee Beatty, is lighted by Dennis Parichy.

WHEN I first saw "A Tale Told," in 1981, I thought it the most accomplished of Lanford Wilson's three plays about the Talley family, of Lebanon, Missouri; and now, revised and renamed "Talley & Son," it still seems so. I didn't notice any drastic revision, by the way—nor do I feel the need for any. The action, to recall it as quickly as possible, takes place in the home of the rich, bigoted, grasping, squabbling Talley family on the evening of July 4, 1944, while young Sally Talley is down at Talley's Folly, their boathouse, becoming engaged to "that Jew" Matt Friedman.

The new production is as satisfying as the original one was. Although I couldn't help missing Fritz Weaver, I admired Edward Seamon in the role of the harsh, tyrannical patriarch; and the presence of Farley Granger, as his son and chief victim, adds greatly to the performance as a whole. Joyce Reehling Christopher, as the fat spinster aunt (and heroine of sorts), is very good, and so is Robert Macnaughton, this time as the ghost of a young Talley killed in the war, who haunts the premises throughout the play. The setting, almost the same as that of "Tomorrow's Monday," is again by Mr. Beatty, lighted by Mr. Parichy. The flawless direction was by Marshall W. Mason, the artistic director of Circle Rep.

—EDITH OLIVER

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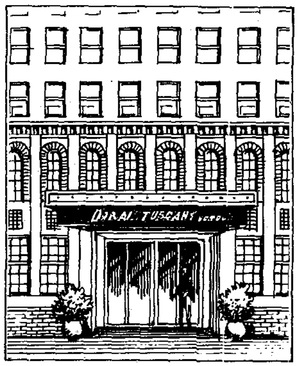

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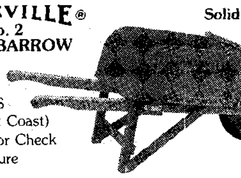

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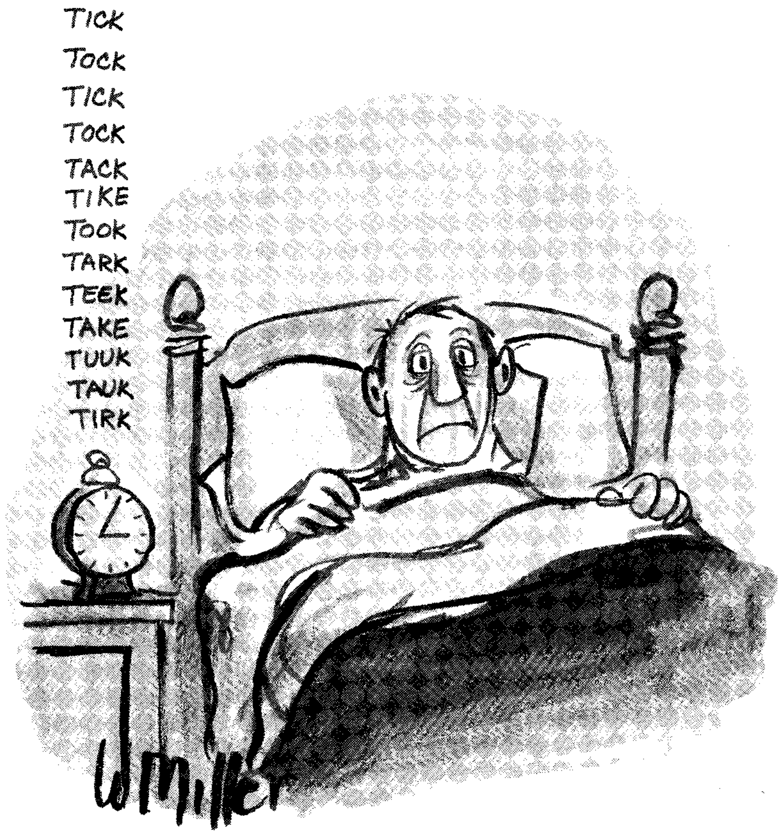
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

October 27

ANY week in which the Reagan Administration snatches hijackers on the getaway—for its first anti-terrorist success—and also upends the Democrats on an issue, the deficit, that was becoming a liability for Reagan is not a bad week for the President, whatever the longer-range consequences. And despite those consequences—which would prove to be difficult, and which, in the case of the hijackers, became apparent almost immediately—Presidential advisers have been buoyed by the events of the second week in October, and feel that these successes will carry over into other matters, including the forthcoming summit meeting between President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. The President's tax-reform program, his one great initiative this year, has been foundering, and the White House, recognizing this, has begun to change the subject. The Administration is still rent over arms control. More evidence of the President's shaky grasp of substance, and even his sometimes lack of awareness of what he's doing, came out recently. (He got the name of the wife of President Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, who was paying a state visit, wrong, and welcomed Lee "to Singapore." During the hijack events, he suggested that the P.L.O. could, like a nation, try the hijackers—a statement that grim-faced advisers had him retract in short order.) Talk out of the White House about preparations for the summit gave a picture of a President, nearly five years in office, seriously boning up for the first time on the Soviet Union and arms control. Still, the popularity of the President remained exceptionally high, and his snatching of the hijackers gave a boost to his ratings on handling foreign policy and handling terrorism—which had not been as high as his over-all approval ratings. Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff, continued to work on mending his ways and becoming less controversial: he listened to outside advisers, kept his head down more, and paid more attention to Capitol Hill. But mistakes continued to be made—for example, in the way the firing of Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler was handled, when, to the consternation of many of the President's advisers, he was sent out before the press to say that he had asked Mrs. Heckler to be Ambassador to Ireland because she had "done a fine job" at H.H.S., when everyone knew she had been fired, and he denounced "the malicious gossip" about White House unhappiness with Mrs. Heckler, which everyone knew was coming from his own staff. And some older Reagan hands were called in to help try to make the Administration's responses to Gorbachev's initiatives more coherent and less defensive and to help prepare for the summit. Still, the President's advisers feel, with good reason, that Reagan is in much better political shape than he was when he and Congress returned to Washington after the August recess.



THE Senate debate over a move to force a balancing of the budget in five years, and the subsequent maneuvering in the House over the Senate-passed plan, have provided a revealing picture of the current state of American politics. The Senate passed a complicated and significant plan in a rush, having held no hearings on it, having received no outside advice as to its workability, or even constitutionality, with much of it being improvised on the spot, and with few senators understanding exactly what was in it or how it would work. It was a purely political exercise, propelled along by fear of not voting for such a proposition and by frustration over the government's—that is, Congress's and the President's—inability to make the hard political decisions to get the budget under control. (The Senate Republicans' inability this past summer to get the President or the House to go along with cutting Social Security or raising taxes still rankled.) The whole thing came about because the Senate was facing the unpleasant duty of having to vote to increase the statutory limit on the national debt to two trillion dollars. (The House had incorporated the increase in its budget resolution in the summer, thus avoiding a roll-call vote on the matter.) Votes on the debt ceiling, which is a consequence of actions already taken by the government, always attract a certain amount of political maneuvering. It is not uncommon for the opposition party to vote against raising the debt ceiling in order to embarrass the party that occupies the White House. Republicans had played this game when Jimmy Carter was in the White House, and as the deficits continued to mount under Reagan the Democrats proceeded to turn the tables. The fact that this time the debt ceiling would have to be raised to the symbolically significant two trillion dollars—an amount twice as high as when Reagan assumed office—threatened to be a major embarrassment for Reagan and the Republican Party. Moreover, the pulse-taking by members of Congress during the August recess and

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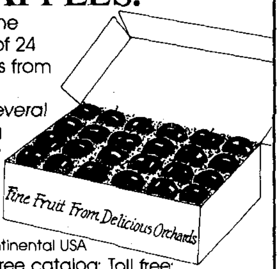
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poll-taking on behalf of the Administration made it clear that the issue of the deficit—once considered a yawn—was taking hold with the public, as was the idea that responsibility for it lay with Reagan. Until recently, Reagan had been able to get across the idea that the deficit had been brought about by "the spenders" in Congress, despite his own contributions to it through the tax cuts of 1981 and his military buildup and his resistance to raising taxes. A Reagan adviser said to me a couple of weeks ago, "Reagan was becoming vulnerable on the deficit. The perception was beginning to build that he didn't give a damn about it. And our research shows that people are starting to make the connection between the deficit and other problems."

Traditionally, the voting to raise the debt ceiling is postponed until the government is—or appears to be—about to run out of money, in order to get members of Congress to approve it rather than shut down the government and hold up the Social Security checks and so on, and also to ward off mischievous amendments that might hold up final approval of the measure. This year, however, it became clear to Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole and to the White House that there would not be enough Senate votes to approve the new debt ceiling unless the proposal was accompanied by legislation that appeared to do something about the deficit. Dole assumed, with good reason, that the Democrats would vote against the increase in order to embarrass the Republicans, and he had been informed by a number of Republican senators that they would not support the debt-ceiling increase by itself. Republican senators were armed with a number of proposals, but the one that gained the official blessing of the leadership, and eventually of the White House, was a proposal drafted by Senators Phil Gramm, a conservative from Texas, and Warren Rudman, a moderate from New Hampshire. Later, Senator Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, joined in as a co-sponsor, thus giving the proposal bipartisan backing. In essence, the proposal, introduced on September 25th, called for cutting the deficit by equal amounts (thirty-six billion dollars) for five years, to bring it into balance by fiscal 1991. The proposal set forth a specific budget level for each of the next five fiscal years and provided that if at the beginning of the fiscal year the Congress had not met

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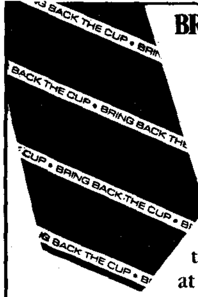
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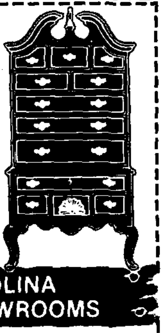

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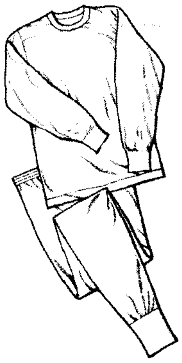
that goal, or come within a specified percentage of meeting it (seven per cent in fiscal 1986 and five per cent after that), the President would cut the budget across the board to meet the goal. The euphemism for what the President would do was that he would "sequester" the funds. In 1974, Congress had passed legislation designed to curb a President's power to "impound" funds—or withhold certain spending—because it felt that Richard Nixon had abused this power. The idea of the Gramm-Rudman proposal seemed simple enough and had an obvious political appeal, but it was full of booby traps and dubious assumptions, and, as senators found after they rushed to embrace it, putting such an idea into workable legislation was just about impossible. But the problems that the proposal posed didn't stop the Senate from adopting it; they only slowed it down for a few days.

Among the problems in the proposal was its very assumption: that a balanced budget in itself is a desirable goal. Until not long ago, it had been generally accepted among people who knew anything about it that it is acceptable for the federal budget to be out of balance, within reason, and that under some circumstances, such as an economic downturn, it is a necessity. But the term "balanced budget" has been tossed around so much of late—particularly by Reagan, who tries to camouflage what is really going on by calling for a constitutional amendment to balance the budget—that a balanced budget has become a political totem. The Gramm-Rudman proposal failed to provide adequately for the contingency of a recession: in the form in which it came before the Senate, it said that if the Office of Management and Budget, which is part of the executive branch, and the Congressional Budget Office, a nonpartisan advisory body that reports to Congress, predicted negative growth in the gross national product for the next four quarters, the President would have thirty days to issue the sequester order—as opposed to fourteen days under normal circumstances—and he could temporarily suspend or waive the required sequestering. (If the O.M.B. and the C.B.O. didn't agree, they were to split the difference.) The proposal also allowed its provisions to be waived in a time of war. Among the problems with the recession provision were that a recession has traditionally been defined as two periods of negative growth; that the government has not



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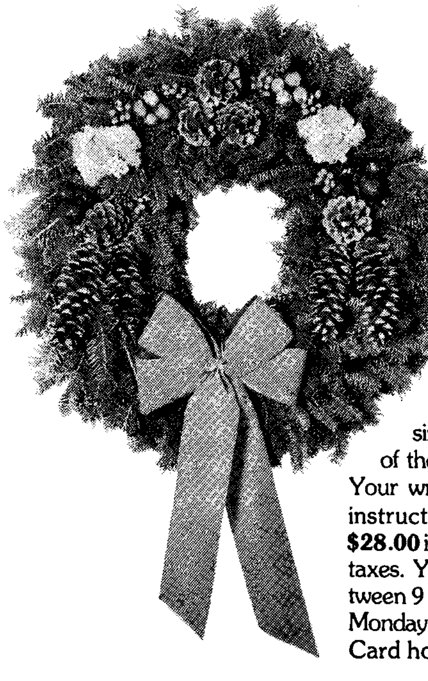

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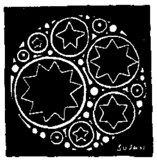
predicted any of the recessions of the past ten years; and that the proposal did not take account of the economic slowdown that usually precedes a recession, the increased deficits due to higher unemployment and lower revenues that result from a recession, or the gradual recovery that follows a recession. Among the many changes made in the proposal during its brief appearance before the Senate was one revising the number of quarters to two, but the other problems remained, and since there arose a constitutional question of whether the President could waive the law, the proposal was changed to give the President no choice but to issue a sequester order meeting the law's targets—even in a recession. So the proposal passed by the Senate had no out for a recession. Thus, for example, the legislation could require a tremendous cut in the budget—in order to meet the legislation's goals—just as the country was coming out of a recession, and this could perpetuate the effects of the recession. The decision as to whether the deficit-level goal set forth in the legislation had been met by Congress—and thus whether or not the President would sequester funds—was also to be governed by estimates by the O.M.B. and the C.B.O., with the two agencies again splitting the difference. The C.B.O. has a reputation for independence, while the O.M.B. is a political arm of the White House and, if previous patterns are followed, is likely to play games with its reports. Furthermore, just how they were to decide whether the deficit goal had been met was unclear: for one thing, it is difficult to tell what the deficit is on any given day; for another, Congress is rarely finished by the beginning of a fiscal year with legislation that will affect that year's budget.

Exactly what programs would be subject to across-the-board cuts by the President was a mystery when the Senate took up the proposal, and after seven days of debate and some clarifications it was still something of a mystery. During the Senate debate on the proposal, Gramm insisted that the President's authority was purely "ministerial"—that he had no discretion on which programs to cut—but it became clear that that was not the case. In the course of the debate, some changes were made to tighten the restrictions on the President's actions, but as the bill emerged from the Senate the President was still in a position to exercise some discretion—no one was sure how much—on what he would cut when he sequestered funds. In order to get enough support in the Senate—and the House—the sponsors removed Social Security from the purview of their proposal. As Gramm said in the Senate debate, "We cannot drag that dead cat across the table again." The exclusion of Social Security put more pressure for cuts on other programs, including those designed to aid people not as well off as many Social Security recipients. The proposal also excluded from cuts interest on the national debt, which must be paid, and payments required by existing contracts. The latter provision, among other things, excluded about thirty-eight per cent of the Pentagon budget—almost all of it contracts for acquiring major weapons systems. This left for large cuts the rest of the Pentagon budget—manpower, operation, and maintenance, or "readiness," which is often shortchanged anyway. The Senate, in the face of criticism about this, made certain contracts subject to cuts, but no one was clear how many. Domestic programs for which contracts are let—such as the ones providing funds for waste-treatment plants or building housing—would also be exempted. The exemptions left only about half of the budget to be cut—but not all of even that would be affected proportionally. As Gramm explained it, half the across-the-board cuts were to come from the cost-of-living increases in entitlement programs—such as veterans' pensions, and Medicare—or what were termed "relatively uncontrollable" programs, and half was to come from "relatively controllable" programs. But if the cuts in the COLAs of entitlement programs did not yield enough funds—the body of the entitlement programs would be left untouched—the rest would come from the "relatively controllable" programs. This meant that about half the cuts would come from twenty-five per cent of the budget.



Exactly which programs fit in which category was one of the many things left unresolved at the end of the Senate debate. And the executive branch could move some things from one category to another. If the "trigger" for the sequestering was pulled, funds for the F.B.I. and for the National Endowment for the Arts and for running the White House and for nutrition programs and education programs would all have to be cut by the

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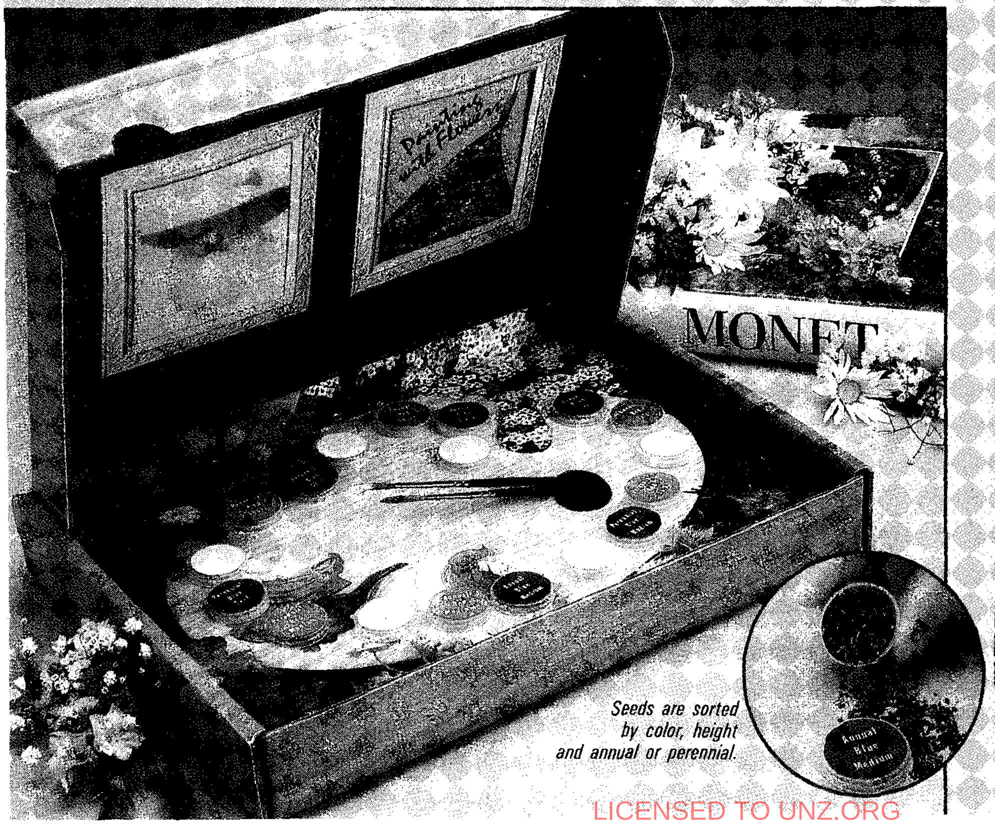

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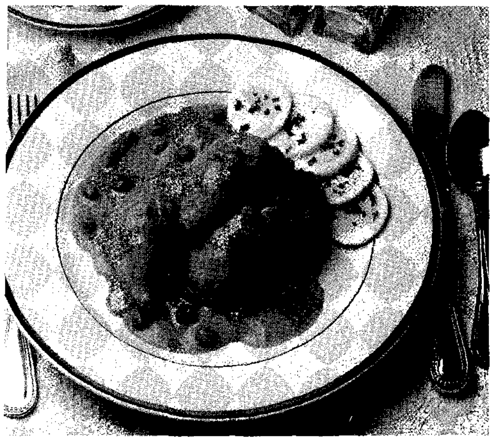
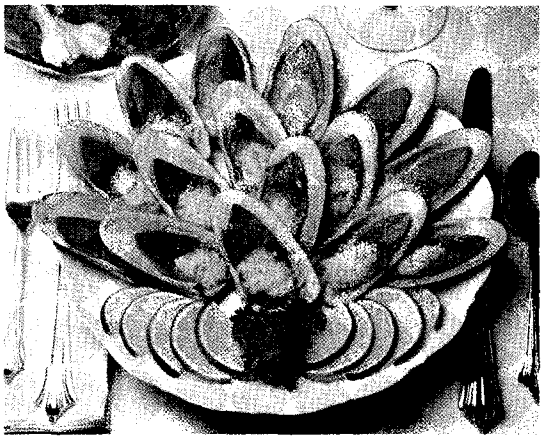
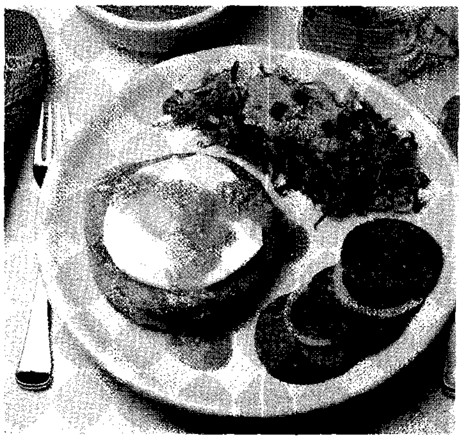
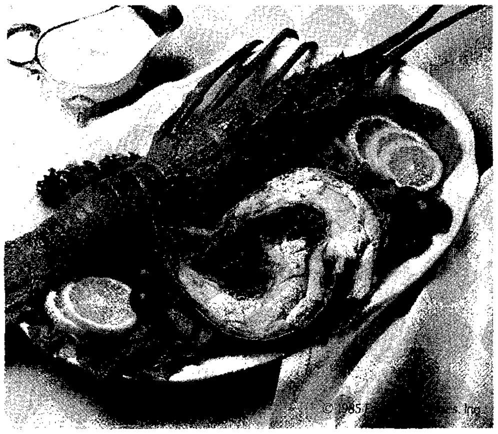
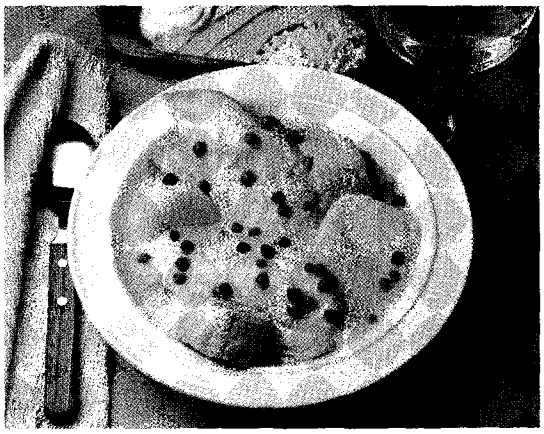
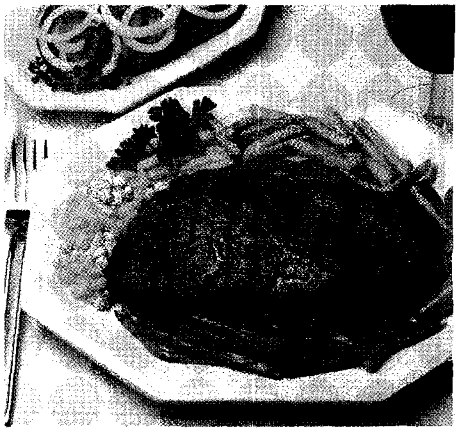

Picante de Ave. Boned chicken with paprika sauce.


Machas a la Parmesana. Pacific clams with white wine and cheese.


Yapingachos. Cheese-filled potato tortilla with egg and peanut sauce.


Langosta del Pacífico. Pacific lobster with mayonnaise.


Ajiaco. Chicken stew with potato, corn and capers.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same percentage. But it was clear that the main targets for cuts would be the readiness programs of the Pentagon and programs for the poor, which had taken the brunt of the budget cuts since Reagan came to office.

Congress would have an opportunity to propose an alternative to the President's sequestering plan—but it wouldn't have much time (fourteen days), and the President could veto its alternative. Thus a situation would be established in which the President, through a series of vetoes, could force the sequestering; in which Congress could tie itself in procedural knots trying to do what it already had the power, if not the will, to do (cut the budget); and in which Congress would hand back to the President powers that it had jealously preserved to itself. The proposal, moreover, changed some basic philosophy by which the government is supposed to function. The idea of the legislative process is to have Congress and the President compromise and reach an agreement; under this proposal, the President would have an incentive to disrupt the process, if he wished, in order to reach the sequestering. Moreover, the whole notion of how government is supposed to work is that the people give up certain prerogatives in order to have action taken by the House, the Senate, and the President—to have them reach an accommodation on various questions; under this proposal, the government acts even if they don't reach an accommodation.

Despite all the questions, ambiguities, and irrationalities in the proposal, there was no question but that the Senate would approve it. It already had forty-one co-sponsors when Gramm and Rudman unveiled it at a press conference on October 2nd, and by the time it was placed before the Senate the next day almost half the senators had signed on. Gramm's office says that once the bill reached the floor "people just kept walking up and putting their names on it, and we lost track." From time to time, members of Congress get swept up in an emotional tide and sign on to a piece of legislation, and even pass it, without much examination and despite its dubious merits. But rarely, if ever, has this happened with a piece of legislation that is so complex and of such potential importance. A few liberals, such as Senator Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, signed on before the debate began, because, Dodd says, "As a progressive, I've never seen a time of economic downturn and deficit accumulation—except for a depression—where the social-program agenda has prevailed. Deficits have built support for the conservative agenda. We are at least holding out the prospect of getting back to ground zero, where we can begin to do something." Several liberals were persuaded that since the President must submit budgets that meet the proposal's deficit goals the Gramm-Rudman proposal offered the best possibility for persuading the President to curb defense spending more and to raise taxes. They were taking, as Senator Paul Simon, Democrat of Illinois, explained to me later, "a calculated gamble." Some liberals supported the proposal to try to rid the Democratic Party of the image of "spenders" and some voted for it out of sheer self-protection.

Gramm was clearly the moving force behind the proposal, and it was not the first time he cut a swath right through the Congress, leaving opponents nearly helpless. In 1981, Gramm, then a Democrat and a member of the House Budget Committee, helped ram through the House a large package of Administration-backed budget cuts (including many changes in existing laws) whose contents were unknown to many, if not most, of the members, since it was placed before the House just hours before the vote; the bill itself was tossed together at the last minute, and contained pages of scribbled notes and changes, and even the telephone number of an employee of the C.B.O. For his sins in collaborating with the Reagan Administration while sitting in on Democrats' strategy sessions, Gramm was removed from the Budget Committee; he then resigned from the House and changed parties and called for a special election, which he won, becoming a hero in the Republican Party. In 1984, he won a Senate seat and, as he said to me recently, "here I am." Gramm, who is forty-three, is gawky, voluble—and very shrewd. His particular skill is in framing an issue in a way that makes it difficult to argue—or vote—against it. Many who have opposed Gramm see him as a very smart, clever, formidable opponent. Gramm told me recently that he realized in July that there would be "another opportunity to address the budget," so "I got out my old files." He said that Rudman got in touch with him and the two men decided that Gramm's was the better draft, and that they would work from that. Their obtaining the support

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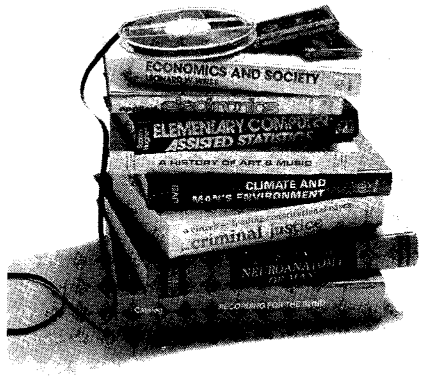

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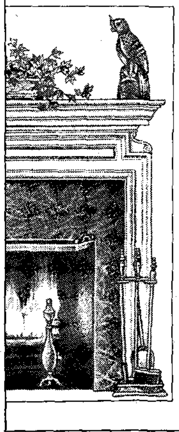

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of Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and a much respected senator, gave their proposal respectability in others' eyes. Domenici went for it because of his frustration over last summer's events, when he and his colleagues failed to get the President to agree to more substantial budget cuts.

Meanwhile, Gramm had also been talking to Donald Regan and other White House staff members, urging his proposal on them and accepting ideas to make it more palatable to the White House. One change was to make the budget ceilings more lenient by stretching out the time covered by the proposal (from four fiscal years to five), so that no drastic cuts would have to be made before the 1986 elections. Democratic opponents termed this "The 1986 Incumbents Protectionist Act." But slipping the numbers was also designed to take some pressure off the President. A White House aide told me recently, "There was an effort here to make it realistic." The President's aides finally got Reagan to sign on, despite the fact that they knew that the proposal could lead to more pressure on defense spending. Reagan announced his support on the Friday that the Senate began debate on the proposal—with the caveat that spending for defense should grow by three per cent over inflation in the next two years, as contemplated in the fiscal 1986 budget approved by Congress. Such commitments are often subject to change, and some of the President's advisers doubted that the planned increases would take place. In fact, some of the people around the President welcomed the Gramm-Rudman proposal *because* it would put pressure on defense spending and might bring about a tax increase; Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was quite disturbed by the proposal's implications for his department, and he recently said that the President would not be bound by "a rigid foumula" in cutting defense. While one Presidential adviser told me he didn't believe that there was much left in domestic spending that could be cut, another said that the President believes that the budget problem remains one of too much domestic spending. "That's why the President is so enthusiastic about this," he said. For some years now, the President has persisted in the belief that far more cutting in domestic spending was possible than several people around him—and some conservative Republicans in the Senate—be-

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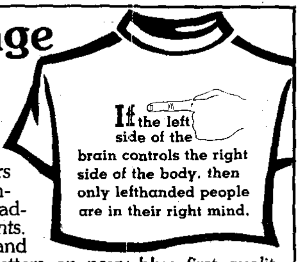

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lieved was politically acceptable. Even his budget proposal this year, which contained all sorts of politically unacceptable cuts, would have cut the deficit by only fifty billion dollars, leaving a substantial deficit.

David Stockman, the former O.M.B. director, said on "This Week with David Brinkley" at the end of September, "It is very clear to me after five years that the spending-cut episode is over. We've had a referendum on what we want in the budget and what we don't; what's left most of the people want, and we're going to have to raise taxes to pay for it." Stockman, who while he was in government had made such arguments internally (and let some journalists know how he felt), said, "I think, if we're going to get out of this situation and restore any semblance of national solvency and fiscal discipline, it's going to take a very major tax increase, larger than we've ever had or contemplated." (Stockman also called the President's tax-reform program "preposterous," and said that the revenues gained by reforming the tax code should be used to reduce the deficit rather than give people another tax reduction. As it happens, a number of House Democrats are thinking along the same lines.)

The White House claims at least co-inspiration of the deficit-reduction plan, saying that the President was thinking about something like it during his August vacation. The idea had been around in conservative circles, having been proposed by Martin Anderson, a former adviser to Reagan who is now at the Hoover Institution. Senate strategists say that the White House's initial inclination was to have the debt-limit increase be passed without any amendment but that when Dole reversed course, realizing that he could not get the increase through without adornment, the White House went along. The proposal gave the President an opportunity to get off the defensive and back on the offensive about the deficit. It also gave him an opportunity to slide away from his campaign for the tax-reform bill. Even the White House finally faced up to the fact that the campaign had not had the desired—or any—effect. Some of Reagan's advisers say that this is because the speeches and events were poorly planned, but others conclude that the public simply isn't interested in tax reform. One adviser told me, "With the average man, you can't tell him you're going to give him

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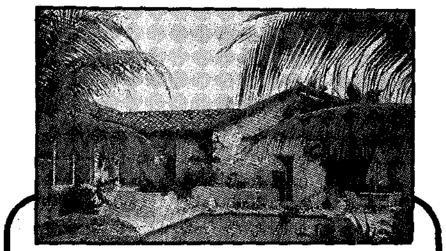

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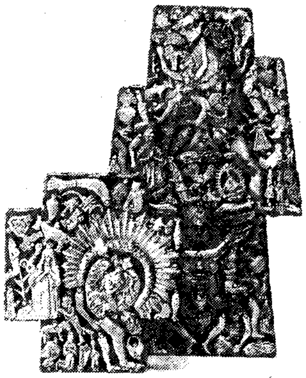
one thing with one hand and take away with another. He figures it's a con game." So the White House quietly took the decision to end the President's tax-reform trips—to limit the President's exposure on the issue for a while—until it's clearer where the tax bill is going. A rescue attempt is now under way in the Ways and Means Committee. One thing that has slowed the committee's action is that Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, is also chairman of the House conferees on the Gramm-Rudman proposal. The Reagan adviser said, "They were sensing that the tax thing wasn't working, and so they said, 'Let's get him out of there.'" The reason offered for the cessation of the tax trips was the President's need to take time to prepare for the summit, and the President's rhetoric on his last planned tax outing turned to the subject of deficit reduction. The adviser said, "You always give a logical reason to the press when you change tactics, but in fact the White House changed its priorities from the tax bill to deficit reduction and the summit." I asked this man if the President would still attack the Democrats if the tax bill did fail in the House, and he replied, "Isn't that a nice way to have it? It's much better to do that than to pass a bad bill." He added, referring to Reagan's tax-reform campaigning, "That tells you that no matter how good you are you have to tell people what they want to hear."

WHEN Dole placed the Gramm-Rudman proposal before the Senate, on Thursday, October 3rd, as an amendment to the debt-ceiling increase, he arranged through a series of parliamentary maneuvers that the proposal could not be amended, and said that the Senate had to accept it right away, as the government was going to run out of funds on Monday. On Friday, Dole, whose humor often runs to revealing sarcasm, said, "The longer something hangs around here, the staler it gets. People start reading it." The proposal, which had undergone a number of changes before it was brought up, had not even been printed—it appeared in Xeroxed form, reminding some of Gramm's old tricks. Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, who was to be a dogged opponent of the proposal in the coming days, spending large amounts of time on the Senate floor and raising hard questions, said on Friday, "I think the worst thing the Senate could do is to



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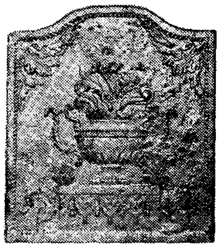

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pass a deficit-reduction plan that has consequences for the Defense Department, for senior citizens, or anyone else, that we do not even understand. Part of the reason we are talking about a fundamental change in the budget process of this country is because the process has failed, and one of the reasons those policies have failed is because we did not think out the consequences of them when they were adopted." Hart continued, "So let us not compound the mistake by running to a judgment on a plan to reduce the deficit, which we all believe is necessary, because of an artificial deadline created by another measure. . . . I want to know, unlike 1981, on what I am voting." Minority Leader Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, said that he had just attended a Democratic caucus, "and I have listened for two and a half hours to a well-attended conference and the conference is confused as to what is in the pending package." He added, "It has just been modified less than twenty minutes ago. I do not suppose any senator on this side has any idea whatsoever what this modification does." Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, who was also to prove a strong opponent of the plan, replied, "None." Bennett Johnston, Democrat of Louisiana, a moderate-to-conservative and not a flamboyant man, said, "I believe that the pending amendment constitutes one of the greatest exercises in self-deception and wishful thinking that I have seen on the floor of this Senate in a long time." He went on to call the proposal "the most far-reaching, the most horrendous, the most damaging to the constitutional processes, and the most extreme piece of legislation I have seen here in the Senate in twelve and a half years"—a reference to his length of service. He continued, "It is nothing less, in my judgment, than legislative Armageddon." Johnston was to throw harpoons at the proposal in the following days by asking such seemingly simple questions as what, for the purposes of this proposal, was an "expenditure." Gramm and Rudman explained that expenditures were defined in a certain O.M.B. document—O.M.B. circular BPS 0701A, a document of several hundred pages—which, as it happened, was unavailable to the senators. This was subsequently dropped, and the final bill incorporated a definition that still left a large number of questions. Byrd and some other Democrats—who wanted to offer an alternative

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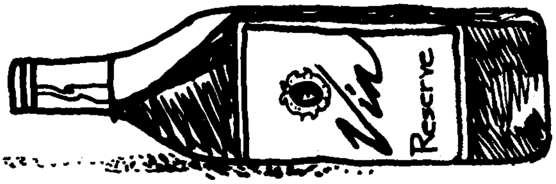

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to the proposal or to get some changes in it, or to at least understand what was in it—prevented a vote on the proposal that day, so Dole, to heighten the drama and the pressure, held Saturday and Sunday sessions. Not all Democrats were pleased with Byrd's action, because this cast the Democrats as both threatening to cause the government to shut down and opposing a balanced budget.

The Democrats' discomfort was heightened by the press coverage of these events, particularly on television, which, in the shorthand that television news uses, told the world that the Democrats were filibustering a proposal to balance the budget. On Saturday, Hart had argued that if Congress wanted to undo what remained of domestic programs "let us have that debate; let us have it in the open." He continued, "I do not like people who sneak in the back door. I do not like people who plot in 1981 and 1982 to break the back of the federal government with a sneak attack. I smell a rat. This is the tail of the rat." Hart was referring to the actions in 1981 and 1982 to cut taxes and increase the defense budget and put pressure on domestic programs. He and Moynihan and others have argued that this was a deliberate attempt to create a budget crisis so that domestic programs would have to be cut. After the weekend, a liberal Democratic senator—who ultimately voted for the Gramm-Rudman proposal—said to me, "We're getting killed on this. The press has been dutifully reporting that the Democrats are stonewalling and filibustering a proposal to balance the budget. The sponsors won't let us offer an amendment, but they've changed it ten times. Every time we ask a question they can't answer, they go back to the drawing boards." He continued, "This is no filibuster. We've been squawking because they won't let us amend a bad bill." And then he said, "I'm just upset they came up with this and we didn't, and all we can do is react."

An aide to a Democratic senator said to me, "What you're seeing is largely the politics of 1986." The Republicans have twenty-two Senate seats up next year, to the Democrats' twelve, and a net gain of four seats by the Democrats would return the Senate to Democratic control. Early in the year, the consensus among political observers was that the Republicans would maintain control, but the subsequent announced retirements of Republican Senators Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, and Charles McC. Mathias, of Maryland, have shaken that consensus. Some Democrats outside the Senate wonder whether it would be so good for the Party to regain control of the Senate while Reagan is still in office and before the Democrats know what they would do with their new power—but this is not a consideration for the senators, who stand to regain committee and subcommittee chairmanships. The aide—who works for a liberal Democrat who ultimately voted for the Gramm-Rudman proposal—said to me, "If you had a dime for every time this proposal has been called a turkey in both parties' caucuses, you'd be a rich person. It's the politics of the issue that are driving it, not the merits, and therefore people here don't care what the economists think. The Democrats are having a 'cover your backside' reaction—they feel the country would cheer a balanced budget. The phones here are ringing off the hook with people calling and blaming the Democrats for holding up action to balance the budget. Liberal Democrats realize that part of the reason we're facing the crises in trade and agriculture is the deficits. In their hearts, they know that some revenues will have to be raised, but they can't say so. This gives them a chance to get that done." The aide continued, "The thing the Democrats can't believe is that they thought they had the Republicans where they wanted them on the deficit—we had the Senate in our sights after 1986—and now they have taken the initiative. What this is all about is a fight over control of the Senate."

On Monday, Moynihan, who remained indignant over the way the Senate was proceeding, said, "Is this legislation serious? The way we are dealing with it is not serious at all." He said, "We are not debating. There have been no hearings held on a matter where, at the very minimum, constitutional questions should be raised. The bill was only printed yesterday, as far as I can tell, but even yesterday changes were made." Moynihan said that he had elicited from the Budget Committee staff the opinion that most farm programs would not be covered by the proposal, and this became a matter of dispute for the next several days. A compromise was finally worked out that appeared to provide federal support for farmers who planted before the beginning of a fiscal

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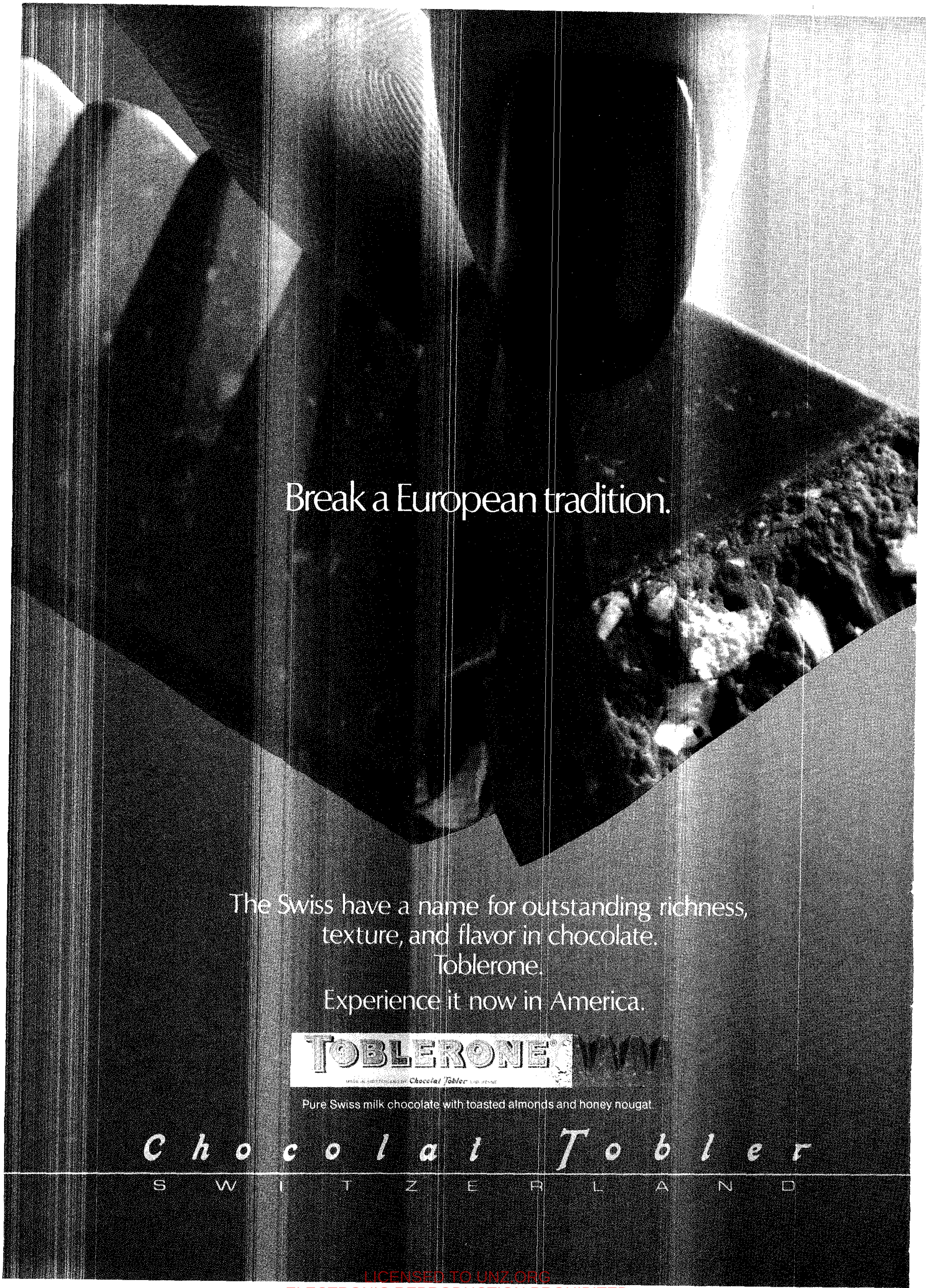

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year but not for those who planted afterward—the early planters would be penalized later, when their contracts came up for renewal. However, the senators solemnly provided that producers of the same crop would be treated the same—that is, a soybean producer in one part of the country who planted before the sequestration order would receive no favorable treatment over a soybean producer from another part of the country who planted after the sequestration order. Similarly, a student who received a federally guaranteed loan before the sequestration order would be able to keep it for that school year, but the loan would be subject to the cuts in the following year. A Democratic alternative to Gramm-Rudman was allowed to come to a vote, and it was rejected, as everyone knew it would be. As the debate went on into the week of October 7th, Dole placed in the *Congressional Record* what he referred to as "tremble letters" from the Treasury Department that said that the government was about to run out of money. But on Wednesday Treasury, using an obscure procedure, provided itself with another five billion dollars. Dole was embarrassed and angry—but the Senate, though it now had more time, went ahead and adopted the Gramm-Rudman amendment by an overwhelming vote of seventy-five to twenty-four.

Twenty-seven of forty-seven Democrats voted for the amendment. Among them was Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts, who just before the vote said that he realized that there were problems with the proposal which he hoped would be worked out when the Senate and the House tried to reach a final agreement on it. Then Kennedy said, "We can no longer do nothing. We can no longer afford a deadlock in which Congress stands its grounds and the President refuses to meet us even halfway." He pointed out that the proposal would call for sacrifices in the military budget, and he said, "We are all crying fire in the overcrowded theatre of the federal deficit. We cannot continue to debate endlessly which fire extinguisher to use while the fire itself rages on." Hart, in his closing statement before he voted against the Gramm-Rudman proposal, said that the proposal "is going to take the failure of Reaganomics out on the people who can afford it the least." Hart went on to say, "I think it is tragic and a travesty that those who visited that failure upon us are those who are coming back now to say to those people who are the victims of that failure, 'You are going to bear the rest of the burden.' " The seeming role reversal on the part of Hart, formerly the cool man of "new ideas" and the rejecter of "the politics of the past," and Kennedy, formerly the passionate liberal, may well have something to do with their presumed needs as they get in position for possible races for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1988. Kennedy has also explained his vote in terms of what he sees as the Democrats' need to show that they are fiscally prudent so that they can proceed to meet people's needs—as, he points out, several Democratic governors have done.

Adoption of the amendment did not mean that its sponsors were finished writing it. Following its adoption, Domenici submitted twenty-five further changes that had been worked out among various senators, and, after Hart complained about the Senate's being railroaded once again, these were adopted on Thursday. Hart said, "This has been one of the sorriest weeks for the chamber in recent memory." He pointed out that the Senate is supposed to be the "deliberative body," acting not in haste and quick reaction to the political temper. Hart objected to "legislation in the cloakroom," saying that it would leave little record for future legislators to know what was intended. On Thursday, before the final bill—containing the multiply amended Gramm-Rudman proposal and the increase in the debt limit—was approved, some senators offered amendments to put the Senate to the test of whether it really wanted to take some difficult decisions to reduce the deficit. Two of these were offered by Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey. One would have imposed a gasoline tax, and the other would have made a substantial cut in defense spending—a cut that Bradley said the Gramm-Rudman proposal could bring about. Both proposals were overwhelmingly defeated—as Bradley had expected. On the day before, a strong piece by Bradley had appeared on the op-ed page of the Washington *Post*. In it Bradley said that Gramm-Rudman was "an unprecedented and probably unconstitutional shift of power from the legislative to the executive

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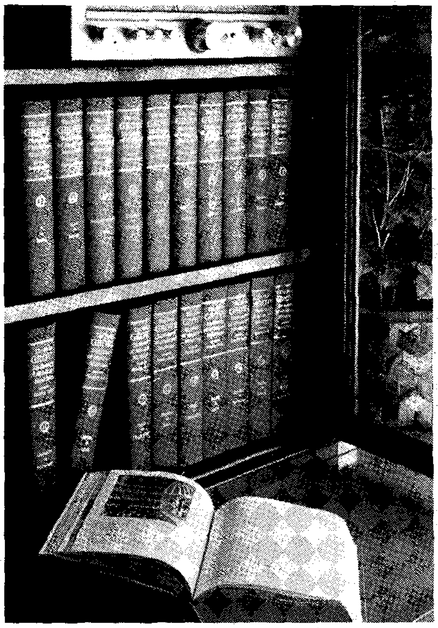

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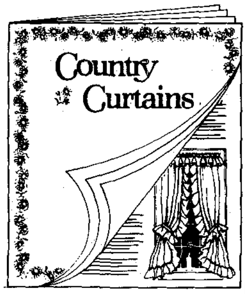
branch." Bradley said that what the Senate was doing "shows Congress at its worst," and he termed Gramm-Rudman "a mindless pursuit of a dubious economic objective." Why a balanced budget in 1991, he asked. "Why not 1994? Why not 1989?" And he wrote, "Reducing the deficit is essential, balancing the budget is not." He continued, "Contrary to the sponsors' favorite analogy, the national government is not similar to a household. Nor is it similar to a state government. The national government has national economic responsibilities that mandate money be spent under certain economic conditions. That is the price of humane government in the twentieth century." He said, "Instead of once again grappling on a bipartisan basis with the tough decisions, particularly on taxes, Congress appears poised in a moment of irrationality and timidity to give Ronald Reagan the sole power to reorder the priorities of the national government." He concluded, "It will be an action that we will all live to regret." Bradley, normally a calm man, was quite worked up when I went to see him in his office on Thursday, while the Senate was completing action on the proposal. "This is turning out to be more ludicrous than I imagined," he said between gulps of his lunch, which he ate between quick trips to the Senate floor for votes. "The very day after they adopt the proposal, when they get a chance to shoot with real bullets, they don't want to," he said. "They get all bogged down in detail—how it works—rather than the larger picture. They accept that the deficit is the big issue and they think there is a procedural logjam because 'the Congress' can't act, that 'the Congress' won't take on 'the Presidency.' " He continued, "The problem is that the Republicans won't join with the Democrats in Congress to take on the President. So they work up this elaborate mechanism to put pressure on themselves and on the President, and it doesn't cut one dollar. But potentially it changes the nature of national government." That afternoon, Bradley tried to ascertain from the sponsors of the proposal whether Medicaid and the welfare program were included in the category of "controllable" programs and therefore subject to substantial cuts, and he received varying replies. Not long thereafter, the Senate passed the debt-ceiling bill, by a vote of fifty-one to thirty-seven. A number of senators who had voted for the Gramm-Rud-



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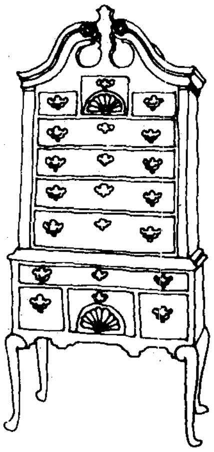

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man proposal voted against the final bill, thus having it both ways.

THE House Democratic leadership had been awaiting the Gramm-Rudman proposal with some consternation. They figured that, for all its problems, it would be politically impossible to stop it—that, in fact, if it were put to the House for a vote straightaway it would be approved. When I asked one aide to the House leadership what was going on, he replied, "Oh, your usual panic." The leadership managed to avoid an immediate vote, and instead get the House to send the bill to a conference with the Senate—a move the Republican leadership of both the House and the Senate, aware that there were many problems in the proposal that needed work, supported. The Democratic leadership also took the position that under the law the Treasury Department could borrow still more funds, so that there was in fact no great rush needed to reach final agreement on the proposal. Then the Democratic leadership, and their aides, set out to show that there were considerable problems with the legislation—an effort that produced bountiful results. However, much as some House Democrats might have wanted to junk the whole thing they did not feel that this was an option. And they believed that if at any point it appeared that they were trying to junk it Southern Democrats and others would abandon them in their efforts to improve the proposal, and would go along with Republicans in voting to approve Gramm-Rudman, or something very close to it. Moreover, a number of newer House Democrats—those elected in the last couple of elections—ran on pledges to cut the deficit, and they are more concerned with protecting their image as fiscally prudent than with the questions of institutional prerogatives and balances that the proposal raises. But the institutional questions are important not only to the senior figures in the House but also to the large number of members elected in 1974—the "Watergate babies"—to whom recovering the system of checks and balances (and blocking impoundment) was a high priority.

After some discussion, the leadership settled on the strategy of not offering a Democratic alternative—thus avoiding a partisan fight over who appeared to be more interested in balancing the budget—but trying to "improve" the Gramm-Rudman proposal. Among the changes they are seeking is one that would make the proposal have real effect this year, as Congress finishes up its work on the fiscal 1986 budget. The thinking behind this strategy is that it would smoke out the Senate Republicans, whom they see having it both ways—saying that they are for making hard choices on the budget but not yet—and that it would give Democratic candidates a good response to challengers, since the Democrats could say that they were for making the proposal tougher. But the White House is already finding that preparing a budget that meets next year's limit is no easy task.

Other changes under consideration by House members involve dealing with recessions; protecting programs for the poor; clarifying the extent to which defense programs would come under the proposal; fixing up the provision for estimates by the O.M.B. and the C.B.O.—to, among other things, reduce the potential for their playing games; and, if possible, dealing with the constitutional questions that have been raised.

Peter Rodino, Democrat of New Jersey and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has written to House and Senate conferees that the bill's requirement that the President cut spending that has been mandated in laws already written would have the President unilaterally repealing certain provisions of laws that are on the books, and that it violates the constitutional concept of separation of powers, which places spending and taxing authority with Congress. (Rodino reminded the congressmen that this was what the impoundment issue was all about.) Rodino wrote, "The Founders of this country intended that the Congress exercise its lawmaking authority to make spending and taxing decisions. The Founders no doubt knew the difficulty and discomfort that these decisions would produce. But these choices are among the most basic to be made by any government. It is for precisely this reason that these decisions were placed squarely in the Congress, which cannot constitutionally refuse to make them, however politically advantageous or expedient it may be to do so." Laurence Tribe, a professor of constitutional law at the Harvard Law School, has written to the conferees that the Gramm-Rudman proposal is unconstitutional in binding the President to take certain actions and in giving, in effect, execu-

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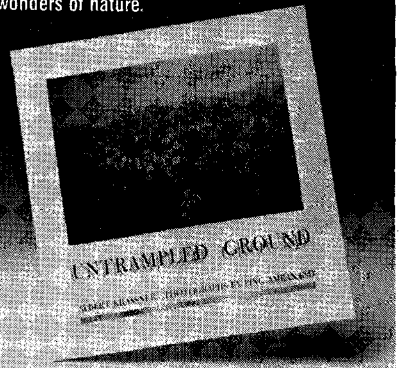

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tive authority to the C.B.O., a legislative arm, as well as in transferring so much legislative authority to the President.

In the meetings of House and Senate conferees, House Democrats asked a number of questions that received ambiguous answers. Most of the answering was left by the senators to Stephen Bell, the staff director of the Senate Budget Committee, an able man whom the Senate depends on much of the time and who made the best of the material he had to work with. To a question of exactly how the new law would work in cases of differing opinions between the O.M.B. and the C.B.O. as to whether there would be a recession, Bell replied, "It is not clear based upon our reading of the record of the Senate, and it is not clear to us at least based on the face of the text of the legislation." When Bell was asked what would be the basis on which the two agencies would "split the difference" between their judgments on whether the deficit goal was being met, he replied, "I want to say, Congressman, I'm not clear I can tell you the answer to that because I'm not sure the legislation is sufficiently specific." (Rudolph Penner, the director of the C.B.O., warned the conferees against giving his office so much power, and said that on the basis of the legislation he wouldn't know which programs belonged in the controllable and uncontrollable categories, that "the law provides little guidance on how the projections are to be made.") Asked what the O.M.B. and the C.B.O. estimates would be based upon, given the various stages legislation affecting the budget has to go through, Bell replied, "The legislation is silent on that issue, and I think there is no guideline." Nor could he tell the members what baseline the President would apply the cuts to. He also told the conferees that ascertaining which programs were controllable and which were uncontrollable "is going to take a little work." At the conclusion of the first day of the conference, David Obey, a Democratic representative from Wisconsin, said, "We have been told that there are no clear baselines upon which to make the judgment about sequestration. We have been told that we are not certain what specific military contracts are covered. We've been told that there's not been a legal workup on constitutionality." He continued, "We have been given Mr. Bell's understanding of what this proposal contains," but, he said, "we can't

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staple Mr. Bell to the report when this is all over."

MUCH of the attention here in recent weeks has been on the preparations for the summit, and the intramural jockeying to set the tone for the event and to affect the President's arms-control policy in both the near and long term. There has also been a certain amount of cleanup work in the wake of both the Administration's various responses to the Israeli bombing of the P.L.O. headquarters near Tunis, on October 1st (the White House at first called the raid a "legitimate" defense against terrorism and the President praised it, but the Administration later said that the act "could not be condoned"), and the seizing of the hijackers of the cruise ship Achille Lauro, which led to tensions with Egypt and Italy. The problems in all of these cases were that too many Washington officials were making statements, and that many of the statements failed to take into account the feelings and interests of other nations—in these cases, all allies. (The White House statements about the Tunis raid were made without consultation with Secretary of State George Shultz.) Finally, this past week, Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead paid calls on the governments of Italy, Egypt, and Tunisia, and things seemed to be calming down, but some officials say there remains a substantial residue of problems with Egypt and Italy. And there also was now the question of whether, in the future, other governments would consider it too costly to coöperate with the United States in responding to terrorist incidents. As it is, there has been little coöperation, since other nations do not always see these incidents in the same light that our government does, and Arab nations are not keen on being seen to be turning over to the United States the perpetrators of what the United States sees as terrorist acts and many Arabs see as justifiable actions. (Thus, the men who hijacked the T.W.A. plane, in June, are still at large.) And while the seizing of the Achille Lauro hijackers by intercepting an Egyptian plane that was carrying them out of the country, and forcing the plane to land in Italy, was a tremendously popular act in the United States, it grew out of special circumstances that may not recur—the hijackers were on a plane, rather than in a populous area, and the attempt to get them could be made with little risk

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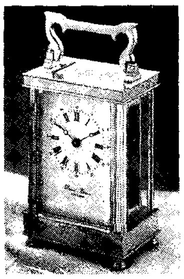

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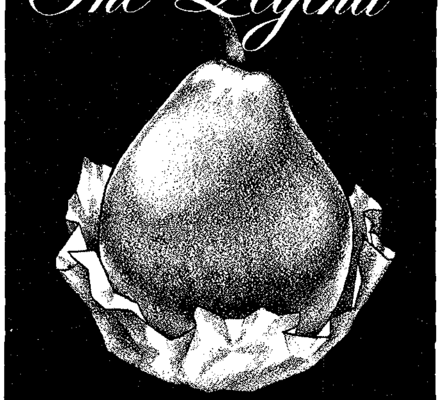

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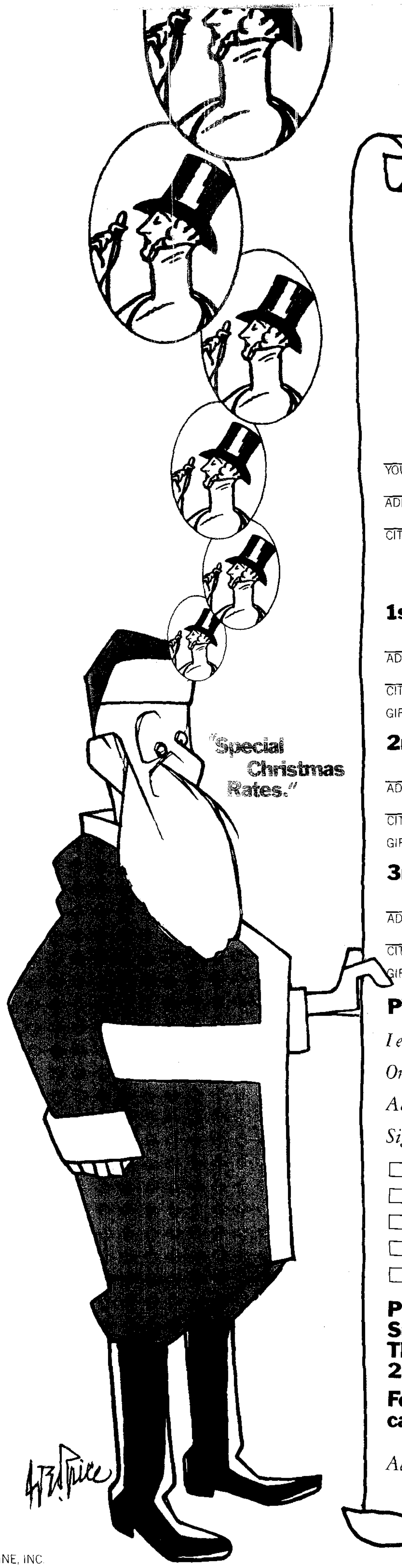
to innocent life. This met the President's stringent criteria for "retaliation," and, at that, and despite Pentagon denials, it was opposed to the end by Weinberger. (Other officials say that Weinberger's opposition was probably based on the fact that whenever there is a military undertaking there is a risk, and on his concern about the possible effect on Egypt.) According to Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, the seizing of the hijackers sent Reagan's approval rating to an all-time high—sixty-eight per cent. And the President's aides thought this would be helpful, at least *domestically*, as the President approached the summit.

So great were the problems of organizing a coherent government response to Gorbachev's arms-control initiatives and public-relations campaign that three old Reagan hands—Wirthlin, Michael Deaver (the longtime Reagan associate, who is now in the public-relations business in Washington), and Kenneth Khachigian (a former Reagan speechwriter)—were called in to help out. Among those most concerned about how things were going, and suggesting outside help at the White House, was Shultz. For one thing, the Administration's responses to Gorbachev seemed reactive and defensive; for another, there were too many voices speaking publicly. This has not yet stopped. The Soviet arms-control offer, made officially in Geneva on September 30th, was variously described to journalists here—depending on who was doing the describing and how interested that person was in seeing an agreement reached. Moreover, the White House staff was seen by some Reagan advisers as lacking any long-term strategy for the summit—as operating day-by-day, as it is said to do on other matters as well. Among the goals of the new group were to try to bring some coherence to the Administration's pre-summit talk and actions, to try to keep the President's options open, and to plan events not only for the days leading up to the summit but for ten days thereafter. One Reagan adviser says, "Reagan's got to be perceived as going over there to Geneva as one of the best-prepared Presidents in history, substantively." Deaver, who spent many years by Reagan's side, arranging his schedule and trying to make sure he was seen to his best advantage, is said by another longtime Reagan adviser to be playing a particularly important role in seeing to it that various aspects of the President's preparation and trip are considered. This adviser says, "Mike understands how the man operates and thinks; he understands how strenuous it should be and what's important and what isn't." He added, pointing out that there are a lot of new people at the White House, "The President feels very comfortable with Mike. If Reagan starts seeing too many strange faces around, he gets nervous. The staff over there now doesn't know Ronald Reagan and Ronald Reagan doesn't know who the hell the staff is." Deaver, this man said, would be especially valuable in scheduling Reagan's summit activities. He said, "Reagan is more of a morning person, but he doesn't get up too early, and come nine o'clock at night you don't have much."

The intramural struggle could be seen in various public events. One was the sequence in which national-security adviser Robert McFarlane, in an appearance on "Meet the Press" on October 6th, suggested that the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) treaty could be interpreted to allow research, testing, and development of a space-based defense system—thus asserting for the first time that full-scale testing and development of the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, would not be restricted by the treaty—and set off a tremendous uproar. The treaty's negotiators said that this interpretation represented a "harpooning" and an "abrogation" of the treaty, and after a substantial internal struggle Shultz, in a speech on October 14th, said that the new interpretation would stand but the government would continue to limit testing and development of the S.D.I. program. Weinberger has continued to take public aim at any agreement, by making new assertions of Soviet violations of existing treaties—and a report on alleged violations, written by Pentagon opponents of arms control, is due on the day before the President leaves for the summit. In a speech last week, Weinberger said, "Recent history shows that arms control has hardly been a raving success." Part of the pre-summit strategy has been to get the spotlight off arms control. Thus, Reagan, in his speech before the United Nations on Thursday, stressed human rights and proposed a "regional peace process" to deal with Soviet conduct in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Cambodia, Ethiopia, and Angola. There was some doubt here, even within the Administration, that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the President's detour solved his public-relations problem.

DESPITE the strains, the President's advisers feel that the Administration is doing better than it was a couple of months ago. Donald Regan, some slips aside, is given credit by some longtime Reagan advisers for, as one put it, "getting his act together" and realizing that he couldn't function if he continued to alienate, as this person said he had been doing, Congress, the press, and the political activists around town—the lobbyists and practitioners who start and spread the rumors. While some of the President's aides have misgivings about Gramm-Rudman's potential effect on the defense program, and the pressures it will put on the President, they are delighted with its political effect. One adviser says, "The best thing that has happened politically is to have the President get behind something to reduce the deficit. Even though it may be his tar baby next year, he was going to have a tar baby anyway. This was the first time we were able to rock the Democrats on this issue, and it also got us by the rather awkward two-trillion-dollar debt issue." A White House aide, talking about Gramm-Rudman, said, "The Democrats got some of the worst publicity in years, and that has changed the tide for 1986." He continued, "A couple of months ago, people thought we would be going to Geneva in a body cast, but we didn't have the black September everyone expected. There's been a wholesale change in the relationship between the members of Congress and the White House. Gramm-Rudman allowed the Party to be united in a way it hasn't been since 1981—standing together and taking a position supported by the American people." He smiled, and said, "That was kind of fun." He continued, "Where the deficit might have been a political liability for us, it is now an asset. Obviously, there are no final victories; it's an ongoing challenge. But it's a lot easier to do from the top of the hill than from the ground, and we're a lot better off than we were."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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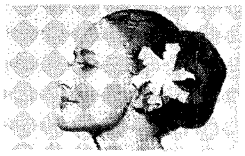

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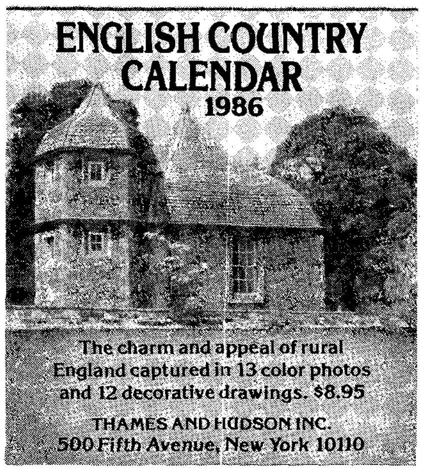

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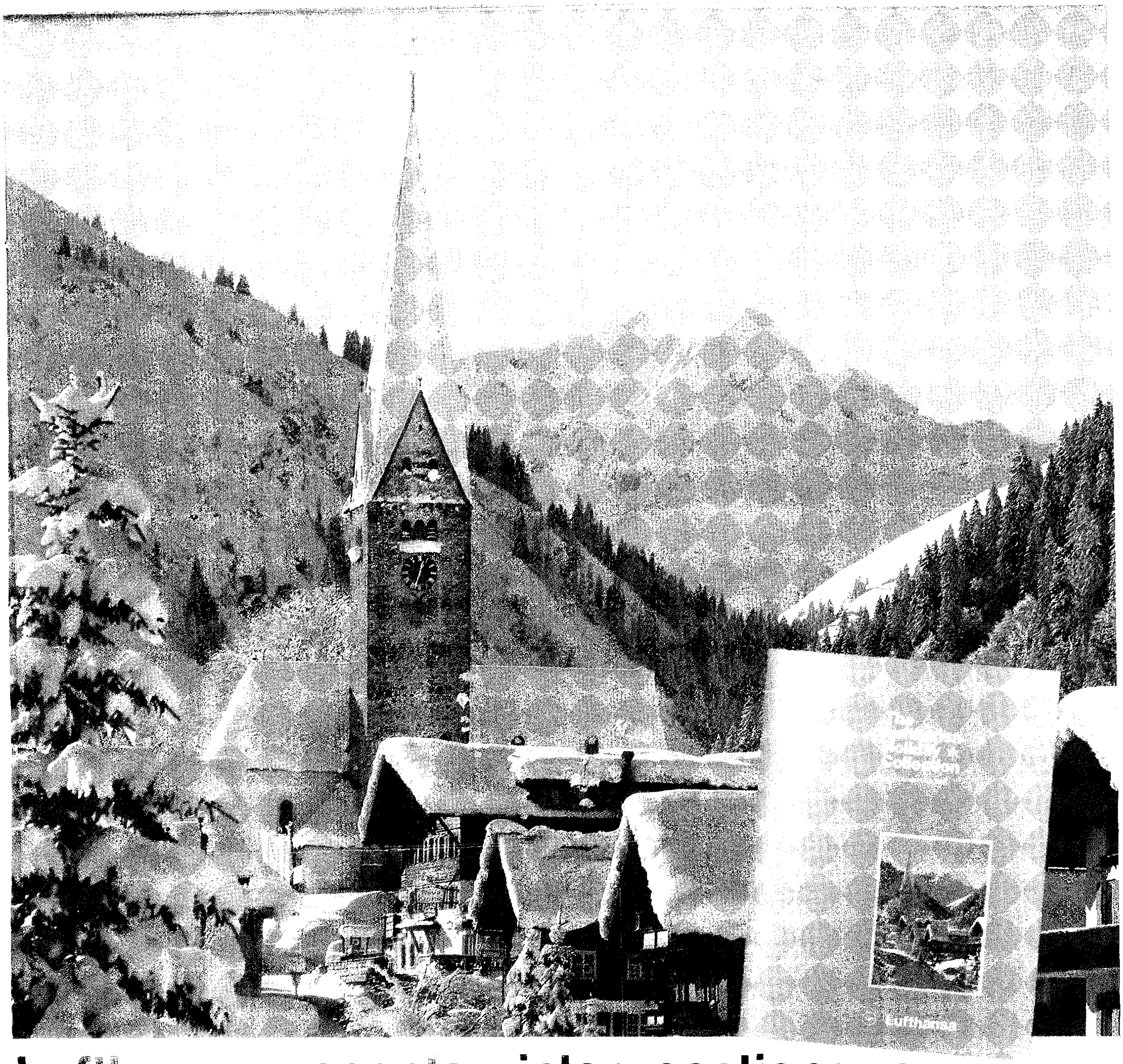

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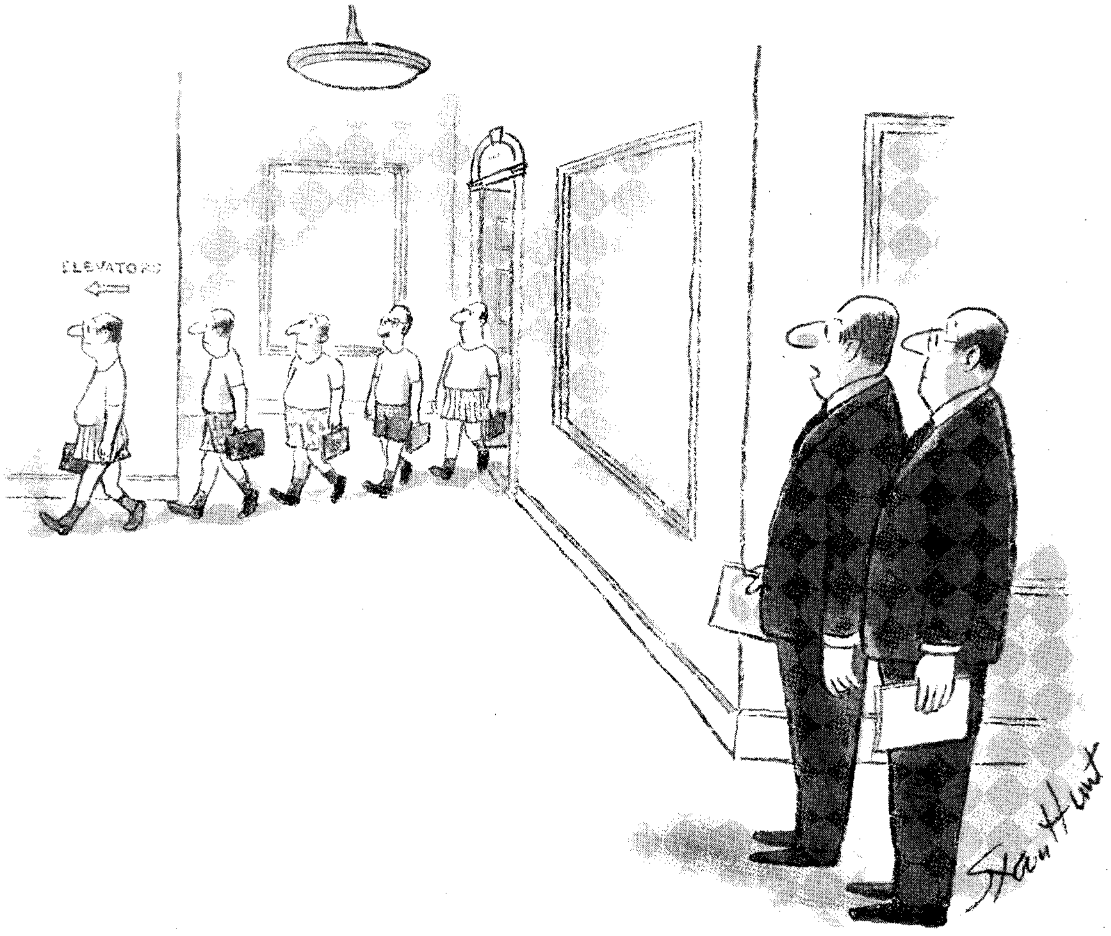
BOOKS

Ivy

Ivy Compton-Burnett, who was born in 1884 and died in 1969, two years after she was made a Dame of the British Empire in the Queen's Birthday Honours, succeeded in remaining something of a mystery to the passionate admirers of her novels from the time they opened their first one and were pitchforked into a totally unfamiliar, alarming, often hilariously funny world, in which all the known signposts seemed to have been turned the wrong way round. It was the literary explorer's equivalent of taking a footstep onto the moon. In her masterly "Ivy: The Life of I. Compton-Burnett" (Knopf; $22.95), Hilary Spurling quotes the startled word circulating in Bloomsbury in the early thirties: "There was someone—a woman who lay all day on a sofa writing with a pencil in a notebook—and she was the one to watch." All the same, Leonard and Virginia Woolf refused "Brothers and Sisters" for the Hogarth Press ("She can't even write," Leonard said), and lived to regret it when the critics began to use the word "genius" rather freely. By 1937, Virginia was noting in her diary the difference in the reviews that her "The Years" and Ivy's "Daughters and Sons" were receiving: "Dead and disappointing. . . . Much inferior to the bitter truth and intense originality of Miss Compton-Burnett. Now this pain woke me at 4 a.m. and I suffered acutely." The balm to the wound must have been the reluctance of the general reader to take any notice; all her life, Ivy increased her fame and gave joy to the few while being cheerfully ignored by the many. It was not easy to be a Compton-Burnett addict. The monstrous, hectoring heads of families, male or female, who swim around the tank terrorizing the weaker inhabitants of the "dim, deep world" of the nursery and the schoolroom; the convoluted plots that airily introduce explosive and appalling passions into the late-Victorian households where she mostly set her books; the almost dense pages of nothing but laconic, dispassionately logical conversation, carried on, upstairs and downstairs, by all age groups (except her disturbing infants), in the same pure and precise English, which needs unslackened attention if one is not to drop a stitch—these were among the innovations that smashed the naturalistic mold of contemporary fiction and were as baffling to defeated readers, and occasionally even to her friends, as some of the London intelligentsia found the legend when they managed at last to meet her. It is unlikely that the public's coldness kept Ivy awake in the small hours, but it was, curiously, a nagging disappointment all her life. She hankered to be a best-seller, like Daphne du Maurier. "I don't think she takes more trouble with her books than I do," she said plaintively.

Ivy was forty in 1924, when she wrote "Pastors and Masters" and emerged from a trauma of personal and world catastrophes that had left her physically and mentally shattered. Fourteen years earlier, she had published at her own expense an unsuccessful novel called "Dolores," a gloomy moral tale, much influenced by her favorite, George Eliot, with a repellently self-torturing heroine whose iron determination to follow the path of duty at all costs results in a finale as plentifully strewn with victims as a Renaissance tragedy. Nothing could be further from the irreverent gaiety of "Pastors and Masters," the only one of her books set in more or less modern times, in "an old university town"—supposedly Cambridge, where she had been a demure observer of donnish mores when she visited her undergraduate brother, Noel, before the First World War. It was an exuberant celebration, with fireworks, of returned health and suddenly discovered powers. Ivy's chilling families are still to come, but her strange style and some of her attitudes are already shaping in its



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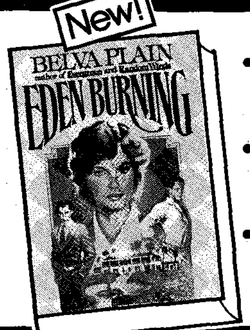

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surprising pages—surprising indeed in 1924, when there were polite taboos on the "morbid" subjects that I. Compton-Burnett (she always insisted on the initial only, as though it were a sort of disguise) flicked in with matter-of-fact nonchalance. A delicate whiff of homosexuality breathes through the rusty academic groves, where the talk ranges lightly between such subjects as the "superior, vindictive, and overindulgent" personality of God ("one of the best drawn characters in fiction") and, with a backward look at "Dolores," the ghastly horrors of doing one's duty. "So I know for certain that I could never marry William," says Emily Herrick, the first of Ivy's cool, witty, uncharitable spinsters who snuggle down into happy single life with their brothers, "for I find that I only like wickedness and penetration."

The curiosity about the writer who clearly approved such scandalous sentiments was naturally keen. Where had she sprung from? Ivy never gave the guessers any help. Quite the reverse. Raymond Mortimer, the first of the enthusiastic critics who hailed the early novels, was nonplussed to meet a woman who looked like one of the neutrally dowdy governesses she so often wrote about. She had invented a drab protective camouflage that rendered her, when she chose, practically invisible. At talkative parties, she sat silently, listening and watching with (as nervous young women, in particular, remembered later) a disconcerting basilisk stare, which became famous. The old-fashioned bandeau of hair rolled around a velvet ribbon on the brow like a classical fillet remained unchanged, except for color, through the years, and in later life suggested an austere sibyl. Anyone rash enough to try and draw her out on her work or her past often encountered a daunting smoke screen of domestic chitchat about butchers, charwomen, and shocking food prices. "A *déjeuner* with Miss Compton-Burnett," remarked Mme. de Courcel, the French Ambassador's wife, after a particularly unsuccessful luncheon party in the early sixties, "is rather like a *déjeuner avec le général de Gaulle.*" Silence. "*Ce n'est pas facile.*"

It was generally believed by her friends—and she did nothing to correct the impression—that Ivy came of the same rather impoverished country gentry as the families in her books. She mentioned casually now and then that she was descended from the seventeenth-century divine and historian Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, but this cherished family tradition was apparently unfounded. Mrs. Spurling tunnels back to the rural roots of the Compton Burnetts. (The hyphen was added by Ivy's parents.) The Burnetts were agricultural laborers and small tenant farmers settled for centuries in Hampshire. Ivy's great-grandfather Richard Burnett married Catherine Compton, a blacksmith's daughter, who joins the Bishop in her descendant's annals of genteel fantasy as "a lady of large fortune." By the time Ivy's father, James Burnett, was born, ambitious sons had moved off to the towns, gone into trade, and entered the professions. James was a brilliant, belligerent young doctor who in 1873 had an almost Biblical conversion to the then despised and persecuted sect of homeopathy. He was considered to have committed professional suicide, but being in opposition suited his temperament. He worked up a thriving practice, wrote twenty-six books, and became editor of *The Homoeopathic World*, from which chair he enjoyed pouring fire and brimstone on orthodox medical heads.

The death of Dr. Burnett's first wife, in 1882, left him with five young children. A year later, he married the beautiful, strong-willed daughter, fifteen years younger than he, of a rumbustious Alderman Rees, who became Mayor of Dover. Ivy was the eldest of seven more children, who were added pretty straight off the reel. Mrs. Spurling, who minutely scrutinizes the novels along with the writer, as though she were inviting us to watch her take an extremely rare watch to pieces and put it together again, quotes from "The Mighty and Their Fall":

> "He simply said he was a widower with a mother and five children."
>
> "Simply!" said Hugo.

Neither the new wife nor her eldest daughter, as it turned out, liked small children. The devouring stare must have taken in all it wanted to know early on, however, from Ivy's infrequent and apparently uninterested visits to her younger siblings in the nursery. Her marvellously observed, funny, beguiling three-year-olds, already shrewdly resigned to going along with the dishonesty of the adult world downstairs, are incomparable. (Mrs. Spurling points out that Ivy could not abide cats; either, yet her portrait of Plautus, the ruler of the spinster ladies' household in "Mother and Son," is the most eerily lifelike feline in literature.) Dr. Burnett's increasingly successful career kept him in London most of the week, while his wife fretted in the country, bored silly by leisure and the society of ever more children and the servants to look after them, and working up a fine head of neurotic steam, which later turned disastrously to melancholia.

"Do families often stand revealed as soon as this?" one of the young people in "Daughters and Sons" asks a newly arrived governess, who has been taking perceptive stock of them all. "Yes, fairly often," says Edith Hallam. "You would hardly believe about families. Or many people would not." In 1891, Dr. Burnett, in the last and grandest of many moves, settled his family in a large, ugly house in a fashionable part of Hove, in Sussex—a rapidly expanding red brick sprawl that the coming of the railway was pushing westward from Brighton. They owned it for twenty-four years, and Ivy hated it venomously all her life. The pattern was the same in these more affluent surroundings. The adored husband and father returned at weekends, scattering good cheer. Mrs. Compton-Burnett—the hyphen had now appeared—had fatally little to do but brood over real or imaginary slights from neighbors who looked down their noses at the wife of a homeopath. The swarming Victorian household seems to have been divided into compartments that did not connect. The stepchildren hung grimly together. Forbidden to mention their mother's name in front of the stepmother, they understood from the start that they were second-class citizens, duller and less well bred than her own brood. Not surprisingly, they left home as soon as they could. Ivy and her passionately loved brother Guy, her junior by a year, were the clever, bookish ones, who had their own secret life, shared with no one. In their teens, Noel, the next in age, and Ivy's only other brother, was allowed to become a member. Dr. Compton-Burnett had ideas on the education of daughters which were extraordinarily liberal for the times. A girl with a good brain should learn Latin and Greek as well as her brothers. The same governesses and tutors—sometimes fiendishly harassed, occasionally liked and respected—taught the three of them. The nurseries were a refuge presided over by the beloved Minnie, who had brought up the first family. For both families of children, she was the one sure and loving ally, like Win-

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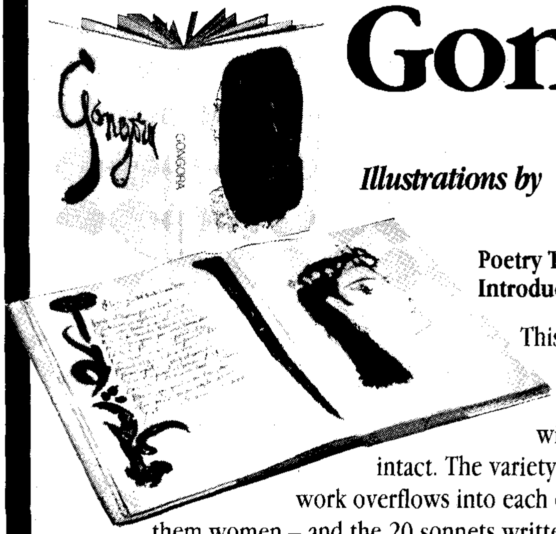

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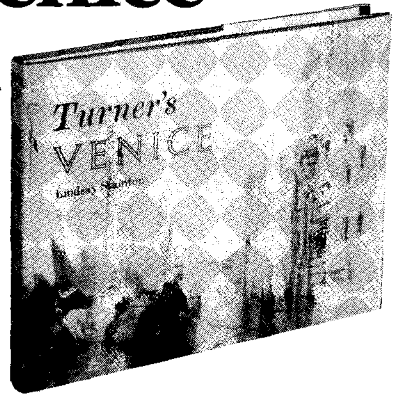

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ston Churchill's Mrs. Everest, in an unloving world that warmed up only at weekends. Few visitors who were not aunts, uncles, or cousins came to the house. Contemporaries of the Compton-Burnett girls, after they started school, sensed a strangeness. "They were a funny family," one recalled years later. "There was a sort of barrier up around them. . . . They kept you off." We are recognizably in an I. Compton-Burnett novel.

Dr. Compton-Burnett died unexpectedly in 1901, when Ivy was sixteen. "The sun suddenly went out," one of his daughters remembered. Guy died of pneumonia four years later, when Ivy was in her third year reading classics at Royal Holloway College, an opulently appointed institution run on strict cloistral lines that seem to have Tennysonian echoes of "The Princess." She stoically never spoke to anyone but Noel of her grief and despair. She returned to a home already darkened by Mrs. Compton-Burnett's demented orgy of grief after her husband's death. All the family had been clapped into mourning for a year, even down to the baby's bonnet strings; the widow became a familiar figure of sable woe in the neighborhood, pacing with flowers to the cemetery. Her weeping and her rages rang through the house. When Guy died, the gloom thickened. Meals were eaten in silence except when Noel was home from Cambridge. He was now Ivy's one hope of getting away. Visiting him at King's and listening to the talk, she was exposed for the first time to the deliciously bracing currents of subversive ideas that were to breeze through "Pastors and Masters." Noel was killed in the Battle of the Somme, but by then she had already lost him to a wife. It was a devastating double bereavement.

In 1915, Dr. Compton-Burnett's teeming, prosperous household, his pride and joy, came to an end. For a few uncomfortable years following her mother's death, Ivy had tried to keep it together by becoming the ruthless overseer of her four younger sisters' lives. It is part of the puzzle of I. Compton-Burnett that she writes so tenderly of the disconcertingly candid, clear-sighted young people who yearn, in book after book, to escape from a cruel adult tyranny, and yet one sees that she is not entirely unsympathetic to the tyrants. The sisters rebelled. All four were extremely talented musically. The two eldest were pupils of Myra Hess, who came to stay at Hove

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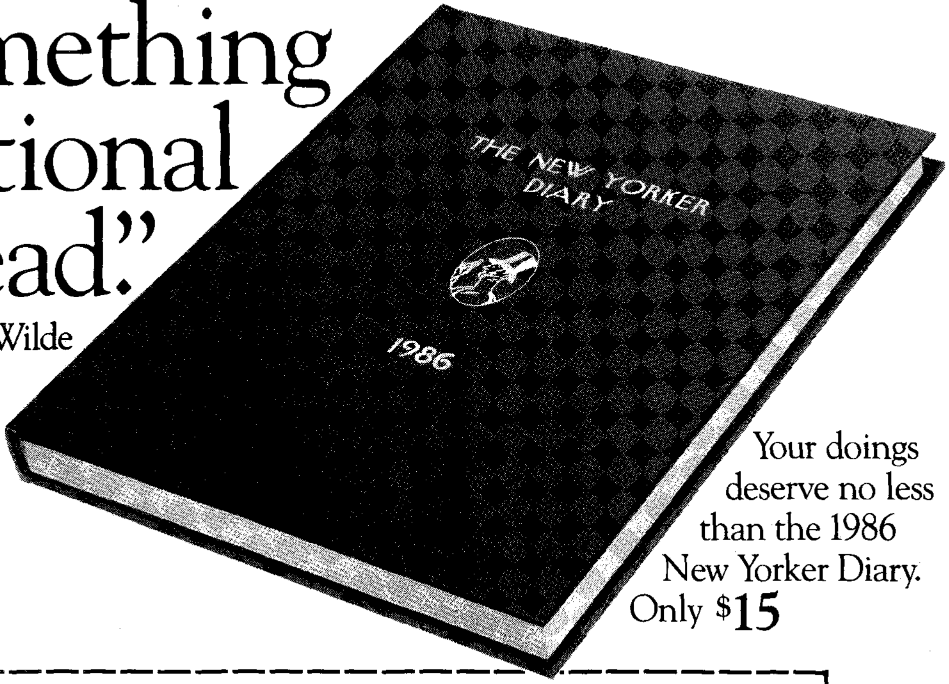

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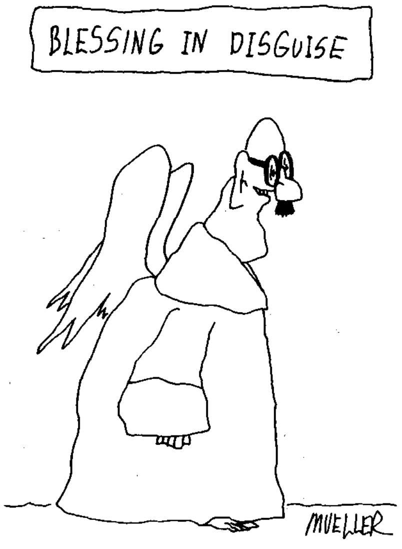

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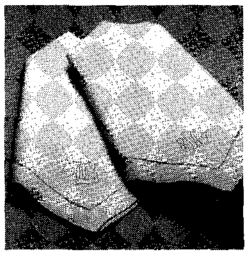

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and counselled mutiny. "You're all in fetters," she told them. There was a short, sharp palace revolution, which Ivy fought unsuccessfully. The house was sold, and the four girls departed, taking Minnie and their share of the furniture, to live with Myra Hess in St. John's Wood.

Dr. Compton-Burnett's overflowing nest of children turned out to be barren. None of the daughters married—they were the generation whose young men had perished in the war. Noel and a half brother who married briefly were childless. In 1917, when Ivy was traipsing, homeless, from one friend to another, her youngest sisters, Topsy and Primrose, as emotionally inseparable a pair as she and Guy had been, committed suicide together by taking an overdose of veronal, for reasons that remain a mystery. The sudden swoops into tragedy in I. Compton-Burnett's books have sometimes been compared to the Greek dramatists'. Ivy's inscrutable version of this latest visit from the Eumenides was given long afterward to someone who asked why there had been such a gap between her first and second novels: "One was a good deal cut up by the war; one's brother was killed, and one had family troubles."

The entertaining second half of Mrs. Spurling's affectionate biography tells us of the thirty-two years of safe happiness with Margaret Jourdain into which Ivy collapsed with convalescent gratitude in 1919, after a complete breakdown. (The two parts of the book were published in England in separate volumes. In the single-volume Knopf version, flashbacks to her early life, designed to brief those of us who have just come in, have been irritatingly retained.) Margaret was an opinionated, caustically amusing woman of forty-three, eight years older than Ivy, who came from a scholastic family and was beginning to make a formidable reputation as an expert on eighteenth-century English furniture and decoration. Many people found her alarming, but she watched over Ivy with protective affection, as over a badly damaged piece in need of careful conservation, which lasted all their life together. Living with "a first-class brain," as Ivy mournfully described the irreplaceable friendship after Margaret's death, brought back her own. During her slow recovery, she found out what she wanted to write about and how to write it—a total recall of the past, which she was ever afterward to work and rework in

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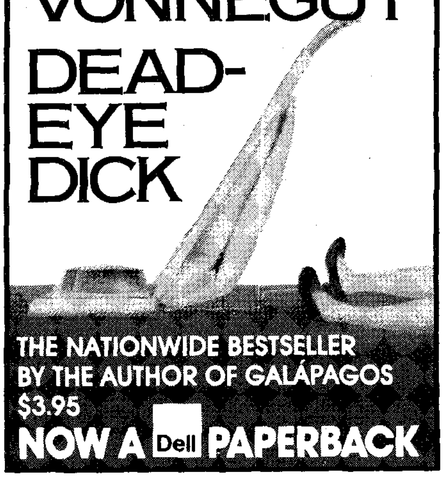

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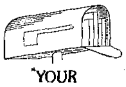

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the tight imaginary framework of her novels. Mrs. Spurling thinks that she was greatly influenced in this dim, floating period by reading the posthumous "Notebooks of Samuel Butler." Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," which may have been another signpost, is the fictional account, told with dispassionate humor, of his dreadful childhood with a monstrous clerical parent. The "Notebooks" are a small selection from the commonplace books in which he recorded, among many other things, his hard-won, robustly demolishing reflections on family life, religion, vice, and virtue. Sample: "Absolute virtue is as sure to kill a man as absolute vice is, let alone the dullness of it and the pomposities of it. . . . It is the sub-vicious who best understand virtue." Ivy was often to write of the "sub-vicious"—intelligent, cynical observers who calmly look on at violent passions they understand only too well but are powerless to prevent. Her copy of the "Notebooks" was full of heavy underlinings. She had found a stringent new set of ethics, which exorcised Hove and released I. Compton-Burnett.

For a long time after she and Margaret joined forces, Margaret was the celebrity people wanted to meet. Her museum friends viewed Ivy as a dull sort of companion who poured the tea and said nothing. Later on, Ivy began to talk like one of the startlingly truthful characters in her books. Margaret's teasing attitude toward "Ivy's trash," shared by most of her young men in the fine-arts world who enjoyed taking her out to lunch, hardly altered even when "Brothers and Sisters" and its author made a publishing sensation in 1929. "*That* Mr. Mortimer says Ivy's a genius" was her half-proud, half-scornful comment. A touch of rivalry occasionally surfaced between the friends. Ivy had become the principal draw to the famous parties in their gloomy South Kensington flat, where they entertained a mixed bag of her admirers and Margaret's with vast dining-room teas and, on their good days, a neat double act of acidulated witticisms. They had settled down comfortably into a relationship that turns up often in the novels—contented pairs of civilized middle-aged spinsters or deeply devoted brothers and sisters, like the Scropes in "The Present and the Past," jealously preserving their "dear, little, narrow life" together. Margaret's death, in 1951, was Ivy's second crushing loss; "I feel that my life has been torn

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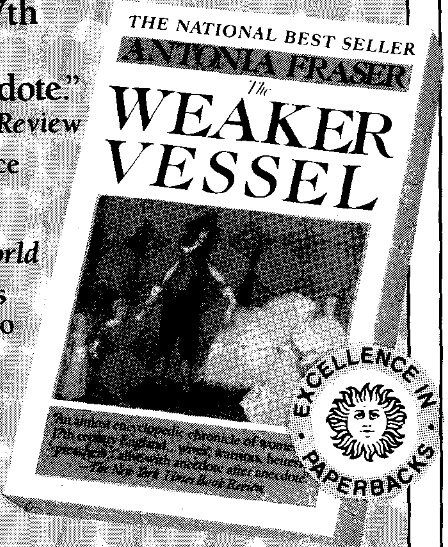

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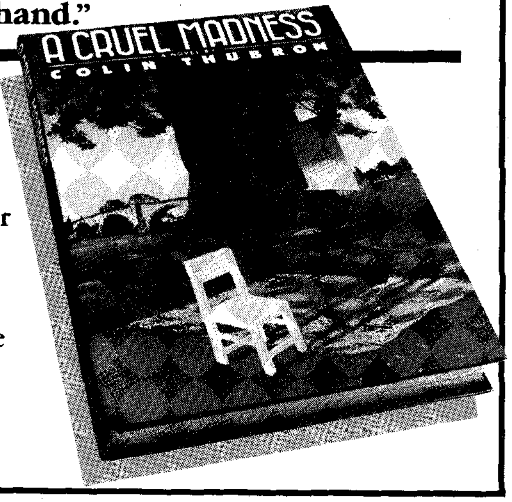

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away," she wrote in answer to condoling letters. She missed her "every minute of every day," she said fifteen years later. "I am not fully a Dame," she told a particularly cherished friend, Robert Liddell, when she appeared in the Birthday Honours in 1967, "as she does not know about it."

Her last years were lonely but surprisingly happy. As though liberated from a too close, too absorbing dependence, she opened her life to loving friends and gave back love in return, as she had never done in Margaret's lifetime. Her public celebrity increased, though her readers did not. She enjoyed, perhaps wryly, Nicholas Bentley's cartoon of a tramp fishing a book out of a dustbin and saying, "Look! An Ivy Compton-Burnett!" Nathalie Sarraute was one of the enthusiastic French intellectuals who called to pay homage to *"un des plus grands romanciers que l'Angleterre ait jamais eus,"* and came away delightfully stupefied by Ivy's implacably keeping the conversation to banal domestic subjects, without a mention of literature. Ivy worked hard to the end, with increasing powers. She had honed the austere dialogue in which her characters reveal some of the nastiest as well as the most courageous corners of the heart to the point where descriptions and stage directions are minimal. The wit crackles as sharply as ever in the later books, but for the first time she takes a long, compassionate look at the pain and parting of mortality, on which her views were always bleakly practical: "Remember, it's all we've got."

The old Ivy was now relaxed enough to agree more readily to interviews. She appeared on television in 1959, talking to Alan Pryce-Jones, who asked her which was her favorite book. She chose "Manservant and Maidservant" (published in America as "Bullivant and the Lambs"), adding, "I rather like them all, in fact. After all, they are mine." Juliet Compton-Burnett, one of her two surviving sisters, told Mrs. Spurling, "She put herself into her books and she was a secret otherwise, known only to herself." In spite of this exhaustive, brilliant biography, it seems the last word on her cryptic person.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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